POE

MICHAEL

ESQ

&

Newly Cho

AVT



Printed by

are to be sold

Chare

POEMS:

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON

ESQVIRE.

Newly Corrected by the

AVTHOVR.

TO SIR WALTER ASTON, Knight of the Honourable Order of *the* Bath, *and my moſt Worthy Patrone.*

I Will not ſtriue m' inuention to enforce,
With needleſſe words your eyes to entertaine,
T' obſerue the formall ordinary courſe,
That euery one ſo vulgarly doth faine:
Our interchanged and deliberate choice,
Is with more firme and true election ſorted,
Then ſtands in cenſure of the common voice,
That with light humour fondly is tranſported:
Nor take I patterne of anothers prayſe,
Then what my Pen may conſtantly auow,
Nor walke more publike nor obſcurer wayes
Then Vertue bids, and Iudgement will allow:
So ſhall my loue and beſt endeuours ſerue you,
And ſtill ſhall ſtudy, ſtill ſo to deſerue you.

MICH. DRAYTON.

To the Reader.

THat at first I made choice of this Argument, I haue not as yet repented mee; for if the Muse haue not much abused mee, it was most worthy to haue found a more worthy Pen then mine owne. For the Barons Warres, (omitting the qualitie of those Armes whereof I haue not heere to speake) were surely aswell for their length in continuance, as for their manifold blond-shed, and multitude of horride accidents, meete matter for Trumpet or Tragedie.

Therefore, as at first the dignitie of the thing was the motiue of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater Labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more then boldnesse to venture on so Noble an Argument, without

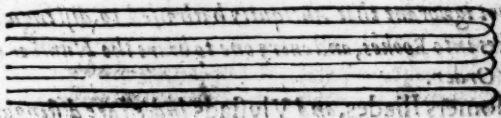
leasure and ſtudy competent, either of which Iravels hardly afford; yet the importunity of friends made me, contrary to mine owne iudgement take, vndertake, and publiſh it, ſo as the World hath ſeene; but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuſe (knowing that euen as it was, it ought to haue paſſed for better then ſome would ſuffer, who can hardly thinke any thing hath ſauour but their owne, though neuer ſo vnſauory) or as if I ſhould ſeeme now to haue excelled my ſelfe, and failing in my hopes, be kept without excuſe. Grammaticaſters haue quarrelled at the Title of Mortimeriados, as if it had beene a ſinne againſt Syntaxis, to haue ſubſcribed it in the ſecond caſe; but not their idle reproofe hath made me now abſtaine from fronting it by the name of MORTIMER at all, but the ſame better aduice which hath cauſed me to alter the whole; and where before the Stanza was of ſeuen Lines, wherein there are two Couplets, as in this Figure appeareth.



The often harmony thereof, ſoftned the Verſe more then the Maieſtie of the Subiect would permit, vnleſſe they had all beene Gemmels or Couplets. Therefore

(but

(but not without fashioning the whole frame) I chose ARISTOS Stanza, of all other the most complete and best proportioned, consisting of eight, sixe interwouen, and a Couplet in Base.



The Quadrin doth neuer double, or to vse a word of Heraldry, neuer bringeth forth Gemels.

The Quinzaine too soone.

The Sestin hath Twines in the Base, but they detaine not the Musicke nor the Close (as Musicians terme it) long enough for an Epicke Poem.

The Stanza of seuen is touched before.

This of eight both holds the Tune cleane through to the Base of the Columne, (which is the Couplet, the foot or bottome) and closeth not but with a full satisfaction the Eare for so long detention.

Briefly, this sort of Stanza hath in it, maiestie, perfection and solidity, resembling the Pillar which in Architecture is called the Tuscan, whose shaft is of six Diameter, and Bases of two.

The other reasons this place will not beare; but generally all Stanzas are, in my opinion, but Tyrants and

Tor-

Torturers, when they make Inuention obey their Number, which sometime would otherwise scantle it selfe. And fault that Great Masters in this Arte strriue to auoide.

Concerning the diuision which I vse in this Poem, I am not ignorant that Antiquity hath vsed to distinguish Workes into Bookes, and euery one to beare the Number of their Order.

Homers Iliades, *and* Vlysiads *indeed are distinguished by seuerall Letters of the* Greeke *Alphabet, as all the World knowes, and not by the Numerall Letters only, which to* Iöta *are Digit, and afterward Compound; the* Alpha *being our Vnite, for the* Greekes *had no Figures nor Ciphers in their Arithmetike.* Virgils Æneis, Statius Thebaies, Silius *Worke of the* Carthaginian *Warre,* Illyricus Argonautikes, Vidas Christeies *are all diuided into Bookes.*

The Italians *vse* Cantos; *and so our first late Great Reformer Master* SPENCER. *That I assume another name for the Section in this Volume, cannot bee disgracious nor vnallowable.*

Lastly, If I haue not already exceeded the length of an Epistle, I am to intreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himselfe a party to this of ours, would bee pleased to remember that Spartan *Prince, who being found by certaine Ambassadors playing among his Children,*

dren, requested them to forbeare to censure, till also they had some of their owne.

To such I give as ample power and priuiledge as euer Ius liberorum *could in* Rome, *craving backe againe at their hands by a re-grant, the like of that which I impart; for great reason there is, that they should vndergoe the licence which themselues challenge, and suffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put vpon others, according to the most indifferent Law of the* Talio. *Fare you well.*



Mi-



Michael!

I Muſt admire thee (but to prayſe were vaine
What eu'ry taſting-palate ſo approues)
Thy Martiall *Pyrrhique*, and thy *Epique* ſtraine
Digeſting *Warres* with heat-vniting *Loues*.
(The two firſt Authours of what is compos'd,
In this round Syſteme *All*; (it's ancient lore)
All Arts in *Diſcords* and concent are clos'd;
When ſoules vnwing'd *Adraſte's* Lawes reſtore
To th' Earth for reparation of their flights,
Schollers the firſt, [illegible] make,
The next Ranke deſtin[illegible] *Stars* his Knights,
The following Rabble meaner Titles take)
I ſee thy Temples crown'd with *Phœbus* Rites:
Thy *Bay's* to th' eye with *Lilly* mixt and *Roſe*,
As to the Eare a *Diapaſon* cloſe.

IOHN SELDEN.

To

To his friend the Authour.

HAd I not lou'd thee and thy Poeſie,
(Deare friend) my Theame ſhould of thy prayſes be.
But in weake braines it doth ſuſpition moue,
When who is ſeene to prayſe, is knowne to loue.
For, though that firſt and Virgin Birth of thine,
Be ſo Articulate, ſo Maſculine,
So truly limb'd, ſo ſinewy, ſo compact,
So ſweetly faire, ſo euery way exact,
As may endure the moſt Iudicious touch,
And giue thy Friends iuſt reaſon to auouch
It, ſpight of Enuies teeth, a liuing Birth:
Though ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, of equall worth:
Though all be good: yet ſince affection
In iudgement may, as ſhadow and proiection
In Lant-skip, make that which is low ſeeme high,
That 's ſhallow deepe, ſmall great, and farre that 's nigh:
So as it well may inſt ſuſpition moue,
When who is ſeene to prayſe, is knowne to loue:
Yet thus my cenſure, this thy doome ſhall be:
I'le alwayes loue Thee, and thy Poeſie.

E. HEYWARD.

To Maſter Michael Drayton.

THoſe painefull wits, which Natures depth admire,
And view the cauſes of vnconſtant ſtrife,
Doe tremble leſt the Vniuerſe expire,
Through laſting iarres, the enemies of life.
On earthly ſignes let not ſuch *Sages* looke,
Nor on the cleere aſpect of hopefull Starres,
But learne the Worlds continuance from thy Booke,
Which frames paſt Natures force eternall Warres;
Wherein the *Muſes* ſhewing perfect glory,
Adorne it ſo with gracefull harmony,
That all the Acts of this lamented Story,
Seeme not perform'd for peoples liberty:
Nor through the awe of an Imperious King,
But that thy Verſes their deepe wounds might ſing.

Iohn Beaumont.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The grieuous Plagues and the Prodigious Signes,
That this great Warre and slaughter doe foreshow,
Th' especiall cause, the Baronage combines,
The Queenes strong griefe, whence many troubles grow,
The Time by course vnto our fall inclines,
And how each Country doth to Battaile goe;
What cause to yeeld the MORTIMERS *pretend,*
And their Commitment, perfecting the end.

I.

THE bloudy Factions, and rebellious Pride,
Of a strong Nation, whose vnmanag'd might,
Then from their naturall Soueraigne did diuide
Their due subiection, and his lawfull right:
Whom their light errour loosely doth misguide,
Vrg'd by lewd Minions tyrannous despight;
Me from soft layes, and tender Loues doth bring,
Of dreadfull Fights, and horrid Warres to sing.

2.

What helliſh Fury poys'ned your high Bloud,
Or ſhould bewitch you with accurſed Charmes,
That by pretending of the generall good,
Raſhly extrudes you to tumultuous Armes,
And from the ſafetie wherein late you ſtood,
Reft of all taſte, and feeling of your harmes?
That *France* and *Belgia* with affrighted eies,
Were ſad beholders of your miſeries.

3.

Th'inueterate rancor in their boſomes bred,
Who for their Charter wag'd a former Warre,
Or through your veines this raging venome ſpred,
Whoſe next ſucceeding-Nephewes now you are,
Or that hot gore your Bowes in Conqueſt ſhed,
Hauing inlarg'd your Countries bound ſo farre,
Enſigne to Enſigne furiouſly oppoſe,
With Blades of Bilbo, dealing Engliſh blowes.

4.

O thou the Great Director of my Muſe,
On whoſe free bountie all my powers depend,
Into my breſt a ſacred fire infuſe,
Rauiſh my Spirit this great Worke to attend;
Let the ſtill night my laboured Lines peruſe,
That when my Poems gaine their wiſhed end,
They whoſe ſad eies ſhall read this Tragike Storie,
In my weake hand may ſee thy might and glorie.

Wha

5.

What care would plot, diſſentions quickely croſſe,
Which like an Earth-quake rends the tottering State,
By which abroad we beare a publike loſſe,
Betraide at home by meanes of priuate hate,
Whil'ſt vs theſe ſtrange calamities doe toſſe.
(The daily Nurſe of mutinous Debate)
Confuſion ſtill our Countries Peace confounds,
No helpe at hand, and mortall all our wounds.

6.

Thou Church, then ſwelling in thy mightineſſe,
Tending the care and ſafety of the Soule:
O, nurſe not Factions flowing in exceſſe,
That with thy members ſhould'ſt their griefe condole,
In thee reſts power this outrage to repreſſe,
Which might thy zeale and ſanctity enrole,
Come thou in pureneſſe meekely with the Word,
Lay not thy hand to the vnhallowed Sword.

7.

Bloud-thirſting Warre ariſing firſt from Hell,
And in progreſſion ſeizing on this Ile,
Where it before neere forty yeeres did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which ſo many a Worthy *Engliſh* fell,
By our Firſt *Edward* baniſhed awhile,
Transferr'd by Fortune to the *Scottiſh* meare,
To ranſacke that, as it had rauin'd here.

8.

Where houering ſtill with inauſpicious wings,
About the Verge of theſe diſtempered Climes,
Returning now, new Errour hither brings,
To ſtirre vs vp to theſe diſaſt'rous Crimes,
Weakeneth our power by oft diminiſhings,
And taking hold on theſe vnſettled times,
Forcing our frailetie, ſenſually at length,
Crackt the ſtiffe nerues that knit our ancient ſtrength.

9.

Whoſe frightfull Viſion, at the firſt approch,
With violent madneſſe ſtrooke that deſperate Age,
So many ſundry miſeries to broch,
Giuing full ſpeed to their vnbrideled rage,
That did our ancient libertie incroch,
And in theſe ſtrong Conſpiracies ingage
The worthieſt bloud, the ſubiects loſſe to bring,
By vnnaturall wrongs vnto their naturall King.

10.

When in the North, whil'ſt horror yet was young,
Theſe dangerous ſeaſons ſwiftly comming on,
Whil'ſt o're our heads portentious Meteors hung,
And in the Skies ſterne Comets brightly ſhone,
Prodigious Births oft intermixt among,
Such as before in times had beene vnknowne,
In bloudy iſſues forth the Earth doth breake,
Weeping for vs, whoſe woes it could not ſpeake.

When

11.

When by the rankeneſſe of contagious Ayre,
A mortall plague inuadeth Man and Beaſt,
Which ſoone diſperſt, and raging euery where,
In doubt the ſame too quickly ſhould haue ceaſt,
More to confirme the certaintie of feare,
By cruell Famine, hapleſſely increaſt;
As though the Heauens in their remiſſefull doome,
Tooke thoſe beſt lou'd from worſer dayes to come.

12.

The leuell courſe that we propoſe to goe,
Now to th' intent you may more plainly ſee,
And that we euery circumſtance may ſhow,
The ſtate of things, and truely what they bee,
And with what skill or proiect we beſtow,
As our occurrents fall in their degree,
From theſe Portents we now direct our view,
To bring to birth the horrours that enſue.

13.

The calling backe of baniſht *Gaueſton*,
'Gainſt which the Barons were to *Long-ſhankes* ſworne,
That inſolent laſciuious Minion,
A Soueraignes blemiſh, and a Countries ſcorne,
The Signiories, and great promotion,
Him in his lawleſſe courſes to ſuborne,
Stirs vp that hatefull and outragious ſtrife,
That coſt ere long ſo many an Engliſh life.

14.

O worthy *Lacy*, had'ſt thou ſpar'd that breath,
Which ſhortly after, Nature thee denide,
To *Lancaſter* deliuered at thy death,
To whom thy onely Daughter was affide,
That this ſterne Warre too quickely publiſheth,
To aide the Barons 'gainſt that Minions pride,
The Earledomes, Lands, and Titles of Renowne,
Had not ſo ſoone return'd vnto the Crowne.

15.

The Lordſhips *Bruſe* vnto the *Spencers* paſt,
Croſſing the Barons vehement deſire,
As from *Ioues* hand that fearefull Lightning caſt,
When fifty Townes lay ſpent in Enuious fire,
Alaſſe, too vaine and prodigall a waſte;
The ſtrong effect of their conceiued ire,
Vrging the weake King with a violent hand,
T' abiure thoſe falſe Lords from the troubled Land.

16.

When the faire Queene that progreſſing in *Kent*,
Laſtly denide her entrance into *Leedes*,
Whom *Badleſmere* vnkindly doth preuent;
Who 'gainſt his Soueraigne in this courſe proceeds,
As adding further to this diſcontent,
One of the ſprings which this great Miſchiefe feeds,
Heaping on rage and horrour more and more,
To thruſt on that which went too faſt before.

Which

17.

Which more and more, a Kingly rage increaſt,
Moou'd with the wrongs of *Gaueſton* diſgraded,
Which had ſo long beene ſettled in his breſt,
That all his power it wholly had inuaded,
Giuing the *Speneers* an aſſured reſt,
By whom his reaſons chiefly are perſwaded,
By whoſe lewd counſels he is only led,
To leaue his true Queene, and his lawfull Bed.

18.

That now her ſelfe who while ſhe ſtood in grace,
Applied her powers theſe Diſcords to appeaſe,
When yet Confuſion had not fully place,
Nor former Times ſo dangerous as theſe,
A party now in their afflicted caſe,
A willing hand to his deſtruction layes, (Warre,
That Time whoſe ſoft Palme heales the wound of
May cure the Sore, but neuer cloſe the Scarre.

19.

In all his heat this greatneſſe firſt began,
The ſerious ſubiect of our ſadder vaine,
Braue *Mortimer*, that euer matchleſſe Man,
Of the olde Heroes great and god-like ſtraine,
For whom inuention doing beſt it can,
His weight of Honour hardly can ſuſtaine,
Bearing his name immoraliz'd and high,
When he in Earth vn-numbred Times ſhall lie.

20.

That Vncle now (whose name this Nephew bare,
The onely comfort of the wofull Queene),
Who from his Cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great Name was seene,
For this yong Lord now wisely doth prepare,
Whil'st yet his deepe heart-goring wound is greene,
And on his faire aduantage firmely wrought,
To place him highly in her Princely thought.

21.

At whose deliberate and vnusuall Birth,
The Heauens were said to counsell to retire,
And in aspects of happinesse and mirth,
Breath'd him a spirit insatiably t'inspire,
That tooke no mixture of the ponderous Earth,
But all compresst of cleere ascending fire:
So well made vp, that such an one as hee,
Ioue in a man like *Mortimer* would bee.

22.

The temper of that Nobler mooving part,
With such rare pureneſſe rectified his Bloud,
Raising the powers of his resolued heart,
Too proud to be lockt vp within a Floud,
That no mis-fortune possibly could thwart;
Which from the Natiue greatneſſe where it stood,
Euen by the vertue of a piercing eye,
Shew'd that his pitch was boundleſſe as the Skie.

Worthy

23.

Worthy the Grand-child of ſo great a Lord,
Who whil'ſt firſt *Edward* fortunately raign'd,
Reedified great *Arthurs* ancient Boord,
The Seat at goodly *Kenelworth* ordain'd,
The order of olde Knighthood there reſtor'd,
To which a hundreth duely appertain'd,
With all the grace and beauties of a Court,
As beſt became that braue and Martiall ſport.

24.

The heart-ſwolne Lords with furie ſet on fire,
Whom *Edwards* wrongs to vengeance ſtill prouoke,
With *Lancaſter* and *Hartford* now conſpire,
No more to beare the *Spencers* ſeruile yoke,
And thus they all a mutuall change deſire,
The ancient bonds of their alleageance broke,
Reſolu'd with bloud their libertie to buy,
And in this quarrell vow'd to liue and die.

25.

What priuiledge hath our free Birth (ſay they)
Or in our bloud what vertue doth remaine,
To each laſciuious Minion made a prey,
That Vs and our Nobilitie diſdaine,
Whil'ſt they triumphing boaſt of our decay?
Eyther thoſe ſpirits we doe not now retaine,
That were our Fathers, or by fate we fall,
Both from their greatneſſe, libertie and all.

Honour

26.

Honour dejected from that Soueraigne State,
From whence at first it challenged a being,
Now prostitute to Infamy and Hate,
As with it selfe in all things disagreeing,
So out of order, disproportionate,
From her faire course preposterously flying,
Whil'st others are themselues, and onely wee
Are not held those we would, but seeme to bee.

27.

Then to what end hath our great Conquest seru'd,
Those Acts atchieued by the *Norman* Sword,
Our Charters, Parents, or our Deeds reseru'd,
Our Offices, and Titles to record,
The Crests that on our Monuments are caru'd,
If they to vs no greater good afford?
Thus doe they murmure euery one apart,
With many a vext soule, many a grieued heart.

28.

Whil'st this sad Queene to depth of sorrow throwne,
Wherein she wastes her flowre of youth away,
Beyond beliefe to all but Heauen vnknowne,
This quickning sparke where yet it buried lay,
By the sharpe breath of desperate Faction blowne,
Conuerts her long night to the wished day,
The wofull Winter of misfortune chearing,
As the darke World at the bright Sunnes appearing.

Yet

29.

Yet ill perplex'd amid theſe hard extremes,
All meanes depreſt her ſafety to preſerre,
Depriu'd of thoſe late comfortable beames,
Whoſe want might make her the more eaſly erre,
Her hopes relinquiſht like deceitfull dreames,
Which in her breſt ſuch ſundry paſſions ſtirre,
Where ſtrugling which each other ſhould controule,
Worke ſtrange confuſion in her troubled Soule,

30.

That now diſabled of all Soueraigne State,
That to her Graces rightly did belong,
To be reiected, and repudiate,
So true a Lady, goodly, faire and yong,
Which with more feruor ſtill doth intimate
Her too deepe ſettled and inueterate wrong,
What wiſdome would, a womans will denies,
With arguments of her indignities.

31.

When to effect the angry Fates purſue,
In Heauens high Court that long time did depend,
When theſe full Miſchiefes to a ripeneſſe grew,
And now the Harueſt haſting to the end,
And all theſe Lines into one Centre drew,
Which way ſo e're their courſes they extend;
All theſe together in proportion laide,
Each breath of hope, a gale vnto her aide.

Now

32.

Now is the time when *Mortimer* doth enter,
Of great employment in this Tragicke Act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venter,
And tell him still how strongly he was backt;
And at this instant in due season sent her,
When the straight course to her desire is tract,
(And now vpon more certaintie doth stay)
By a direct, what though a dangerous way?

33.

This dreadfull Comet drew her wondring eye,
Which now began his golden head to reare,
Whose glorious fixure in so faire a Skie,
Strikes the beholder with a chilly feare,
And in a Region eleuate and high,
And by the forme wherein it did appeare,
As the most skilfull seriously diuine,
Foreshew'd a Kingdome shortly to decline.

34.

Yet still recoyling at the *Spencers* power,
As often checkt with their intemperate pride,
Th'vnconstant Barons wauering euery houre,
The fierce encounter of this boysterous tide,
That easly might their liuelihood deuoure,
Had she not those that skilfully could guide:
Shee from suspition craftily retires,
Careleſſe in shew, of what shee most desires.

Dissem-

35.

Diſſembling griefe, as one that knew not ill:
So can ſhe rule the greatneſſe of her mind,
As a moſt perfect Rectoreſſe of her will,
Aboue the vſuall weakneſſe of her kind;
For all this ſtorme immooueable and ſtill,
Her ſecret drift the wiſeſt miſſe to find;
Nor will ſhe know what (yet) theſe Factions meant,
With a pleas'd eye to ſooth ſad Diſcontent.

36.

The leaſt ſuſpition cunningly to heale
Still in her lookes humilitie ſhe beares,
The ſafeſt way with mightineſſe to deale,
So Policie Religions habit weares;
'Tis now no time her grieuance to reueale,
Hee's mad which takes a Lyon by the eares:
This knew the Queene, exampled by the wiſe:
This muſt they learne that rightly temporize.

37.

The learnedſt Biſhop *Torleton* in the land,
Vpon a Text of Politikes to preach,
Which he long ſtudying, well did vnderſtand,
And by a methode could as aptly teach,
That was a Prelate of a potent hand;
Wiſe were the man could goe beyond his reach:
This ſubtle Tutor *Iſabel* had taught,
In nicer points then euer *Edward* ſought.

Rage

38.

Rage, which no limits longer can containe,
Laſtly breakes forth into a publike flame,
Their ſlipp'd occaſion better to regaine,
When to their purpoſe things ſo fitly frame,
And now diſcerned viſibly and plaine,
When Treaſon boldly dare it ſelfe proclaime,
Caſting aſide all ſecular diſguiſe,
Leading proud Legions furiouſly to riſe.

39.

As *Seuerne* lately in her Ebbes that ſanke,
Vaſt and forſaken, leaues th' vncouered Sands,
Fetching full Tides, luxurious, high and ranke,
Seemes in her pride t' inuade the neighbouring Lands,
Breaking her Limits, couering all the Bankes,
Threatning the proud Hils with her watry hands,
As though ſhe meant her Emperie to haue,
Where euen but lately ſhe beheld her Graue.

40.

Through all the Land, from places farre and neere,
Led to the Field as Fortune lots their ſide,
(With th' ancient weapons vs'de in Warre to beare)
As thoſe directed, whom they choſe their Guide,
Or elſe perhaps as they affected were,
Or as by friendſhip, or by dutie tide,
Swaide by the ſtrength, and motion of their bloud,
No cauſe examin'd, be it bad or good.

From

41.

From *Norfolke*, and the Countries of the Eaſt,
That with the long Pike beſt could mannage fight,
The men of *Kent* vnconquer'd of the reſt,
That to this day maintaine their ancient right,
And for their ſtrength, that we account the beſt,
The *Corniſhmen*, moſt actiue, bold, and light,
Thoſe neere the Plaine, that Gleaue and Polax weeld,
And claime for due the Vaward of the Field.

42.

The Noble *Briſton* ſprung of *Ilyon* Race,
From *Lancaſhire* moſt famous for the Bowes,
With thoſe of *Cheſhire*, chiefeſt for their place,
Men of ſuch bone, as onely made for blowes,
That for their Faith, are had in ſpeciall grace,
And as the Guard vnto the Soueraigne goes;
Thoſe of the *North* in feaudes ſo deadly fell,
That for their Speare and Horſemanſhip excell.

43.

For euery vſe experience could eſpie,
Such as in Fennes and Marſh-lands vſe to trade,
The doubtfull Foords and Paſſages to trie,
VVith Stilts and Lope-ſtaues that doe aptlieſt wade,
And fitt'ſt for Scouts and Currers to deſcrie,
Thoſe from the Mines with Picke-axe and with Spade,
For Pyoners beſt, that for intrenching are,
Men chiefly needfull in the vſe of VVarre.

44.

O Noble Nation furniſhed with Armes,
So full of ſpirit, ſo eminent alone,
Had Heauen but bleſt thee to foreſee theſe harmes,
And as thy valiant Nephewes to haue gone,
Paris, *Roan*, *Orleance*, ſhaking with Alarmes,
As the bright Sunne thy glory then had ſhone;
To other Realmes thou had'ſt transfer'd this chance,
Nor had your Sonnes bin firſt that conquer'd *Franc*

45.

And thus on all hands making for their reſt,
And now ſet forward for this mightie day,
Where euery one prepares to doe his beſt,
When in ſucceſſe their liues and fortunes lay;
No croſſe euent their purpoſes to wreſt,
Where now they ſtand in ſo direct a way;
And whil'ſt they play this ſtrange and doubtful game
The Queene ſtands by, and onely giues the aime.

46.

When this braue Lord, his foot had ſcarcely ſet
Into the Road, where Fortune had to deale,
But ſhe diſpos'd his forward courſe to let,
Her lewd condition quickely doth reueale,
Glory to her vaine Deitie to get,
By him, whoſe Birth did beare her ominous Seale,
Winning occaſion from this verie houre,
In him to prooue: and manifeſt her power.

As

47.

As when we ſee the earely riſing Sunne,
With his faire beames to emulate our ſight,
And when his courſe but newly is begunne,
The humorous Fogges deprive his wiſhed light,
Till through the moiſt Clouds his cleare forehead runne,
Climing the Noonſted in his gorgeous height;
His bright beginning Fortune hindreth thus,
To make the reſt more rich, more glorious.

48.

The King diſcreetly that conſidered,
The ſpace of Earth whereon the Barons ſtand,
What were their powers to them contributed,
Now being himſelfe but partner of his Land,
And of the ſtrength and Armie that he led,
'Gainſt them that doe ſo great a Power command,
In which, t was well he did ſo wiſely looke,
The taske was great that now he vndertooke.

49.

And warn'd by danger to miſ-doubt the worſt,
In equall Scales whil'ſt eithers fortunes hung,
Muſt now performe the vtmoſt that he durſt,
Or vndergoe the burden of his wrong;
As good to ſtirre as after be inforſt,
To ſtop the head whence many euils ſprung:
Now with the Marchers thinkes it beſt beginne,
Which firſt muſt loſe, ere he could hope to winne.

50.

The *Mortimers* being men of greateſt might,
VVhoſe name was dreadfull, and commanded far,
Sturdie to mannage, of a haughtie ſpright,
Strongly aly'd, much followed, popular,
On whom if thus he happily could light,
He hopes more eaſly to conclude this VVarre;
VVhich he intendeth ſpeedily to trie,
To quit that firſt, which moſt ſtood in his eie.

51.

For which he expeditiouſly prouided,
That part of Land into his power to get,
VVhich if made good, might keepe them ſtill diuided,
Their combination cunningly to let,
VVho being ioyn'd, would be too ſtrongly ſided,
Two ſo great ſtrengths together ſafely met,
The face of VVarre would looke ſo ſterne and great,
As well might threat to heaue him from his Seat.

52.

VVherefore from *London* ſtrongly ſetting forth,
VVith a faire Armie furniſht of the beſt,
Accompani'd with friends of greateſt worth,
VVith whom there 's many a gallant ſpirit preſt;
Great *Lancaſter*, the Lord of all the *North*,
The *Mortimers* are Maſters of the *Weſt*, (either,
He towards mid *England* makes, the way twixt (ther.
VVhich they muſt croſſe, ere they could come toge-
And

53.

And thus inueigled with delightfull hope,
Stoutly to front and ſhoulder with Debate,
Knowing to meet with a reſoluèd Troop,
That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,
Whoſe ſtubborne Creſts if he inforc'd to ſtoop,
He now muſt tempt ſome great and powerfull Fate;
And through ſterne Gards of Swords & irefull flame,
Make way to Peace, and propagate his name.

54.

When now the Marchers well vpon their way,
(Expecting ſuch ſhould promis'd ſuccour bring,
Which all this while abus'd them by delay)
Are ſodainely encountred by a King,
And now perceiue their dilatory ſtay,
To be the cauſer of their ruining;
How neere their boſomes blacke Deſtruction ſtood,
With open Iawes prepared for their Bloud;

55.

And by the ſhifting of inconſtant Wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
Which (euen) at firſt ſo awkewardly they find,
Ere they could yet giue Sea-roome to their Fleet,
Cleane from their courſe, and caſt ſo farre behind,
And yet in perill euery houre to ſplit,
Some vnknowne Harbour ſodainely muſt ſound,
Or runne their fortunes deſperately on ground.

56.

The elder Peere, graue, politike and wiſe,
Which hath all dangers abſolutely skand,
Finding high time his Nephew to aduiſe,
Since now their ſtate ſtood on this deſperate hand,
And from this Miſchiefe many more to riſe,
With long experience learn'd to vnderſtand,
Nephew (ſaith he) 't is longer vaine to ſtriue,
Counſell beſt ſerues, our ſafetie to contriue.

57.

The downe-right perill preſent in our eie,
Not to be ſhund, what certaine end 't affures;
The next, the weight that on our fall doth lie,
And what our life to our deſigne procures,
Each hope, and doubt that doth ariſe thereby,
Prouuing with iudgement how the ſame endures:
For who obſerues ſtrict Policies true Lawes,
Shifts his proceeding to the varying cauſe.

58.

To hazard fight with the Emperiall Powers,
May our ſmall Troupes vndoubtedly appall,
A deſperate end vs willingly deuoures,
Yeelding our ſelues, by this we loſe not all,
We leaue our friends this little force of ours,
Reſeru'd for them, though hapleſly we fall;
That ſhew of weakeneſſe hath a glorious hand,
That fals it ſelfe, to make the cauſe to ſtand.

Twixt

59.

Twixt inexpected and ſo dangerous ils,
That's beſt wherein we ſmalleſt perill ſee,
A courſe that reaſon neceſſary wils,
And that doth moſt with policie agree,
The idle vulgar breath it nothing skils,
'Tis ſound diſcretion muſt our Pilot be.
He that doth ſtill the faireſt meane preferre,
Anſweres opinion how ſo ere he erre.

60.

And to the Worlds eye ſeeming yet ſo ſtrong,
By our deſcending willingly from thence,
May vrge the ſhew of our oppoſed wrong,
Rather b' inforcement then fore-thought pretence,
Leauing th' aduantage doth to vs belong,
May qualifie the nature of th' offence:
Men are not alwaies incident to loſſe,
When Fortune ſeemes, their forward cauſe to croſſe.

61.

Nor giue we Enuie abſolute acceſſe,
To lay our fall vpon thy forward mind,
There's neerer meanes this Miſchiefe to redreſſe,
And make ſucceſſefull what is yet behind,
Nor of our hope vs wholly diſpoſſeſſe,
Fortune is euer variouſly inclin'd,
And a ſmall vantage to the courſe of Kings,
Guides a ſleight meanes to compaſſe mighty things.

62.

Which ſpeech ſo caught his Nephewes pliant youth,
Faſtning vpon a dutifull reſpect,
Which he with ſuch celeritie purſu'th,
(Well could he counſell, well could he direct)
Proceeding from integritie and truth,
And working with ſuch proſperous effect,
Shewes wiſe mens counſels, by a powerfull Fate,
(Seeming from reaſon) yet prooue fortunate.

63.

To which the awfull Maieſtie inuite,
By the moſt due and ceremonious way,
With circumſtance, and each conditi'nall rite,
Might winne reſpect vnto this new Eſſay,
Or might opinion any way excite,
To which the King doth willingly obay;
Who as themſelues in finding danger neere,
Rather accepts doubt, then a certaine feare.

64.

Which he receiues in preſage of his good,
To his ſucceſſe auſpicioufly apply'd,
Which cooles the heate of his diſtemper'd bloud,
Before their force in doubtfull Armes was try'd,
In his protection when they onely ſtood,
At his diſpoſing wholly to abide,
Whereon in ſafetie he diſmiſt their power,
Sends them away as Priſoners to the Tower.

65.

O All-preparing Prouidence Diuine,
In thy large Booke what ſecrets are enrold!
What ſundry helpes doth thy great power aſſigne,
To ſtay the courſe thou ſtedfaſtly dooſt hold!
What mortall ſenſe is able to define
Thy Myſteries, thy Counſels manifold;
By theſe digreſſions ſtrangely that extends
Obſcure proceedings to apparent ends!

66.

This was the meane by which the Fates diſpoſe,
More threatned plagues vpon that age to bring,
Vtter confuſion on the heads of thoſe,
That were before the Barons ruining,
VVith the ſubuerſion of ſo many foes,
The murther of the miſerable King,
And that which came as Epilogue to all,
Laſtly, his fearfull and ſo violent fall.

67.

VVhich to their hope giues time for further breath,
As the firſt pawſe in this their great affaire,
That yet awhile deferr'd this threatning death,
Truſting this breach by leiſure to repaire,
And here awhile this Fury limiteth:
VVhil'ſt in this manner things ſo ſtrangely fare,
Horrour beyond the wonted bounds doth ſwell,
As the next *Canto* dreadfully ſhall tell.

The end of the firſt Canto.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

At Burton-Bridge *the puiſſant Armies met,*
The forme and order of the doubtfull fight,
Whereas the King the Victorie doth get,
And the proud Barons laſtly forc'd to fight;
How they againe towards Burrough *forward ſet,*
Where then the Lords are vanquiſhed out-right,
Laſtly, the Lawes doe execute their power,
On thoſe the Sword before did not deuoure.

I.

THis chance of Warre, that dreadfully had ſwept
So large a ſhare from their full reck'ned might,
Which their proud hopes ſo carefully had kept,
Whil'ſt yet their ſtate ſtood equally vpright,
That could at firſt ſo cloſely intercept,
What ſhould haue ſeru'd them for a glorious fight,
Muſters ſupplies of Foot-men, and of Horſe,
To giue a new ſtrength to their ruin'd force.

Th' in-

2.

Th' inueterate griefe ſo deepe and firmely rooted,
Yet ſleightly curb'd by this ſhort ſtrengthleſſe peace;
To aſſay, t' remooue, ſince it but vainly booted,
That did with each diſtemp'rature increaſe,
And being by euery offer'd cauſe promoted,
Th' effect too firmely ſettled to ſurceaſe:
VVhen each euaſion ſundry paſſions brought
Strange formes of feare in euery troubled thought.

3.

And put in action for this publike cauſe,
Whil'ſt euery one a partie firmely ſtood,
Taxt by the Letter of the cenſuring Lawes,
In the ſharpe tainder of his honoured Bloud;
And he thats free'ſt entangled by ſome clauſe,
Which to this Miſchiefe giues continuall food;
For where Confuſion gets ſo ſtrongly hold,
Till all conſum'd, can hardly be controld.

4.

Where now by night, euen when pale leaden ſleepe
Vpon their eye-lids heauily did dwell,
And ſtep by ſtep, on euery ſenſe did creepe,
Miſchiefe (that blacke Inhabitant of Hell)
Which neuer failes continuall watch to keepe,
Feareſull to thinke, a horrid thing to tell,
Entred the place where now theſe warlike Lords
Lay maild in Armour, girt with irefull Swords.

Miſchiefe

5.

Miſchiefe with ſharpe-ſight, and a meager looke,
And alwaies prying where ſhe may doe ill,
In which the Fiend continuall pleaſure tooke,
Her ſtarued body, Plenty could not fill,
Searching in euery corner, euery nooke,
With winged feet too ſwift, to worke her will;
Hung full of deadly inſtruments ſhe went,
Of euery ſort to hurt where ere ſhe meant.

6.

And with a Viall fild with banefull wrath,
Brought from *Cocytus* by this curſed Spright,
Which in her blacke hand readily ſhe hath,
And drops the Poyſon vpon euery Wight;
For to each one ſhe knew the ready path:
Now in the midſt and dead time of the night,
Whoſe enuious force inuadeth euery Peere,
Striking with Fury, and impulſiue Feare.

7.

The weeping morning breaking in the *Eaſt*,
When with a troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venome lately did infeſt,
The ſtrong effect ſoone inwardly doe find;
And lately troubled by vnquiet reſt,
To ſad Deſtruction euery one inclin'd;
Rumours of ſpoyle through euery eare doe flye,
And Fury ſits in eu'ry threatning eye.

This

8.

This done, in haſte vnto King *Edward* hies,
Which now growne proud vpon this faire ſucceſſe,
The time in Feaſts and wantonneſſe implies,
With crowned Cups his ſorrowes to repreſſe,
That on his fortune wholly now relies,
And in the boſome of his Courtly Preſſe,
Vaunting the glory of this late wonne day,
Whil'ſt the ſicke Land with ſorrow pines away.

9.

Thither ſhe comes, and in a Minions ſhape,
She creepeth neere the perſon of the King,
Warm'd with the verdure of the ſwelling Grape,
In which, ſhe poyſon ſecretly doth wring,
Not the leaſt drop vntainted doth eſcape,
To which intent ſhe all her ſtore did bring,
Whoſe rich commixture making it more ſtrong,
Fils his hot veines with arrogance and wrong.

10.

And hauing both ſuch courage, and ſuch might,
As to ſo great a buſineſſe did belong,
Neuer conſidering their pretended right,
Should be inducement to a trebled wrong,
When miſtie Errour ſo deludes their ſight,
Which ſtill betwixt them, and cleare reaſon hung;
By which opinion falſly was abuſde,
As left all out of order, all confuſde:

Now

11.

Now our *Minerua* tels of dreadfull Armes,
Enforc'd to ſing of worſe then Ciuill Warres;
Of Ambuſcadoes, Stratagems, Alar'mes,
Vnkind Diſſentions, fearefull Maſſacars,
Of gloomie Magikes, and benumming Charmes,
Freſh-bleeding wounds, and neuer-healed skarres,
And for the ſocke wherein ſhe vſde to tread,
Marching in Greaues, a Helmet on her head.

12.

Whil'ſt hate, and griefe, their weakned ſenſe delude,
The Barons draw their forces to a head,
(Whom *Edward* ſpur'd with vengeance ſtill purſude)
By *Lancaſter*, and Noble *Herford* led,
This long proceeding laſtly to conclude;
Whil'ſt now to meet, both Armies freſhly ſped
To *Burton*, both incamping for the day,
With expectation for a glorious prey.

13.

Vpon the *Eaſt*, from *Needwoods* buſhy ſide,
There riſeth vp an eaſie climing Hill,
At whoſe faire foot the Siluer *Trent* doth glide,
With a deepe murmure permanent and ſtill,
With liberall ſtore of many Brookes ſupplide,
Th' inſatiate Meades continually doe fill,
Vpon whoſe ſtreame, a Bridge of wondrous ſtrength,
Doth ſtretch it ſelfe in fortie arches length.

Vpon

14.

Vpon this Mount the Kings Pauilion fixt,
And in the Towne, the Foe intrench'd in fight:
When now the Floud is riſen ſo betwixt,
That yet awhile prolong'd th' vnnaturall fight,
With Tributary waters intermixt,
To ſtay the fury doing all it might,
Things which preſage both good and ill there bee,
Which Heauen foreſhewes, but Mortals cannot ſee.

15.

The Heauen euen mourning o're our heads doth ſit,
As grieu'd to ſee the time ſo out of courſe,
Looking on them who neuer looke at it,
And in meere pittie melting with remorſe,
Longer from teares that cannot ſtay a whit,
Whoſe influence on euery lower ſource,
From the ſwolne fluxure of the Cloudes, doth ſhake
A ranke Impoſtume vpon euery Lake.

16.

O warlike Nation! hold thy conquering hand,
Euen ſenſeleſſe things admoniſh thee to pauſe,
That Mother ſoyle on whom thou yet do'ſt ſtand,
That would reſtraine thee by all naturall Lawes,
Canſt thou (vnkind) inuiolate that Band,
When euen the Earth is angry with the cauſe?
Yet ſtay thy foot in Miſchiefes vgly gate,
Ill comes too ſoone, Repentance ſtill too late.

And

17.

And can the Cloudes weepe ouer thy decay,
And not one drop fall from thy droughty eies?
See'ſt thou the ſnare, and wilt not ſhunne the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by paſſed miſeries?
'T is yet but earely in this fatall day,
Let late experience learne thee to be wiſe,
Miſchiefe foreſeene, may eaſly be preuented,
But hap'd, vnhelp'd, though ne're enough lamented.

18.

Cannot the *Scot* of your late ſlaughter boaſt?
And are you yet ſcarſe healed of the ſore?
Is 't not enough you haue alreadie loſt,
But your owne madneſſe needſly make it more?
Will you ſeeke ſafetie in a forraine Coaſt?
Your Wiues and Children pittied you before,
But when your owne bloud, your owne Swords im
Who pitties them which once did pitty you?

19.

The neighb'ring Groues diſpoyled of their Trees,
For Boats and Timber to aſſay this Floud,
Where Men are lab'ring as the Summer-Bee,
Some hollowing Trunkes, ſome binding heaps of woo
Some on their breſts, ſome working on their knees,
To winne the Banke whereon the Barons ſtood,
Which o're this current they by ſtrength moſt tew,
To ſhed that bloud that many Ages rew.

Som

20.

Some ſharpen Swords, ſome on their Murrans ſet,
The Greaues, and Pouldrons others riuet faſt.
The Archers now their bearded Arrowes whet,
Whil'ſt euery where the clamorous Drums are brac't.
Some taking view where ſureſt ground to get,
And euery one aduantage doth fore-caſt;
In Rankes & Files each Plaine & Meadow ſwarmes,
As though the Land were clad in angry Armes.

21.

The Creſts and Honours of the *Engliſh* name,
Againſt their owne oppoſed rudely ſtand,
As angry with th' Atchiuements whence they came,
That to their vertues gaue that generous brand;
O you vnworthy of your ancient fame,
Againſt your ſelues to lift your conquering hand!
Since forraine Swords your height could not abate,
By your owne power your ſelues to ruinate!

22.

Vpon his Surcoat, Valiant *Nenel* bore
A Siluer Saltoyre grac'd on Martiall Red;
A Ladies Sleeue high-ſpirited *Haſtings* wore,
Ferrer his Taberd with rich Verry ſpred,
Well knowne in many a warlike match before;
A Rauen ſat on *Corbets* warlike head,
Cou'ring his Helmet; *Culpepper* inraild,
On Mayden Armes, a bloudy Bend ingraild.

The

23.

The Noble *Percie* in this furious day,
With a bright Creſſant in his guide-home came,
In his faire Cornet *Verdon* doth diſplay
A Geuly fret, priz'd in this mortall game,
That had beene taskt in many a doubtfull fray,
His Launces Pennons ſtained with the ſame;
The angry Horſe chafed with ſtubborne Bit,
The ruinous Earth with rage and horror ſmit.

24.

I could the ſumme of *Staffords* arming ſhow,
What colours *Courtney*, *Roſſe*, and *Warren* hold,
Each ſundry Blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious circumſtance haue told,
What all the Enſignes ſtanding in a row:
But wailing *Muſe* (ah me) thou art controld,
When in remembrance of this horrid Deed,
My Pen for Inke, euen drops of bloud doth ſhed.

25.

Th' Imperiall Standard in this place is pitcht,
When all the Hatchments of the *Engliſh* Crowne,
Great *Lancaſter* with all his power enricht,
Sets the ſame Leopards in his Colours downe;
O if with fury you be not bewitcht,
Haue but remembrance, on your ſelfe you frowne,
A little note, or difference is in all,
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame doth fall?

Behold

26.

Behold the Eagles, Lions, Talbots, Beares,
The Badges of your Famous Anceſtries,
And ſhall they now by their inglorious Heires,
Stand thus oppos'd againſt their Families?
More honor'd Markes no Chriſtian Nation weares,
Relikes vnworthy of their Progenies;
Thoſe Beaſts you beare, doe in their kinds agree,
O that then Beaſts more ſauage Men ſhould bee!

27.

But whil'ſt the King no courſe concluded yet,
In his directions variably doth houer,
See how misfortune ſtill her time can fit;
Such as were ſent the Country to diſcouer,
As vp and downe, from place to place they flit,
Had found a Foord to land their Forces ouer:
Ill newes hath wings, and with the wind doth goe:
Comfort 's a Cripple, and comes euer ſlow.

28.

When *Edward* fearing *Lancaſters* ſupplies,
Proud *Richmond*, *Surrey*, and Great *Pembrooke* ſent,
On whoſe ſucceſſe his chiefeſt hope relies;
Vnder whoſe conduct halfe his Armie went,
The neereſt way, conducted by the Spies;
And He himſelfe, and *Edmond* Earle of *Kent*,
Vpon the Hill, in ſight of *Burton* lay,
VVatching to take aduantage of the day.

29.

Stay, *Surrey*, ſtay, thou may'ſt too ſoone be gone,
Pauſe till this rage be ſomewhat ouer-paſt,
Why runn'ſt thou thus to thy deſtruction?
Richmond and *Pembrooke*, whither doe you haſte?
You labour ſtill to bring more horror on;
Neuer ſeeke ſorrow, for it comes too faſt:
Why doe you ſtriue to paſſe this fatall Floud,
To fetch new wounds, and ſhed your Natiue bloud?

30.

Great *Lancaſter*, ſheath vp thy angry Sword,
On *Edwards* Armes whoſe edge thou ſhould'ſt not whet,
Thy naturall Kinſeman, and thy Soueraigne Lord;
Are you not one, both true *Plantaginets?*
Call but to mind thy once engaged word,
Canſt thou thy Oath to *Long-ſhankes* thus forget?
Conſider well, before all other things,
Our Vowes be kept we make to Gods and Kings.

31.

The winds are huſh'd, no little breath doth blow,
Which ſeemes ſo ſtill, as though it liſtning ſtood,
With trampling croudes the very Earth doth bow,
And through the Smoke the Sunne appeares like bloud;
What with the ſhout, and with the dreadfull ſhow,
The Heards and Flockes runne bellowing to the Wood,
When Drums and Trumpets giue the fearefull ſound,
As they would ſhake the Cloudes vnto the ground.

The

32.

The Earles then charging with their power of Horſe,
Taking a Signall when they ſhould beginne,
Being in view of the Imperiall force,
Which at that time aſſay'd the Bridge to winne;
That now the Barons change th' intended courſe,
T' auoide the danger they were lately in;
Which on the ſudden had they not fore-caſt,
Of their blacke day this houre had beene the laſt.

33.

When from the Hill the Kings maine Power comes downe,
Which had *Aquarius* to their valiant Guide,
Braue *Lancaſter* and *Herford* from the Towne,
Now iſſue forth vpon the other ſide,
Peere againſt Peere, the Crowne againſt the Crowne,
The one aſſailes, the other munifide,
Englands Red Croſſe vpon both ſides doth flie,
Saint *George* the King, Saint *George* the Barons crie.

34.

Like as an exhalation hot and dry,
Amongſt the Ayre-bred moiſty vapours throwne,
Spitteth his Lightning forth outragiouſly,
Rending the groſſe Cloudes with the Thunder-ſtone,
Whoſe fierie Splinters through the thinne Ayre flye,
That with the terrour Heauen and Earth doe grone;
With the like clamour and confuſed woe,
To the dread Shocke theſe deſp'rate Armies goe.

35.

Now might you ſee the Famous *Engliſh* Bowes,
So fortunate in time we did ſubdue,
Shoot their ſharpe Arrowes in the face of thoſe
Which many a time victoriouſly them drew,
Shunning their aime, as troubled in the looſe;
The winged weapons mourning as they flew,
Cleaue to the ſtring (now impotent and ſlacke)
As to the Archers they would faine turne backe.

36.

Behold the remnant of *Troyes* Ancient Stocke,
Laying on blowes, as Smithes on Anuils ſtrike,
Grappling together in this fearefull Shocke,
Whereas the like incountreth with the like,
As firme and ruthleſſe as th' obdurate Rocke,
Deadly oppoſed at the puſh of Pike;
Still as the Wings, or Battailes brought together,
When Fortune yet giues vantage vnto neither.

37.

From batt'red Caskes with euery enuious blow,
The ſcatt'red Plumes flye looſely here and there,
Which in the Ayre doe ſeeme as drifts of Snow,
Which euery light breath on his wings doth beare,
As they had ſenſe and feeling of our woe;
And thus affrighted with the preſent feare,
Now back, now forward, ſuch ſtrange windings make,
As though vncertaine which way they ſhould take.

Slaughter

38.

Slaughter runnes wildly through th' afflicted Hoaſt,
Whil'ſt yet the Battaile ſtrongly doth abide,
That in this ſtrange diſtemp'rature is loſt,
Where Helliſh Fury ſenſibly doth guide,
Neuer ſuffic'd, where tyrannizing moſt, (wide)
That now their wounds (with mouthes euen open'd
Laſtly inforc'd to call for preſent death, (breath.
That wants but Tongues, your Swords doe giue them

39.

Here lies a heape halfe ſlaine, and halfly drown'd,
Gaſping for breath among the watry Segs,
And there a ſort falne in a deadly ſwound,
Troad with the Preſſe into the muddie Dregs,
Other lye bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the Bodies, maim'd of Armes and Legs,
One kils a Foe, his Braine another cuts,
Ones Feet intangled in anothers Guts.

40.

One his aſſailing Enemie beguiles,
As from the Bridge he happily doth fall,
Cruſht with his weight vpon the forced Piles,
Some in their Gore vpon the Pauement ſpawle,
That euery place ſo lothſomely defiles,
The Carkaſſes lye heaped like a wall,
Such hideous ſhrecks yet ſtill the Souldiers breathe,
As though the ſpirits had howled from beneath.

41.

The Faction still defying *Edwards* might,
Edmond of *Woodstocke*, with the men of *Kent*,
Charging afresh, reuiues the doubtfull fight,
Vpon the Barons languishing and spent,
New preparation for a Tragicke fight;
When they againe Supplies immediate sent,
A second Battaile proudly to begin,
The Noblest Spirits but newly entred in.

42.

As at *Troyes* sacke, faire *Thetis* god-like Sonne,
Couragious *Talbot*, with his Shield him bare,
Clifford and *Mowbray* brauely following on,
Awdley and *Gifford* thronging for a share;
These seconding, the former being gone,
Elmsbridge and *Baldsmere* in the thickest are,
Pell mell together, flye this furious pow'r,
When they perceiue that death will all deuoure.

43.

Mountfort and *Teis*, your worth I faine would speake,
But that your Valour doth so ill deserue,
And *Denune* here from thee perforce must breake,
And from thy prayses *Willington* must swerue,
Your deeds permit not I your wrongs should wreake,
Proud *Damory*, here must thy glory starue;
Concealing many most deseruing blame,
Because your actions quench my sacred flame.

O

44.

O had you fashion'd your great Deeds by them,
Who summond *Acon* with an *English* Drumme,
Or marcht before that faire *Ierusalem*,
With the vnited powers of Christendome,
Eternall then had beene your Diadem,
And with Christs Warriours slept about his Tombe,
Then Ages had immortaliz'd your name,
Where now my Song can be but of your shame.

45.

O Age inglorious, Armes vntimely borne,
When now that prooued and victorious shield,
Must in this Ciuill Massacre be torne,
Which bare the markes of many a bloudy Field;
And lastly, in their ouerthrow forlorne,
When now to flight the Barons basely yeeld,
That since that time the stones for very dread,
Against foule stormes small drops of moysture shead.

46.

When now those wretched and vnstedfast friends,
Which all this while stood doubtfully to pause,
When they perceiue what destinie intends,
And his successe doth iustifie his cause,
Their faintnesse now more comfort apprehends,
For victorie both feare and friendship drawes,
T' an open smile, conuert a couered frowne,
All lend their hands to hew the Conquered downe.

47.

That part of power th' Emperiall seem'd to lacke,
Whil'st yet the aduerse bare an vpright face,
When now constrain'd to giue a recreant backe,
Quickly returnes to prosecute the Chase,
Where now the Barons wholly goe to wracke,
In the iust tryall of so neere a case;
Inforc'd to prooue the fortune of the Coast,
When they perceiue the glorious Goale is lost.

48.

And to the fortunes of the conqu'ring King,
Which well confirm'd his long and tendred hope,
His faire successe still more incouraging,
Which now had got so large and ample scope,
The Earle of *Carlel* happily doth bring,
His light-arm'd Bands the valiant *Northerne* Troope,
Armed too lately, and with too much speed,
To doe most harme, euen when we least had need.

49.

When now the Barons making out their way,
Through parts for safetie and aduantage knowne,
Keeping their force still bodied as they may,
Into the depth of this misfortune throwne;
And in pursuit deuising day by day,
T' offend th' assailant, and defend their owne,
In their last hope the vtmost to endure,
To deferre th' effect, although the end were sure.

And

50.

And whil'ſt their fortune ſuting ſadly thus,
To *Burrough-Bridge* conducted by their Fate,
Bridges to Barons euer ominous,
And to this place their fall preordinate,
That miniſtring ſuch cauſe of griefe to vs,
By the remembrance of their paſſed ſtate;
The very toyle by deepe impreſſion yet,
Euen to this day doth ſtill remember it.

51.

New courage now, new fights, new battailes rang'd,
New breath (but what might make deſtruction new?)
They change the ground, but yet their fate vnchang'd,
Which too directly doth their courſe purſue,
Nor from their former miſeries eſtrang'd,
Their ſtrength decayes, their dangers daily grew,
To ſhorten that which whil'ſt it did depend,
Gaue a long breathing to a fearefull end.

52.

Like to a Herd of weary heartleſſe Deere,
Whom hot-ſpurd Huntſmen ſeriouſly doe chaſe,
In Brakes and Buſhes falling here and there,
Proouing each couert, euery ſecret place,
Yet by the Hounds recouered euery where,
With eager yearning in the ſented trace;
Hem'd on each ſide with Hornes rechating blaſt,
Head-long themſelues into the toyles doe caſt.

Enſigne

53.

Enſigne beards Enſigne, ſword 'gainſt ſword doth ſhake
Wing againſt Wing, and Ranke doth Ranke oppoſe,
In, on each other furiouſly they brake,
And death in earneſt to his buſ'neſſe goes,
A generall hauocke as diſpos'd to make,
And with deſtruction doth them all incloſe,
Dealing it ſelfe impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, and foe by foe doth fall.

54.

This part of life which yet they did reſpire,
In ſpight of Fortune as they ſtood prepar'd,
With courage charg'd, with comelineſſe retire,
Make good their ground, and then relieue their gard,
Withſtand the ent'rer, then purſue the flier,
New forme their Battaile, ſhifting euery Ward,
As your high courage, ſo were your quarrell good,
O Noble Spirits, how deare had beene your bloud!

55.

The *Northerne* Bands th' ambitious *Herckley* led,
On the weake Barons mangled ſo before,
That now towards *Burrough* make a puiſſant head,
Incouraging th' Emperiall Power the more;
O day ſo fatall and ſo full of dread,
When ere ſhall Time thy ruinous waſte reſtore,
Which to amend, although thou ſhalt perſeuer,
Thou ſtill maiſt promiſe, but performe it neuer.

Pale

56.

Pale death beyond all wonted bounds doth ſwell,
Caruing proud fleſh in Cantels now at large:
As leaues in Autumne, ſo the bodies fell,
Vnder rough ſteele at euery boyſt'rous charge.
O what ſad Pen can the deſtruction tell,
Where Scalps lay beaten as the battred Targe;
And euery one he claimeth as his right,
That not prouides t' eſcape away by flight.

57.

Thoſe Enſignes erſt, that in the glittering field,
With their curl'd foreheads threat th' ambitious foe,
Like weathered Fowle the drooping Pinions yeeld,
Stooping their proud heads to the duſt below,
There ſits a Helmet, and there lies a Shield.
O ill did fate theſe Noble Armes beſtow,
Which as a Quarry on the ſoyld Earth lay
Seiz'd on by conqueſt as a glorious pray.

58.

Here Noble *Bohun* that braue iſſued Peere,
Herford ſo high in euery gracious heart,
Vnto his Country ſo receiu'd, and deare,
Wounded by Treaſon in the lower part,
(As o're the Bridge his men returning were)
Through thoſe ill-ioyn'd Plankes by an enuious Dart:
But *Lancaſter*, whoſe lot not yet to die,
Taken, reſeru'd to greater Infamie.

59.

O subiect for some sadder Muse to sing,
Of fiue great Earledomes happily possest,
Of the direct line of the English King,
With fauours, friends, and earthly honours blest,
If so that all these, happinesse could bring,
Or could endow assuredness of rest!
But what estate stands free from Fortunes pow'r?
The Fates haue guidance of our time and howre.

60.

Some few themselues in Sanctuaries hide,
In mercie of that Priuiledged place,
Yet are their bodies so vnsanctifi'de,
As scarce their soules can euer hope for grace;
Whereas they still in want and feare abide,
A poore dead life this draweth out a space,
Hate stands without, and horror sits within,
Prolonging shame, but pard'ning not their sinne.

61.

Here is not death contented with the dead,
As though of something carelesly denide,
Till which might firmely be accomplished,
His vtmost fully were not satisfi'de,
That all exactly might be perfected,
A further torment vengeance doth prouide,
That dead men should in miserie remaine,
To make the liuing die with greater paine.

62.

You Soueraigne Cities of th'afflicted Ile,
In Cypreſſe wreathes, and widdowed attire,
Prepare yee now to build the Funerall pile;
Lay your pale hands vnto this lateſt fire,
All mirth and comfort from your ſtreetes exile,
Till you be purg'd of this infectious ire,
The Nobleſt blood yet liuing to be ſhed,
That euer dropt from your rebellious dead.

63.

When this braue Lord, great *Lancaſter*, who late
This puiſſant force had now thus long retain'd,
As the firſt Agent in this ſtrange debate,
At fatall *Pomfret* for theſe facts arraign'd;
'Gainſt whom of all things they articulate,
To whom theſe factions chiefely appertain'd:
Whoſe proofes apparant ſo directly ſped,
As from his bodie reft a reuerent head.

64.

Yet *Lancaſter*, it is not thy deare breath,
Can ranſome backe the ſafetie of the Crowne,
Nor make a League of ſo great power with death,
To warrant what is rightfully our owne,
But they muſt pay the forfet of their faith,
Which fondly broke with their ambition,
When now reuenge vnto the vtmoſt rackt,
The Agents iuſtly ſuffer with the act.

Euen

65.

Euen in that place where he had lately led,
As this darke path vnto the reſt to ſhow,
It was not long ere many followed,
In the ſame ſteps that he before did goe;
London, thy freedome is prohibited,
The firſt in place (O would the firſt in woe)
Others in bloud did not excell thee farre,
That now deuoure the remnant of this Warre.

66.

O Parents ruthfull, and heart-renting ſight,
To ſee that Sonne thy tender boſome fed,
A Mothers ioy; a Fathers ſole delight,
That with much coſt, yet with more care was bred;
A ſpectacle euen able to affright
Th' moſt ſenſeleſſe thing, and terrifie the dead;
His bloud ſo deare vpon the cold Earth powr'd
His quarter'd Coarſe of Birds and Beaſts deuour'd.

67.

But 't is not you that heere complaine alone,
Or to your ſelues this fearefull portion ſhare,
Here 's choice, and ſtrange varietie of mone,
Poore Childrens teares with Widdowes mixed are;
Many a Friends ſigh, many a Maidens grone,
So innocent, ſo ſimply, pure, and rare;
As though euen Nature that long ſilent kept,
Burſt out in plaints, and bitterly had wept.

68.

O wretched Age, had not theſe things beene done,
I had not now in theſe more calmer times,
Into the ſearch of former troubles runne;
Nor had my Virgin impolluted Rimes,
Altred the courſe wherein they firſt begunne,
To ſing theſe bloudie and vnnaturall Crimes,
My layes had ſtill beene to *Ideas* Bowre,
Of my deare *Anker*, or her loued *Stowre*.

69.

Or for our ſubiect your faire worth to chuſe,
Your birth, your vertue, and your high reſpects,
That gently daine to patronize our *Muſe*,
Who our free ſoule ingeniouſly elects,
To publiſh your deſerts, and all your dues,
Maugre the Momiſts, and Satyricke Sects,
That whil'ſt my Verſe eternally is ſung,
You ſtill may liue with me in ſpight of wrong.

70.

But greater things reſerued are in ſtore,
Vnto this taske my armed *Muſe* to keepe,
Still offring me occaſion as before,
Matter whereof my Tragike Verſe may weepe:
And as a Veſſell being neere the ſhore,
By aduerſe windes enforced to the deepe,
Am driuen backe, from whence I came of late,
Vnto the buſ'neſſe of a troubled State.

The end of the ſecond Canto.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

By a sleepy Potion that the Queene ordaines,
Lord MORTIMER *escapes out of the Tower,*
And by false sleights and many subtill traines,
Shee gets to France, *to rayse a forraine power;*
The French *King leaues his Sister; need constraines*
The Queene to Henault *in a happy houre:*
EDWARD her Sonne to PHILIP is affide,
And for Inuasion presently prouide.

I.

SCarce had these passed miseries their ends,
When other troubles instantly begun,
As (still) new matter mischiefe apprehends,
By things that inconsid'rately were done;
And further yet this insolence extends,
Whilst all not yeelded that the sword had wonne,
For some there were that secretly did lie,
That to this bus'nesse had a watchfull eye.

When

2.

When as the King (whilſt things thus fairely went)
Who by this happie victorie grew ſtrong,
Summons at *Yorke* a preſent Parliament,
To plant his right, and helpe the *Spencers* wrong,
By which he thinks t'eſtabliſh his intent,
Whence (more and more) his Minions greatnes ſprong,
Whoſe counſels ſtill in all proceedings croſs'd
Th'enraged Queene, whom all misfortunes toſs'd.

3.

When now the eld'ſt, a man extremely hated,
Whom yet the King not aptly could preferre,
The edge of their ſharpe inſolence abated,
This Parliament makes Earle of *Winchester*,
Where *Herckley* Earle of *Carlile* is created,
And *Baldocke* likewiſe is made Chancellour,
One whom the King had for his purpoſe wrought,
A man as ſubtill, ſo corrupt, and nought.

4.

When now miſhaps that ſeldome come alone,
Thicke in the necks of one another fell,
The *Scot* pretends a new inuaſion,
And *France* doth thence our vſe-full power expell,
Treaſon ſuſpected to attend his throne,
The grieued Commons euery day rebell,
Miſchiefe on miſchiefe, curſe doth follow curſe,
One ill ſcarce paſt, when after comes a worſe.

5.

For *Mortimer* this winde yet fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes which elſe perhaps might ſee,
Whilſt the wiſe Queene, who all aduantage knew,
Is cloſely plotting his deliuerie,
(Which now ſhe doth with all her powers purſue)
Aptly contriu'd by her deepe policie,
Againſt opinion and the courſe of might,
To worke her will euen through the iawes of ſpite.

6.

A ſleepie drinke ſhe ſecretly hath made,
Whoſe operation had ſuch wondrous power,
As with cold numneſſe could the ſenſe inuade,
And mortifie the Patient by an hower,
The lifeleſſe Coarſe in ſuch a ſlumber laide,
As though pale Death did wholly it deuoure:
Nor for two dayes take benefit of eyes,
By all meanes Art or Phyſicke could deuiſe.

7.

For which ſhe Plantane and cold Lettice had,
The water-Lilly from the Marriſh ground,
With the wanne Poppie, and the Night-ſhade ſad.
And the ſhort Moſſe that on the trees is found,
The poyſning Henbane, and the Mandrake drad,
With Cypreſſe Flowers that with the reſt are pownd;
The braine of Cranes like purpoſely ſhee takes,
Mixt with the blood of Dormiſe, and of Snakes.

Thus

8.

Thus ſits the great Enchantreſſe in her Cell,
Strongly engirt with ceremonious charmes,
Her cleanſed body cens'd with hallowing ſmell,
With veſtall fire her potent liquor warmes,
Hauing full heate, ſhe to her buſineſſe fell,
When her with Magicke inſtruments ſhe armes:
And from the herbs the powerfull iuyce ſhe wrung,
To make the medicine forcible and ſtrong.

9.

The ſundrie doubts that incident ariſe,
Might be ſuppos'd her trembling hand to ſtay,
If ſhee conſidred of the enterpriſe,
To thinke what perill in th'attempting lay,
The ſecret lurking of deceitfull ſpies,
That on her ſteps continually doe pray:
But when they leaue off vertue to eſteeme,
Thoſe greatly erre which take them as they ſeeme.

10.

Their plighted faith for libertie they leaue,
Their loue is cold, their luſt hot, hot their hate,
With ſmiles and teares they Serpent-like deceiue,
In their deſires they be inſatiate,
There's no reſtraint their purpoſe can bereaue,
Their will no bound, nor their reuenge no date,
All feare exempt where they at ruine aime,
Couering their ſinne with their diſcouered ſhame.

11.

The elder of the *Mortimers* this ſpace,
(That many ſundry miſeries had paſt)
So long reſtrain'd within that healthleſſe place,
Redeem'd by death, yet happily at laſt,
That much auailes the other in this caſe,
And from this Lord that impoſition caſt:
Which the deare ſafetie of his Vncles breath,
Within the Towes ſo ſtrictly limiteth.

12.

But there was more did on his death depend,
Then heauē was pleas'd the fooliſh world ſhould know,
And why the Fates thus haſted on his end,
Thereby entending greater things to ſhow;
Braue Lord, in vaine thy breath thou didſt not ſpend,
From thy corruption further matters grow,
And ſoone beginning fruitfully to ſpring,
New formes of feare vpon the time to bring.

13.

All things prepar'd in readineſſe and fit,
The Queene attends her potions power to proue,
Their ſtedfaſt friends, their beſt aſſiſting it,
Their ſeruants ſeale their ſecrets vp in loue;
And he expreſt his valour and his wit,
Whom of the reſt it chiefly doth behoue,
Places reſolu'd where Guide and Horſes lay,
And where the ſhip him ſafely to conuey.

A

14.

As his large bounties liberally were heap't
To all deſeruing, or to thoſe that neede,
His ſolemne birth-dayes feſtiuall was kept,
At his free charge, all in the Tower to feede,
Which may ſuſpition clearely intercept,
A ſtrong aſſiſtant in ſo great a neede, (quench)
(When midd'ſt their cates, their furious thirſt to
Mixing their Wine with this approoued drench.

15.

Which ſoone each ſenſe, and eu'ry power doth ſeize,
When he that knew the ſtrength of eſtery warde,
And to the purpoſe ſorting all his keyes,
His corded Ladders readily prepar'de;
And lurking forth by the moſt ſecret wayes,
Not now to learne his Compaſſe by the Carde,
To winne the walls couragiouſly doth goe;
Which looke as ſcorning to be maſtred ſo.

16.

They ſoundly ſleepe whilſt his quick ſpirits awake,
Oppos'd to perill, and the ſtern'ſt extremes,
Alcydes labours new to vndertake,
Of walls, of gates, of watches, and of ſtreames,
Through which his paſſage he is now to make,
And let them tell King *Edward* of their dreames:
For ere they roſe out of the brainſick trance,
He hopes to tell this noble ieſt in *France*.

17.

The ſullen night hath her black Curtaines ſpred,
Lowring the day hath tarried vp ſo long,
Whoſe faire eyes cloſing ſoftly ſteales to bed,
When all the heauens with duskie clouds are hung,
And *Cynthia* now plucks in her horned head,
And to the Weſt incontinently flung;
As ſhe had long'd to certifie the Sunne,
What in his abſence in her Court was done.

18.

The glimmering lights, like Sentinels in warre,
Behind the clouds ſtand craftily to prie,
And through falſe loop-holes looking from afarre,
To ſee him skirmiſh with his deſtinie;
Not any fix'd, nor any wandring Starre,
As they that held a counſell in the skie;
And had before concluded with the night,
It ſhould not looke for any chearfull light.

19.

In deadly ſilence all the ſhores are huſh'd,
Onely the Skreech-owle ſounds to the aſſault,
And *Iſis* with a troubled murmure ruſh'd,
As if conſenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the Sand or Grauell cruſh'd,
A little whiſp'ring moou'd within the Vault,
Made by the treading ſoftly as he went,
Which ſeem'd to ſay it furthered his intent.

This

20.

This wondrous Queene, whom care yet reſtleſſe kept,
Now for his ſpeed to heauen holds vp her hands,
A thouſand ſtrange thoughts in her boſome heap't,
As in her Cloſet liſtning ſtill ſhe ſtands,
That many a ſigh ſpent, many a warme teare wept,
And though diuided, as in ſundry ſtrands,
Moſt abſent, preſent in deſires they bee.
Our minds diſcerne where eyes doe ceaſe to ſee.

21.

The ſmall clouds iſſuing from his lips (ſhe ſayth)
Labouring ſo faſt, as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the ayre of peſtilence and death;
And as ſometime that filch'd *Promethean* flame,
Euen ſo the power and vertue of his breath,
New creatures in the elements ſhould frame;
And to what part of heauen it happ'd to ſtray,
There ſhould path out another milkie way.

22.

Attain'd the top, halfe ſpent a while to blow,
Now round about he caſts his longing eyes,
The gentle earth ſalutes him from below,
And couered with the comfortable skies,
Viewing the way that he is now to goe,
Cheer'd with the beames of *Iſabels* faire eyes,
Downe from the Turret deſperately doth ſlide,
Night be ſucceſſefull, fortune be his guide.

23.

Which his descent, her eye so still descends,
As feare had fix'd it to forwarne his fall,
On whom her hope and fortune now depends,
When sudden feare her senses doth appall;
For present aide her God-like hand extends,
Forgets her selfe, and speedy aide doth call;
Silent againe, if ought but good should hap,
Shee begs of heauen his Graue may be her lap.

24.

Now shee intreats the darke distempered aire,
Then by strong Magicks shee coniures the winde,
Then shee inuokes the gloomie night by praire,
Then with her spels the mortall sense to binde;
And fearing much lest these yet frustrate are,
Now by the burning Tapers shee diuin'd,
Intreating *Thames* to giue a friendly passe,
The deerest fraught ere on his bosome was.

25.

The rushing murmure stiles her like a Song,
But yet in feare the streame should fall in loue,
Suspects the drops that on his tresses hung,
And that the billowes for his beautie stroue,
To this faire body that so closely clung,
Which when in swimming with his brest hee droue;
Pallid with griefe shee turnes away her face,
Iealous that he the waters should embrace.

This

26.

This angrie Lion hauing ſlipp'd his chaine,
As in a Feuer makes King *Edward* quake,
Which knew (too well) ere he was caught againe,
Deare was the bloud muſt ſerue his thirſt to ſlake,
Many the labours had beene ſpent in vaine,
And he inforc'd a longer courſe to take,
Saw further vengeance hanging in the Wind,
That knew the pride and greatneſſe of his mind.

27.

The faction working in this lingring iarre,
How for the Scot free paſſage might be made,
To lay the ground of a ſucceſſefull warre,
That hope might breede freſh courage to inuade;
And whilſt our ſafetie ſtandeth out ſo farre,
More dangerous proiects eu'ry where are laid:
That ſome in hand home troubles might enure,
Others in *France* ſhould forraine broyle procure.

28.

By theſe diſſentions that were lately ſowne,
Inciting *Charles* to open Armes againe,
Who ſeizing *Guyne* pretended as his owne,
That *Edward* ſhould vnlawfully deraine,
Proceeds to make a further Title knowne,
T' our lands in *Pontieu*, and in *Aquitane*,
When wanted homage hath diſſolu'd the Truce,
Waking his wrongs by *Iſabels* abuſe.

This

29.

This plot concluded that was long in hand,
(Which to this iſſue proſperouſly had thriu'd)
The Baſe whereon a mightie frame muſt ſtand,
With mickle Art, yet with more feare contriu'd;
So ſtrongly builded by this factious band,
As from the ſame their ſafetie is deriu'd,
Till their full-rooted and inueterate hate,
Getting more ſtrength might deeply penetrate.

30.

When choiſe of ſuch to ſway his *French* affaire,
Which as a ſhapeleſſe and vnweldy maſſe,
Might well employ the ſtrength of all their care;
So hard and perlous to be brought to paſſe,
Which it behooues them quickly to prepare,
That being now ſo ſettled as it was,
Craues a graue ſpirit, whoſe eminence and pow'r
Might like a ſtiffe gale check this threatning ſhowr

31.

This muſt a Seſſion ſeriouſly debate,
That depth of iudgement crau'd to be diſcuſt,
That ſo concernes the ſafetie of the State,
And in a caſe ſo plauſible and iuſt,
As might haue quench'd all ſparks of former hate,
And might be thought euen Policie might truſt,
Could Enuy maſter her diſtracted will,
Or apprehend Sacietie in ill.

Torlet

32.

Torleton, whoſe tongue mens eares in chaines could tye,
And as a fearefull thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authoritie did lye,
Then in the *Sybils* ſage propheticke Verſe,
Whoſe ſentence was ſo abſolute and hye,
As had the power a iudgement to reuerſe;
On the Queenes part with all his might doth ſtand,
To lay his charge on her well-guiding hand:

33.

Vrging what helps ſhee to the cauſe might bring,
Being a Wife, a Siſter, and a Mother,
And in ſo great and pertinent a thing,
To right her Sonne, her Husband, and her Brother,
Her gracious helpe to all diſtributing,
To take of her what they ſhould hold of other;
Which colour ſerues t'effect in theſe extremes,
That which (God knows) King *Edward* neuer dreames.

34.

Torleton, is this thy ſpirituall pretence?
Would God thy thoughts were more ſpirituall,
Or leſſe perſwaſiue were thy eloquence.
But ô! thy actions are too temporall,
Opinion lends too great preeminence,
Thy treaſons ſubtle, and ſophiſticall;
Would all were true thy ſuppoſition ſaith,
Thy arguments leſſe force, or thou more faith.

Theſe

35.

These sudden broyles that were begun of late,
Still kept in motion by their secret sleight,
By false suggestions so interminate;
That as a ballast of some solid weight,
Betwixt these aduerse currents of debate,
Kept their proceeding in a course so streight,
As lends the Queene an ampler colour still,
By generall meanes to worke a generall ill.

36.

Shee which thus fitly found both Wind and Tyde,
And sees her leisure serue the houres so neere,
All her endeuours mutually apply'd,
Whilst for her purpose things so fitly were,
And this aduantage quickly had espy'd,
As one whose fortunes taught the worst to feare,
Seeing the times so variously inclin'de,
And euery toy soone altring *Edwards* minde.

37.

Her followers such as friendlesse else had stood,
Sunke and deiected by the *Spencers* pride,
Who bare the brands of Treason in their blood,
Which but with blood there was no way to hide;
Whose meane was weake, whose wil was but too good,
Which to effect did but the houre abide,
And knew all meanes that mischiefe could inuent,
That any way might further her intent,

Whilst

38.

Whilſt *Mortimer* which now ſo long hath laine,
From our iuſt courſe, by Fortune lately croſt,
In *France* now ſtruggling how he might regaine,
That which before he had in *England* loſt,
All preſent meanes doth gladly entertaine,
No jot diſmaid in all theſe tempeſts toſt:
Nor his great minde can be thus ouerthrowne,
All Men his friends, all Countries are his owne.

39.

Then Muſe, tranſported by thy former zeale,
Led in our Progreſſe where his fortune lyes,
To thy faire aide I ſeriouſly appeale,
To ſing this great Man his magnanimous guiſe,
The ancient *Heroes* vnto me reueale,
Whoſe worths may raiſe our nobler faculties,
That in my Verſe, tranſparent, neate and cleere,
His Character more liuely may appeare.

40.

Such one he was (of him we boldly ſay)
In whoſe rich ſoule all Soueraigne powers did ſute,
In whom in peace the Elements all lay,
So mixt as none could Soueraigntie impute,
As all did gouerne, yet all did obey,
His liuely temper was ſo abſolute,
That 't ſeem'd when Heauen his modell firſt began,
In him it ſhew'd perfection in a man.

So

41.

So throughly ſeaſoned, and ſo rightly ſet,
As in the leuell of cleere iudgements eye,
Time neuer tuch't him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him once awry,
Whoſe ſtedfaſt courſe no croſſe could euer let,
His eleuation was ſo heauenly hye,
Thoſe giddy tempeſts that the baſe world proue,
Sate vnder where he Planet-like did moue.

42.

When this faire Queene that had a knowing ſpirit,
And ſaw the beauties reſting in his minde,
One that had throughly lookt into his merit,
Aboue the value of the vulgar kinde,
That rightly did his Grandſires deeds inherit,
When now the Ages in their courſe declinde,
When the old world being weake, began to bow
To that poore baſeneſſe that it reſts at now.

43.

What weighes he wealth, or what his *Wigmore* left?
Let needleſſe heaps, things momentarie ſtand,
He counts not his that can be rap'de by theft,
Man is the ſole Lord both of Sea and Land,
And ſtill is rich of theſe that is not reft,
Who of all creatures hath an vpright hand;
And by the ſtarres is onely taught to know,
That as they progreſſe heauen, he earth ſhould doe.

Where

44.

Wherefore wiſe Nature forc'd this face of ground,
And through the deeps ſhew'd him the ſecret way,
That in the flouds her iudgements might be found,
Where ſhee for ſafetie did her treaſure lay;
Whoſe ſtore that he might abſolutely ſound,
Shee gaue him courage for her onely key,
That he alone of all her creatures free,
Her glory, and her wondrous works ſhould ſee.

45.

Let wretched worldlings ſweat for mud and earth,
Whoſe groueling boſomes licke the recreant ſtones,
And Peſants carke for plentie, and for dearth,
Fame neuer looks vpon theſe proſtrate Drones,
Man is allotted at his Princely birth,
To manage Empires and to ſit on Thrones,
Frighting coy Fortune when ſhee ſtern'ſt appeares,
Which elſe ſcornes ſighes, and jeereth at our teares.

46.

When now Report with her fleete murmuring wing,
Toucht the ſtill entrance of his liſtning eare,
A Fleet prepar'd this Royall Queene to bring,
And her arriuall ſtill awaited neere,
When euery ſound a note of loue doth ſing,
The ioyfull thoughts that in his boſome were:
The ſoule in doubt to make her function leſſe:
Denyes the vtterance fully to expreſſe.

Quoth

47.

Quoth he, Slide billowes gently for her ſake,
Whoſe ſight can make your aged *Nereus* yong,
For her faire paſſage euen allies make,
On the ſleeke waters waft her Sailes along;
And whilſt ſhe glides vpon the pleaſant Lake,
Let the ſweete Syrens rocke her with a Song:
Though not Loues mother that doth paſſe this way,
Fairer then ſhee that's borne vpon the Sea.

48.

You Sea-bred creatures, gaze vpon her eye,
And neuer after with your kinde make warre;
O ſteale the accents from her lips that flie,
Which like the Muſicks of the Angels are,
And them vnto your amorous thoughts applie,
Compar'd with which, *Arions* did but iarre:
Wrap them in aire, and when blacke tempeſts rage;
Vſe them as charmes the rough Seas to aſſwage.

49.

Fraunce, ſend to fetch her with full ſholes of Oares,
With which her fleete may euery way be plide,
And being landed on thy happie ſhoares,
As the vaſt Nauie doth at Anchor ride;
For her departure when the wilde Sea roares,
Ship mount to heauen, there brightly ſtellifide:
Next *Iaſons* Argo on the burniſht throne,
Aſſume thee there a conſtellation.

He

50.

Her perſon hence conuaid with that delight,
Which beſt the languiſh of her iourneyes eaſd,
That to her pleaſure doth it ſelfe inuite,
Whereon her minde and ſubtile fancie ſeaſd,
And that (moſt deare) her liking might excite,
Which then this Lord, naught more her preſence pleas'd:
Where, when with ſtate ſhe firſt her time could take,
Thus the faire Queene her *Mortimer* beſpake:

51.

O *Mortimer*, great *Mortimer*, quoth ſhee,
What angry power did firſt this meane deuiſe,
To ſeparate Queene *Iſabel* and thee,
Whom loues eternall vnion ſtrongly tyes?
But if ſuppos'd this fault began by mee,
For a iuſt penance to my longing eyes:
(Though guiltleſſe they) this puniſhment aſſign'd,
To gaze vpon thee, till they leaue me blinde.

52.

Tis ſtrange, ſweet friend, how thou art altred thus,
Since firſt in Court thou didſt our fauours weare,
Whoſe ſhape ſeem'd then not mortall vnto vs,
When in our eye thy brow was beauties ſphearc,
In all perfection ſo harmonious,
A thouſand ſeuerall graces mouing there;
But what then couldſt thou be, not now thou art,
An alien firſt, laſt home-borne in my heart.

53.

That powerfull fate thy ſafetie did enforce,
And from the worſt of danger did thee free,
Still regular, and conſtant in one courſe,
Wrought me a firme and euen path to thee,
Of our affections as it tooke remorſe,
Our birth-fix'd ſtarres ſo happily agree;
Whoſe reuolution ſeriouſly directs
Our like proceedings, to the like effects.

54.

New forme of counſaile in the courſe of things,
To our diſſignement findes a neerer way,
That by a cleare and perfect managing,
Is that firme prop whereon we onely ſtay;
Which in it ſelfe th'authority doth bring,
That weake opinion hath no power to ſway;
Confuting ſuch, whoſe ſightleſſe iudgements ſit
In the thick ranke with euery vulgar wit.

55.

Then ſince pleaſd Time our wiſh'd content aſſures,
Embrace the bleſſings of our mutuall reſt;
And whilſt the day of our good hap endures,
And we as fau'rites leane on Fortunes breſt,
Which doth for vs this vacancie procure,
In choiſe make free election of the beſt;
Ne're feare the ſtorme before thou feele the ſhowre,
My ſonne a King, an Empire is my dowre.

Of

56.

Of wanton *Edward* when I firſt was woo'd,
Why cam'ſt thou not into the Court of *France?*
Thy ſelfe alone then in my grace hadſt ſtood;
Deare *Mortimer*, how good had beene thy chance!
My loue attempted in that youthfull mood,
I might haue beene thine owne inheritance:
Where entring now by force, thou hold'ſt thy might,
And art deſeiſor of anothers right.

57.

Honor, thou Idoll, women ſo adore,
How many plagues doſt thou retaine to grieue vs,
When ſtill we finde there is remaining more,
Then that great word of Maieſtie can giue vs!
Which takes more from vs then it can reſtore,
And of that comfort often doth depriue vs,
That with our owne ſelues ſets vs at debate,
And makes vs beggers vnder our eſtate.

58.

Thoſe pleaſing raptures from her graces riſe,
Strongly inuading his impreſſiue breſt,
Quickly entranced all his faculties,
Of the proud fulneſſe of their ioyes poſſeſt;
And hauing throughly wrought him in this wiſe,
Like tempting Syrens ſing him to his reſt,
When eu'ry power is paſſiue of ſome good,
Felt by the ſpirits of his high-rauiſht blood.

59.

Like as a Lute that's toucht with curious skill,
In Muſicks language ſweetly ſpeaking plaine,
When eu'ry ſtring his note with ſound doth fill,
Taking the tones, and giuing them againe:
And the eare bath's in harmony at will,
The diapaſon cloſing eu'ry ſtraine;
So their affections ſet in keyes ſo like,
Still fall in conſort as their humors ſtrike.

60.

When now the path to their deſire appeares,
Of which before they had beene long debar'd,
By diſſolution of ſome threatning feares,
That for deſtruction ſeem'd to ſtand prepar'd:
Which the ſmooth face of better ſafetie beares,
And now protected by a ſtronger guard,
Giues them large ſcope of leiſure, to fore-caſt
Euents to come, by things alreadie paſt.

61.

Theſe great diſſignements ſetting eaſly out,
By due proportion meaſuring eu'ry pace,
T'auoid the cumbrance of each hindring doubt,
That might diſtort the comlineſſe and grace;
Comming with eu'ry circumſtance about,
Strictly obſeruing perſons, time and place;
All ornaments in faire diſcretions lawes,
Could giue attire to beautifie the cauſe.

62.

The Embaſſie in termes of equall height,
As well their ſtate and dignitie might fit,
Apparrelling a matter of that weight,
In ceremonie well-beſeeming it,
To carrie things ſo ſteddie and ſo right,
Where wiſedome with cleere maieſtie might ſit;
All things ſtill ſeeming ſtrictly to effect,
That Loue commands, and Greatneſſe ſhould reſpect.

63.

Whoſe expedition by this faire ſucceſſe,
Once doth againe this ancient league combine,
When *Edward* ſhould by couenant releaſe,
And to the Princes the Prouinces reſigne,
With whom King *Charles* renues the happy peace,
Receyuing homage due to him for *Guyne*:
And lastly now to conſummate their ſpeed,
Edwards owne perſon to confirme the deed.

64.

Who whilſt he ſtands yet doubtfull what to doe,
The *Spencers* chiefly that his counſels guide,
That with their Soueraigne not to *France* durſt goe,
Nor in his abſence durſt at home abide;
(Now whilſt the weake King ſtands perplexed ſo)
His liſtning eares with ſuch perſwaſion plide,
As he at laſt to ſtay in *England's* wonne,
And in his place to ſend the Prince his ſonne.

65.

Thus is the King encompaſt by their skill,
A meane to worke what *Herford* doth deuiſe,
To thruſt him on, to draw them vp the hill,
That by his ſtrength they might get pow'r to riſe:
Thus they in all things are before him ſtill,
This perfect Steerſ-man of their policies,
Hath caſt to walke whilſt *Edward* beares the light,
And take that ayme that muſt direct his ſight.

66.

And by th' allowance of his liberall will,
Suppos'd his ſafetie, furthering their intent,
Stands as a Teſt to iuſtifie their ill,
Made ſound and currant by this late euent,
And what yet wanting laſtly to fulfill,
Things in their courſe to fall in true conſent,
Giues full aſſurance of that happie end,
On which they now laborioufly attend.

67.

Nor finding reaſon longer to protract,
Or in ſuſpence their home-left friends to hold,
By being now ſo abſolutely backt,
And thereby waxing confident and bold,
By their proceedings publiſhing their act,
When as their pow'r was ripened as they would,
Now with an armed and erected hand,
T' abet their faction abſolutely ſtand.

When

68.

When now the fearefull fainting *Exceter*,
A man experienc'd in their counſels long,
Whether himſelfe thought his way to preferre,
Or moou'd in conſcience with King *Edwards* wrong,
Or 't was his frailtie forc'd him thus to erre,
Or other fatall accident among,
The onely firſt that backe to *England* flew,
And knowing all, diſcouered all he knew.

69.

The plot of treaſon laſtly thus diſclos'd,
And *Torletons* drift by circumſtances found,
With what conueyance things had beene diſpos'd;
The cunning vs'd in caſting of the ground,
The meanes and apt aduantages propos'd,
When better counſell coldly comes to ſound,
Awakes the King to ſee his owne eſtate,
When the preuention comes too vaine and late.

70.

And whilſt the time ſhe daily doth adiourne,
Charles as a brother by perſwaſions deales,
Edward with threats doth haſten her returne,
And *Iohn* of *Rome* with Papall curſe aſſayes,
Tis but in vaine againſt her will to ſpurne,
Perſwaſions, threats, nor curſes oft preuailes:
Charles, Edward, Iohn, doe th'vtmoſt of your worſt,
The Queene fares beſt when ſhe the moſt is curſt.

71.

The ſubtile *Spencers*, which French humours felt,
(And with their Soueraigne had deuiſ'd the draught)
With Prince and Peeres now vnder-hand had dealt,
With golden baits that craftily were caught,
Whoſe flexed temper ſoone begins to melt,
On which they now by ſleights ſo throwly wrought,
As with great ſummes now laſtly ouer-waid,
The wretched Queene is deſperate of ayd.

72.

Nor can all this amaze this mighty Queene,
(With all th'affliction neuer yet contrould,
Neuer ſuch courage in her ſexe was ſeene,
Nor was ſhe caſt in other womens mould)
Nor can rebate the edge of her hie ſpleene,
But can endure warre, trauaile, want, and cold:
Struggling with Fortune, ne're with griefe oppreſt,
Moſt cheerefull ſtill, when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt.

73.

And thus reſolu'd to leaue ingratefull *France*,
And in the world her fortune yet to trie,
Changing the ayre, hopes time may alter chance,
As one whoſe thoughts were eleuate more hie,
Her weakned ſtate ſtill ſeeking to aduance,
Her mightie minde ſo ſcorneth miſerie;
Yet ere ſhe went, her grieued heart to eaſe,
Thus to the King this grieued Ladie ſayes:

Is

74.

Is this a King and Brothers part, quoth ſhee?
And to this end did I my griefe vnfold?
Came I to heale my wounded heart to thee,
Where ſlaine out-right I now the ſame behold?
Proue theſe thy vowes, thy promiſes to mee,
In all this heate, thy faith become ſo cold,
To leaue me thus forſaken at the worſt?
My ſtate more wretched than it was at firſt?

75.

My frailtie vrging what my want requires,
To thy deare mercy ſhould my teares haue tide,
Our bloud's maintayned by the ſelfe-ſame fires,
And by our fortunes as our birth alide;
My ſute ſupported by my iuſt deſires,
All arguments I ſhould not be denide.
The grieuous wrongs that in my boſome bee,
Should be as neere thy care, as I to thee.

76.

Nature that eaſly wrought vpon my ſexe,
To thy vile pleaſure thus mine honor leaues,
And vnder colour of thy due reſpects,
My ſettled truſt diſloyally deceaues,
That me and mine thus careleſly neglects,
And of all comfort wholly me bereaues;
'Twixt recreant baſeneſſe, and diſordinate will,
T' expoſe my fortunes to the worſt of ill.

Is

But

77.

But for my farewell this I propheſie,
That from my wombe that glorious fruit doth ſpring,
Which ſhall deiect thy neere poſteritie,
And leade a captiue thy ſucceeding King,
That ſhall reuenge this wretched iniurie.
To fatall *France* I as a *Sybil* ſing,
Her Cities ſackt, the ſlaughter of her men,
When of the *Engliſh*, one ſhall conquer ten.

78.

Beaumount in *France* that had this ſhuffling ſeene,
Whoſe ſoule by kindneſſe *Iſabel* had wonne,
For *Henault* now perſwades the grieued Queene,
By full aſſurance what might there be done;
Now in the anguiſh of her tumorous ſpleene,
Offring his faire Niece to the Prince her ſonne:
The ſureſt way to gaine his Brothers might,
To backe yong *Edward*, and vphold her right.

79.

This gallant Lord, whoſe name euen fill'd report,
To whom the Souldiers of that time did throng,
A man that faſhioned others of his ſort,
As that knew all to honor did belong,
And in his youth trayn'd vp with her in Court,
And fully now confirmed in her wrong,
Croſt by the faction of th'Emperiall part,
In things that ſate too neerly to his heart.

Sufficient

80.

Sufficient motiues to inuite diſtreſſe,
T' apprehend the leaſt and pooreſt meane,
(Againſt thoſe miſchiefes that ſo ſtrongly preſſe)
Whereon their low deiected ſtate to leane,
And at this ſeaſon, though it were the leſſe,
That might a while their ſickly power ſuſtaine;
Till proſperous times by milde and temperate dayes,
Their drooping hopes to former height might raiſe.

81.

VVhere finding cauſe to breathe their reſtleſſe ſtate,
VVhere welcome, lookt with a more milder face,
From thoſe diſhonors ſhee receiu'd of late,
VVhere now ſhee wants no due officious grace,
Vnder the guidance of a gentler fate,
VVhere bounteous offers mutually embrace:
And to conclude all ceremonies paſt,
The Prince affies faire *Philip* at the laſt.

82.

All couenants ſign'd with wedlocks ſacred ſeale,
A laſting league eternally to binde,
And all proceeding of religious zeale,
And ſuting right with *Henaults* mightie minde,
That to his thoughts much honor doth reueale,
What eaſe the Queene is like thereby to finde,
The ſweet contentment of the louely Bride,
Yong *Edward* pleas'd, and ioy on euery ſide.

The end of the third Canto.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Queene in Henault *mightie power doth win,*
In Harwich *Hauen ſafely is arriu'd,*
Great troubles now in England *new begin,*
The King of friends and ſafetie is depriu'd,
Flyeth to Wales, *at* Neath *receiued in,*
Many ſtrange acts and outrages contriu'd:
EDWARD *betrayde, deliu'red vp at* Neath,
The SPENCERS, *and his friends are put to death.*

I.

NOw ſeuen times *Phœbus* had his welked waine,
Vpon the top of all the Tropike ſet,
And ſeuen times deſcending downe againe,
His fierie wheeles had with the Fiſhes wet;
In the occurrents of this hapleſſe raigne,
Since treaſon firſt theſe troubles did beget:
Which through more ſtrange varieties had run,
Than in that time celeſtiall ſignes haue done.

Whilſt

2.

VVhilſt our ill thriuing in thoſe Scottiſh broyles,
Their ſtrength and courage greatly doth aduance,
That being made fat and wealthy by our ſpoyles,
VVhen we ſtill weakned by the iarres in *France*,
And thus diſheartned by continuall foyles,
Yeelds other cauſe, whereat our Muſe may glance;
And *Herckleys* treaſons laſtly brings to view,
Whoſe power of late the Barons ouerthrew.

3.

Now when the Scot with an inuaſiue hand,
By daily inrodes on the borders made,
Had ſpoil'd the Countrie of *Northumberland*,
VVhoſe buildings leuell with the ground were laid;
And finding none that dare his power withſtand,
VVithout controlement euery-where had preide,
Bearing with pride what was by pillage got,
As our laſt fall appointed to their lot.

4.

For which falſe *Herckley* by his Soueraigne ſent,
T'intreate this needfull, though diſhonored peace,
Cloking his treaſons by this fayn'd intent,
Kindling the warre, which otherwiſe might ceaſe;
And with the Scot, new miſchiefs doth inuent,
T'intrap King *Edward*, and their feare releaſe;
For which, their faith they conſtantly haue plight,
In peace and warre to ſtand for eithers right.

Working

5.

Working the King his Sister to bestow
Vpon this false Lord, which to him affi'd,
Maketh too plaine and euident a show,
Of what before his trust did closely hide;
But being found from whence this match should grow,
By such as now into their actions pry'd,
Displayes the treasons, which not quickly crost,
Would shead more bloud then all the warres had cost.

6.

Whether the Kings weake Counsels, causes are
That eu'ry thing so badly forteth out,
Or that the Earle did of our state despaire,
When nothing prosper'd that was gone about;
And therefore, careless how these matters fare,
(Ile not define, but leaue it as a doubt)
Or some vaine title his ambition lackt,
Hatch'd in his brest this treasonable act.

7.

Which now reueal'd vnto the iealous King,
For apprehension of this trayt'rous Peere,
To the Lord *Lucy* leaues the managing,
One, whose knowne faith he euer held so deare:
By whose dispatch, and trauell in this thing,
(He doth well worthy of this trust appeare)
In his owne Castle carelessly defended,
The trech'rous *Herckley* closely apprehended.

For

8.

For which ere long vnto his tryall led,
In all the robes befitting his degree,
Where *Scroope* chiefe Iuſtice in King *Edwards* ſtead,
Was now prepar'd his lawfull Iudge to bee,
Vrging the proofes by his enditements read,
Where they his treaſons euidently ſee;
Which now themſelues ſo plainely doe expreſſe,
As might at firſt declare his bad ſucceſſe.

9.

His honor'd title backe againe reſtor'd,
Noted with termes of infamie and ſcorne,
And then diſarmed of his Knightly ſword,
On which his faith and loyaltie was ſworne,
And by a Varlet of his ſpurres diſpurr'd,
His cote of Armes in pieces hal'd and torne;
To taſte deſerued puniſhment is ſent,
T' a trayt'rous death that trayt'rouſly had meant.

10.

When ſuch the fauourers of this fatall warre,
Whom this occaſion doth more ſharply whet,
Thoſe for this cauſe that yet impris'ned are,
Boldly attempt at libertie to ſet,
Whoſe purpoſe fruſtrate by the others care,
Doth greater wounds continually beget;
Warning the King more ſtrictly looke about,
Theſe ſecret fires ſtill daily breaking out.

And

11.

And *Hereford* in Parlement accus'd
Of treasons, which apparently were wrought,
That with the Queene, and *Mortimers* were vsde,
VVhereby subuersion of the Realme was sought,
And both his calling and his trust abusde;
VVhich now to answere when he should be brought,
Seizde by the Clergie in the Kings despight,
Vnder the colour of the Churches right.

12.

VVhilst now the Queene from *England* day by day,
That of these troubles still had certayne word,
VVhose friends much blam'd her tedious long delay,
VVhen now the time occasion doth affoord,
VVith better haste doth for her selfe puruay,
Bearing prouision presently aboord;
Ships of all vses daily rigging are,
Fitt'st for inuasion to transport a warre.

13.

The Earle of *Kent* by's Soueraigne Brother plac'd,
As the great Generall of his force in *Gwine*,
VVho in his absence here at home disgrac'd,
And frustrated both of his Men and Coine,
By such lewd persons to maintayne their waste,
That from his treasures ceas'd not to purloine;
Th'lasciuious Prince, though mou'd, regardlesse still,
Both of his owne losse, and his Brothers ill.

Whose

14.

Whoſe diſcontentment being quickly found,
By ſuch as all aduantages await,
That ſtill appli'd ſtrong corſiues to the wound,
And by their ſharpe and intricate deceit,
Hindred all meanes might poſſibly redound,
This faſt-ariſing miſchiefe to defeat;
Vntill his wrongs were to that fulneſſe growne,
That they haue made him abſolute their owne.

15.

Whoſe ſelfe-like followers in their faithleſſe warres,
Men moſt experienc'd, and of worthieſt parts,
Which for their pay receiued only ſcarres,
Whilſt the inglorions reap'd their due deſarts,
And Minions hate of other hope debarres,
With too much violence vrg'd their grieued hearts,
On *Iohn* of *Henault*, wholly doe rely,
Who led a great and valiant company,

16.

That in this conqueſt doe themſelues combine,
The Lords *Pocelles*, *Sares*, and *Boyſeers*,
Dambretticourt, the yong and valiant *Heyn*,
Eſtoteuill, *Comines*, and *Villeers*,
Others his Knights, Sir *Michael de la Lyne*,
Sir *Robert Balſol*, *Boſwit*, and *Semeers*,
Men of great power, whom ſpoile and glory warmes,
Such as were wholly dedicate to Armes.

17.

Three thouſand ſouldiers muſtred men in pay,
Of *French*, *Scotch*, *Almaine*, *Swiſer*, and the *Dutch*,
Of natiue Engliſh, fled beyond the ſea,
Whoſe number neere amounted to as much;
Which long had look'd for this vnhappy day,
Whom her reuenge did but too neerely tutch,
Her friends now readie to receiue her in,
And new commotions eu'ry day begin.

18.

When ſhe for *England* fitly ſetting forth,
Spreading her proud ſailes on the watry plaine,
Shaping her courſe directly to the North,
With her yong *Edward* Duke of *Aquitaine*,
With th'other three of ſpeciall name and worth,
(The deſtin'd ſcourges of his lawleſſe raigne)
Her ſouldier *Beaumount*, with the Earle of *Kent*,
And *Mortimer*, that mightie malecontent.

19.

A fore-winde now for *Harwitch* fitly blowes,
Blow not too faſt to kindle ſuch a fire,
Whilſt with full ſaile, and fairer tide ſhe goes,
Turne gentle winde, and force her to retire;
The Fleete thou driu'ſt is fraughted with our woes,
But windes and ſeas, doe *Edwards* wracke conſpire;
For when iuſt heauen to chaſtiſe vs is bent,
All things conuert to our due puniſhment.

Thy

20.

Thy coaſts be kept with a continuall ward,
Thy Beacons watch'd her comming to deſcrie;
O had the loue of ſubiects beene thy guard,
'T had beene t'effect that thou didſt fortifie;
But whilſt thou ſtandſt 'gainſt forren foes prepar'd,
Thou art betray'd by thy home enemie;
Small helpe by this thou art but like to win,
Shutting death out, thou keep'ſt deſtruction in.

21.

When *Henry*, brother to that hapleſſe Prince,
The firſt great Engine of this ciuill ſtrife,
(Deare *Lancaſter*) whom law did late conuince,
And that at *Pomfret* left his wretched life;
This *Henry*, in whoſe great heart euer ſince
Reuenge lay couer'd, ſmother'd vp in griefe,
Like fire in ſome fat minerall of th' earth,
Finding the leaſt vent, giues it ſelfe a birth.

22.

That being Earle Marſhall, great vpon the coaſt,
With bells and bon-fires welcomes her a ſhore,
And by his office gath'ring vp an hoaſt,
Shewes the old malice in his breſt he bore,
Nor of his helpe abaſh'd at all to boaſt,
The Clergies power in readineſſe before,
Vpon their friends a great taxation laid,
To raiſe munition for the preſent aid.

23.

And to confuſion all their power expoſe,
On the rent boſome of this Ile, where long
Warre did it ſelfe ſo ſtedfaſtly encloſe;
(Warre from our owne lewd diſſoluteneſſe ſprong)
Whom no inuaſion euer yet could loſe;
So old the malice, and ſo great the wrong,
Vrg'd with the force that forren fire doth bring,
A greater ſpoile, and horror menacing.

24.

This innouation by an altred ſtate,
Lent this new action ſuch a violent hand,
That it thus boldly dare inſinuate
On the cold faintneſſe of the feebled Land;
And being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way ſo openly to ſtand
To their intendments, which endeuour'd well,
Might get that height, from whence at firſt they fell.

25.

When all their ſtrength in order ſtrictly ſet,
All helps and doubts by warres beſt counſailes waid,
What well might further, what their courſe might let,
And their reliefes conueniently had laid,
A meane reſeru'd ſecuritie to get,
Whereon at worſt their fortune might be ſtaid,
And furniſh'd fully as themſelues deſir'd,
Of all this action needfully requir'd.

And

26.

And at Saint *Edmonds* doe a while repoſe,
To reſt themſelues and their new welcom'd force,
Better to learne the manner of their foes,
To th'end not vainely to direct their courſe;
And ſeeing daily how the armie growes,
To take a full view both of foot and horſe;
With ſuch diſcretion managing the warre,
Truely to ſhew them what indeed they are.

27.

When now the King of theſe proceedings heard,
And of the troups that to them daily runne,
And little ſtrength at *London* yet prepar'd,
Where he expected fauour to haue wonne,
He now commits the Citie to the guard
Of his approu'd moſt-truſted *Stapleton*,
To *Iohn* of *Eltham* (his faire ſonne) the Tower,
Himſelfe to *Wales* to raiſe a ſpeedie power.

28.

Yet whilſt his name doth any hope admit,
Proclaimes in forfeit both of goods and life,
All that enioy'd a ſubiects benefit,
Should lend their power againſt his ſonne and wife,
And doth all ſlaughters generally acquite,
Were done vpon the mouuers of this ſtrife:
And who could bring in *Mortimers* proud head,
Should freely take th'reuenues of the dead.

29.

Which ſtrait encountred by the Queenes Edict,
Who making knowne the iuſtneſſe of her cauſe,
That ſhe proceeded in a courſe ſo ſtrict,
T'vphold their ancient liberties and lawes;
Nor that ſhe did this puniſhment inflict,
For priuate hate, or popular applauſe,
Onely the *Spencers* to account to bring,
Whoſe wicked counſels had abus'd the King.

30.

Which ballaſing the multitude that ſtood
As a light Barke that's toſt twixt winde and tide,
Turn'd in the mixture of th' oppoſed flood,
When yet opinion not their courſe could guide,
And wau'ring thus in their inconſtant moode,
Till by the weakeneſſe of th' Emperiall ſide,
Suffers the ſeiſure of it ſelfe at laſt,
Which to the Queene all free aduantage caſt.

31.

When friendleſſe *Edward* followed by his foes,
Whom danger doth to recreant flight debaſe,
As poore in hope, as he is rich in woes,
Depriu'd all Princely ornament and grace,
Whoſe force th' more weakned further that he goes,
His ſafety now ſuſpecting eu'ry place;
No helpe at home, no ſuccour ſeene abroad,
His minde ſmall reſt, his bodie leſſe aboade.

One

32.

One ſcarce to him his ſad diſcourſe hath done,
Of *Henaults* power, and what the Queene intends,
But whilſt he ſpeakes, another hath begunne,
A third doth take it where the ſecond ends,
When now abroad there's other rumors runne,
Some of new foes, ſome of reuolting friends;
Theſe ſcarcely paſt when more reports are ſpred,
Of many that rebell, of many fled.

33.

What plagues doth *Edward* for himſelfe prepare,
Forſaken King, O whither dooſt thou flie?
Men change their clime, but ſeldome change their care,
Thou fly'ſt thy foes, but follow'ſt miſerie,
The euill Fates in number many are,
That to thy footſteps doe themſelues apply;
And ſtill thy conſcience prickt with inward griefe,
Thy ſelfe purſues thy ſelfe, both rob'd, and thiefe.

34.

Accepting ſuccour offer'd next at hand,
At laſt for *Wales* commits him to the Seas,
And ſeeing *Lundie* that ſo faire doth ſtand,
Puts in for ſuccour (neede would faine haue eaſe)
This little modell of his baniſht land,
Which for a while his fancie ſeemes to pleaſe:
Faine would he be King of a little Ile,
Although his Empire bounded in a mile.

35.

And readie now to ſtrike his proſp'rous ſaile,
As vnder lee, paſt danger of the flood,
A ſudden ſtorme of mixed ſleet and haile,
Not ſuffers him to rule the piece of wood.
What doth thy labour, what thy toyle auaile,
When thou art ſtill with greater powers with-ſtood?
Edward, thy hopes all vainly do delude,
By God and men inceſſantly purſude.

36.

In this black tempeſt long turmoil'd and toſt,
Quite from their courſe, and well they know not where,
'Mongſt rocks and ſands, in danger to be loſt,
Without in perill, and within in feare,
At length perceiuing they are neere the coaſt,
And that the place more plainly doth appeare,
Knowes by the mountaines inſolently tall,
That part of *Wales* that we *Glamorgan* call.

37.

To *Neath* a Caſtell fortifi'd and ſtrong,
Commanding entrance with his baniſh'd crew;
The Earle of *Gloſter*, worker of much wrong,
The Chancelor *Baldocke* that much euill knew,
Reding his Marſhall is the reſt among,
Here hid from eyes, but not from enuies view;
Where for a while committing them to dwell,
We muſt prepare more dreadfull things to tell.

You

38.

You lighter Muſes, leaue me, and be gon,
Your weake complaints are matters much too ſleight,
More horrid plagues are here approching on,
Ye ghaſtly ſpirits that haunt the gloomie night,
Lend me your ſhrieks t' expreſſe the depth of moane,
With ghaſtly howling all approach my ſight;
And round about with funerall Tapers ſtand,
To giue a ſad light to my ſadder hand.

39.

Each line ſhall leade to ſome dire point of wo,
And eu'ry cadence as a tortur'd crie,
Now muſt my teares in ſuch abundance flow,
That they ſurround the circle of mine eye;
And whilſt theſe great calamities I ſhow,
All looſe affections, ſtand you idely by,
Once more our cleare Muſe dips her wing in gore,
The dreereſt tale that pen did ere deplore.

40.

New ſorts of vengeance threatned to the earth,
The raging Ocean paſt the bounds to riſe,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Vnheard of ſickneſſe, and mortalities,
More inaccuſtom'd, and vnlook'd for dearth,
New ſorts of Meteors gazing from the skies;
As what before had ſmall or nothing bin,
And onely now our miſeries begin.

And

41.

And whilſt theſe diſcords and diſſentions breed,
The land lay naked to all offered ill,
The lawleſſe Exile now returnes with ſpeed,
Not to defend his Countrie, but to kill,
And all the priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both field and towne with wretchedneſſe to fill,
London firſt author of our lateſt ſhame,
Soon'ſt that repent'ſt, moſt plagued for the ſame.

42.

Whoſe giddie commons mercileſſe and rude,
Let looſe to miſchiefe in this curſed day,
Their hands in bloud of *Edwards* friends imbrude,
Neuer content till they were made away,
Th'implacable and wicked multitude,
On the Lieutenant *Stapleton* do pray,
Who dragg'd and torne by this tumultuous heape,
Cut off his head before the Croſſe in Cheape.

43.

Reade, wofull Citie, on thy ruin'd wall,
Thy ſad deſtruction which is drawing nie,
Where on thy gate is caract'red thy fall,
In mangled bodies thine Anatomie,
Now thy lewd errors to a reckning call,
Which may extract teares from thy ruthleſſe eye:
And if the thicke ayre dim thy hateſull ſight,
Thy buildings are on fire to giue thee light.

Thy

44.

Thy chanels ſerue for inke, for paper, ſtones,
And on the ground write murther, inceſt, rape,
And for thy pens a heape of dead mens bones,
Let euery Letter be ſome monſtrous ſhape,
Thy points and accents be departing groanes,
And let no vile, nor deſperate act eſcape,
And when with pride thou art againe o'regon,
Then take this booke, and ſadly looke thereon.

45.

Poore wretch, diſpoild of thy late Virgines name,
Now for thy ſinne what impious villaine ſhent,
Blacke is my inke, but blacker thy defame,
Who ſhall reuenge whilſt I thy ſtate lament,
What might be done to remedie thy ſhame,
When now too late theſe miſchiefes to preuent,
Againſt theſe horrors thou dooſt idely ſtriue,
Thou ſeeſt thy ſelfe deuoured yet aliue.

46.

Thou wantſt redreſſe and tyrannie remorce,
To whom ſhouldſt thou thy helpleſſe woes complaine?
But yeeld thy ſelfe to the adult'rers force,
Thy words vntimely and returne in vaine,
The more thou grieu'ſt, thy fault is ſtill the worſe;
This remedie there onely doth remaine,
Diſpoyld of Fame, be prodigall of breath,
And make thy life cleare by a reſolute death.

For

47.

For worlds that were, the preſent times complaine,
When men might haue beene buried when they dide,
And children ſafely in their Cradles laine,
And when the husband might enioy his bride,
When in ſome bounds ill could it ſelfe containe,
The ſonne hath kneel'd by's fathers death-beds ſide,
The liuing wrong'd, the dead no right can haue,
The father ſees his ſonne to want a graue.

48.

But 't is too late thy head-ſtrong courſe t'recall,
Depriu'd all feeling of externall feare;
Theſe deadly ſounds by their continuall fall,
Settle confuſion in thy deafned eare,
This is the laſt, O would the worſt of all!
Shriekes be the muſicke thou delightſt to heare,
Armes thy attire, and wounds be all thy good,
Thy end conſiſts in rapine and in blood.

49.

Inglorious age, of whom it ſhould be ſaid,
That all theſe miſchiefes ſhould abound in thee,
That all theſe ſinnes ſhould to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free,
O let not time vs with thy ills vpbraid,
Leſt feare what hath beene, argue what may bee;
And faſhioning ſo a habit in the minde,
Make vs alone the haters of our kinde.

50.

O powerfull heauen, in whoſe all-ſoueraigne raigne,
Thoſe thy pure bodies moue in harmony,
And by a ſtrong and euerlaſting chaine,
Together linckt in ſacred vnity;
In which you doe continually remaine,
Stay'd in one certaine courſe eternally,
Why his due motion keepeth eu'ry ſtar,
Yet what they gouerne ſo irregular?

51.

Muſe, in the courſe of this vnnaturall warre,
Tell me from whence this height of miſchiefe grew,
That in ſo ſhort time ſpred it ſelfe ſo farre,
Whereon ſuch ſtrange calamities enſue;
The true occaſions faithfully declare:
O men religious, was the fault in you?
Which euen growne reſtie by your pow'r, withdraw
Your ſtifned necks, as free from ciuill awe.

52.

What wonder then the people grow prophane,
When Church-mens liues giue Lay-men leaue to fall?
Their former Doue-like humbleneſſe diſdaine,
For coats of haire, now clad in coſtly pall,
The holy Ephod made a cloke for gaine,
And what moſt cunning, moſt canonicall,
And blinde promotion ſhunnes that dangerous road,
Which the old Prophets diligently troad.

Hence

53.

Hence ist that God so slightly is ador'd,
The rocke remou'd wheron our faith is grounded,
Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,
Which weake before, by vaine opinion wounded,
Professors liues so little fruit afford,
And in her sects religion lies confounded;
The sacred things a merchandize become,
None talkes of texts, and prophecying dumbe.

54.

And of the former being thus possest,
Like to the venome of infectious aire,
That hauing got into the secret brest,
Is not prescrib'd, nor long time stayes it there;
But from this ground to seize vpon the rest,
The rancke contagion spreading euery where;
That ere this euill hath the vtmost done,
The solid body lastly ouer-runne.

55.

Cauils breake forth to cancell wholesome lawes,
And catching hold vpon the publike weale,
Where doubts should cease, they rise in euery clawse,
The sword that wounds ordain'd a salue to heale,
One mischiefe now another forward drawes,
Each striuing others vilenesse to conceale,
By lewde corruptions in a needfull vse,
Right cloakes all wrong, and couers all abuse.

When

56.

When now the King late taking to this hold,
And in this poore impris'ned libertie,
Liuing a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Euen in depth of woe and miſerie;
By hatefull treaſon ſecretly is ſold,
Before he could the trecherous drift eſpie;
For when oppreſſion 's vp vnto the chin,
Who lends not hand to thruſt him boldly in?

57.

In th' luckleſſe fortunes of this wretched King,
Whoſe perſon 's ſeiſed by th' inuading part,
Vnto his friends ſad matters menacing,
With bloudleſſe terror ſtriking eu'ry heart,
All expectation now diſcouraging,
When no euaſion from the foe to ſtart;
And that the cloud which threatned greateſt feare,
Roſe whence their hopes moſt brighteſt did appeare.

58.

Which breaking in now with a generall force,
On the two *Spencers*, from whoſe onely hate
This warre firſt ſprung, diſtracted in their courſe,
Their lateſt pow'r confined by their fate,
Of whom there 's none takes pitie or remorſe;
Which to auoid, as cankers of the State,
The eldeſt firſt to death at Briſtow led,
Where hang'd to death, his body quartered.

VVhen

59.

When as the heire to *Winchester* late dead,
The bloudy lot to Earle of *Gloster* fell,
Reding the Marſhall, marſhald with the dead,
When ſoone ſucceeds the Earle of *Arundell*,
To pay the forfeit of a reuerent head,
Then *Muchelden*, and wofull *Daniel*,
Who followed him in his laſciuious wayes,
Muſt goe before him to his fatall dayes.

60.

Euen like ſome pillar, on whoſe goodly height,
A pondrous building onely doth depend,
Which when not able to ſuſtaine the weight,
And that his ſtrong backe hath begun to bend,
As quite depriued of his former might,
The maſſie load vnto the ground doth ſend,
Cruſhing the leſſer props, and murd'ring all
That ſtand within the compaſſe of the fall.

61.

That State whereon the ſtrength of Princes leanes,
Whoſe high aſcent we trembling doe behold,
From whence by coyneſſe of their chaſte diſdaines,
Subiection is imperiouſly controld;
Their earthly weakneſſe euermore explaines,
Exalting whom they pleaſe, not whom they ſhould,
When their owne fall (ſhowes how they fondly er'd)
Procur'd by thoſe vnworthily prefer'd.

Merit

62.

Merit goes vnregarded and vngrac'd,
When by his fautors ignorance held in,
And Parasites in wise mens roomes are plac'd,
Onely to sooth the Great ones in their sin,
From such whose gifts, and knowledge is debas'd,
There's many strange enormities begin,
Forging great wits into most factious tooles,
VVhen mightiest men oft proue the mightiest fooles.

63.

But why so vainely doe I time bestow,
The foule abuse of th' wretched world to chide,
VVhose blinded iudgement eu'ry howre doth show,
VVhat folly weake mortalitie doth guide?
VVise was the man that laugh'd at all thy woe.
My subiect still more sorrow doth prouide,
And this late peace more matter still doth breed,
To hasten that which quickly must succeed.

The end of the fourth Canto.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Th'impriſoned King his gouernment forſakes,
And to the Peeres his weakneſſe ſo excuſed,
Who him ere long from LEISTERS *keeping takes,*
That with much woe his ſoueraigne Lord refuſed,
His torture of him a mockery makes,
And baſely, and reprochfully abuſed,
By ſecret wayes to Berckley *being led,*
And cruelly in priſon murthered.

I.

THe wretched King vnnat'rally betray'd,
By lewd corruption of his natiue Land,
From thence with ſpeed to *Kenelworth* conuay'd,
By th'Earle of *Leiſter* with a mightie band,
Some few his fauourers quickly ouer-way'd,
And now a preſent Parlement in hand,
To ratifie the generall intent,
His reſignation of the gouernment,

Falne

2.

Falne through the frailtie of intemp'rate will,
That with his fortunes it ſo weakely far'd,
To vndergoe that vnexpected ill,
For his deſerued puniſhment prepar'd,
The meaſure of that wretchedneſſe to fill,
To him allotted as a iuſt reward,
Armes all with malice, either leſſe or more,
To ſtrike at him that ſtrooke at all before.

3.

And being a thing the Commons daily craue,
To which the great are reſolutely bent,
Such forward helps on eu'ry ſide to haue,
T'effect their ſtrong and forcible intent,
Which now that ſpeed vnto their action gaue,
That ratifi'd by generall conſent,
Still haſtned on to execute the thing,
Which for one ill, two worſe ſhould ſhortly bring.

4.

Biſhops, Earles, Abbots, and the Barons all,
Each in due order as becomes the State,
Set by the Heraulds in that goodly Hall,
The Burgeſſes for places corporate,
(Whom this great buſineſſe at this time doth call)
For the Cinque-ports the Barons conuocate,
And other Knights, for the whole body ſent,
Both on the South, and on the North of Trent.

5.

From his impris'ning chamber clad in blacke,
Before th' aſſembly ſadly he is brought,
A dolefull hearſe vpon a dead-mans backe,
Whoſe heauy lookes might tell his heauier thought,
In which there doth no part of ſorrow lacke,
Nor fained action needs to griefe be taught:
His funerall ſolemniz'd in his cheere,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the Beere.

6.

Torleton, as one ſelect to his intent,
The beſt experienc'd in this great affaire,
A man graue, ſubtill, ſtout, and eloquent,
Firſt with faire ſpeech th' aſſembly doth prepare,
Then with a voice auſtere and eminent,
Doth his abuſe effectually declare,
As winnes each ſad eye with a reuerent feare,
With due attention drawing eu'ry eare.

7.

The great exactions raiſed by the King,
With whoſe full plenty he his Minions fed,
Himſelfe and ſubiects ſo impou'riſhing,
As that deare bloud he lauiſhly had ſhed,
Which deſolation to the Land ſhould bring,
Which from his riots onely tooke their head;
The loſſe in warre ſuſtained through his blame,
The during ſcandall to the Engliſh name.

Pro-

8.

Proceeding forward to the future good,
That their diſſignements happily intend,
And with what vpright policie it ſtood,
(No after-hopes their fortunes to amend)
The reſignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend,
The preſent neede that will'd it ſtrictly ſo,
Whoſe impoſition they might not forſlow.

9.

O pardon me, that ſtriuing to be ſhort,
To this intent a ſpeech deliuering,
And that at full I doe not here report
Matters that touch depoſing of the King:
My faithfull Muſe, O doe not thou exhort
The after-times to ſo abhorr'd a thing,
To ſhew the reaſons forcibly were laid,
Out of thy feelings what he might haue ſaid.

10.

The ſtrong deliu'ry of whoſe vehement ſpeech,
Borne with a dauntleſſe and contracted brow,
That with ſuch ſterne ſeuerity did teach,
His reaſons more authentique to allow,
Which the more eaſly made the dang'rous breach,
By the remembrance of a generall vow;
To which they here muſt openly conteſt,
When *Edward* comes to conſummate the reſt.

11.

His faire cheeke couer'd in pale ſheets of ſhame,
And as a dumbe ſhew in a ſwoune began,
Where paſſion doth ſuch ſundrie habites frame,
As eu'ry ſenſe a right Tragedian,
Truely to ſhew from whence his ſorrow came,
Beyond the compaſſe of a common man,
Where nature ſeemes a practiſer in Art,
Teaching Deſpaire to act a liuely part.

12.

Ah Pittie, dooſt thou liue, or wert thou not,
(Mortalls by ſuch ſights haue to flint beene turned)
Or what men haue beene, hath their ſeed forgot,
Or was it neuer knowne that any mourned,
In what ſo ſtrangely are we ouerſhot?
Againſt our owne ſelues hath our frailty ſpurned,
Or teares henceforth abandon'd humane eyes,
And neuer-more to pitie miſeries?

13.

He takes the Crowne yet ſcornfully vnto him,
With ſlight regard, as ſcarcely thinking on it,
As he were ſenſeleſſe that it ſhould forgoe him,
And ſildome caſts a ſcornefull eye vpon it,
Would ſeeme to leaue it, and would haue it woo him,
Then ſnatching it as loth to haue forgone it,
Yet puts it from him, yet he will not ſo,
Would faine retaine what faine he would forgoe.

In

14.

In this confuſed conflict of the minde,
Teares drowning ſighes, and ſighes confounding teares,
Yet when as neither libertie could finde,
Oppreſſed with the multitude of feares,
Stands as a man affrighted from his kinde,
Griefe becoms ſenſeleſſe when too much it bears, (take,
Whilſt ſpeech and ſilence ſtriue which place ſhould
From his full boſome thus his ſorrowes brake:

15.

If that my title rightfully be planted,
Vpon a true indubitate ſucceſſion,
Confirm'd by Nations as by Nature granted,
That freely hath deliuer'd me poſſeſſion,
Impute to heauen ſufficiencie t'haue wanted,
Which muſt denie it power, or you oppreſſion,
Which into queſtion by due courſe may bring
The grieued wrongs of an anointed King.

16.

That hallowed vnction by a ſacred hand,
Which once was pow'r'd on this Emperious head,
Which wrought th' inſument of a ſtrict command,
And round about me the rich verdure ſpred,
Either my right in greater ſtead muſt ſtand,
O why in vaine was it ſo idely ſhed?
Whoſe profanation and vnreuerent tuch,
Iuſt heauen hath often puniſht, alwayes much.

17.

When from the bright beames of our ſoueraigne due,
Deſcends the ſtrength of our innated right,
And proſp'rouſly deriues it ſelfe to you,
As from our fulneſſe taking borrow'd light,
Which to your ſafetie alwayes firme and true,
Why thus repugne you by prepoſtrous might?
But what heauen lent me vertuouſly t' haue vſed,
Leaues to your power what weakneſſe hath abuſed.

18.

But here I doe reſigne it to your King,
Pawſing hereat as though his tongue offended,
With griping throwes ſeemes forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point as he there had ended,
O how that ſound his grieued heart doth wring,
Which he recalling gladly would haue mended!
Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarcely hold,
But griefes that touch the heart are hardly told:

19.

But being paſt, he proſecutes in teares,
Calming that tempeſt with a ſhowre of raine,
As he had ſtroue to keepe it from his eares,
Quoth he, the Liegeman to your Soueraigne?
O, in his lips how vile that word appeares,
Whereat aſham'd doth ſadly pawſe againe!
Then ſaith, Yee ſay ſo vnto him you beare it,
If't be yong *Edward* that you meane ſhall weare it.

Let

20.

Let him account his bondage from that day,
That he is with the Diadem inuested,
A glittering Crowne hath made his haire so gay,
Within whose circle he is but arrested,
To true content this 's not the certaine way,
With sweeter cates a meane estate is feasted,
And when with proud feete scorne to touch the mold,
His head a pris'ner in a Gayle of gold.

21.

His subiects numbred, numbring of his care,
And when his shout 's the people doe begin,
Let him suppose th' applause but prayers are
T' escape the danger that they see him in,
Wherein t' aduenture he so boldly dare;
The multitude hath multitudes of sinne,
And he that 's first to crie, God saue the King,
Is the first man doth newes of sorrow bring.

22.

Appeasing tumults hate cannot appease,
Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
Himselfe displeasing, others if he'le please,
Obey'd as much as he shall tyrannize,
The least in safetie being most at ease,
Feare forcing friends, inforcing enemies:
And when he sitteth in his great'st estate,
His foot-stoole danger, and his chaire is hate.

Raigne

23.

Raigne he alone, whilſt he no King, was one
Diſarm'd of power, and here deiected is,
By whoſe depoſing he enioyes a throne,
Nor ſhould I ſuffer that, nor he doe this,
I muſt confeſſe th' inheritance his owne,
But whilſt I liue, it ſhould be none of his,
The ſonne climes vp to thruſt the father downe,
And thus the crowned left without a Crowne.

24.

Hauing perform'd this hard conſtrained part,
His ſpeech, his raigne, the day all ioyntly ended,
Strangely transform'd, not being what thou art,
Car'd for of none, vnlookt on, vnattended,
Sadly departing with a heauie heart,
To his ſtrong lodging ſtraightly recommended,
Left to bemoane his miſerable plight,
To the rude walls and ſolitarie night.

25.

Whilſt things are thus diſaſtrouſly decreed,
Seditious Libels euery day are ſpred,
By ſuch as like not of their violent deede,
That he by force ſhould be deliuered,
Whether his wrong remorce in ſome did breede,
That him at laſt vntimely pittied,
Or elſe deuis'd in policie by ſome,
To cloake that miſchiefe afterward to come.

And

26.

And hate that each where hearkning ſtill doth lurke,
And yet ſuſpicious *Edward* is not ſure,
Thinking what bloud with *Leiceſter* might worke,
Or elſe, what friends his name might him procure,
Which yet their thoughts continually doth yrke
The time he ſhould at *Kenelworth* endure,
Forethinke ſome place t' which ſecretly conuaid,
Vnknowne his being, he might lie from ayd.

27.

And though the Great, to couer their intent,
Seeme not to know thoſe people that are ill,
Yet want they not their wicked inſtrument,
Which they keepe readie to performe their will,
Such men they haue (to their damnation bent)
In villanie notorious for their skill;
Diſhoneſt, deſp'rate, mercileſſe, and rude,
And that themſelues as boldly dare intrude.

28.

Matreuers and baſe *Gurney* are the men,
In this lewd act that muſt confedered be,
Whoſe hatefull names pollute our maiden pen:
But I entreate you be not grieu'd with me,
To whom thoſe names doe worthily pertaine,
Some boughes grow crooked from the ſtraighteſt tree:
Nor ſhall you be partakers of their ſhame,
The fault lies in their deede, not in your name.

Theſe

29.

Theſe ſecretly to *Killingworth* diſpatcht,
Fitted of all things that their hearts deſire,
At ſuch a time as few their purpoſe watcht,
After whoſe buſineſſe none is to enquire,
Which by their warrant ſubtilly was matcht,
Onely to them knowne whither to retire:
Taking the King his Guardian to acquit,
And to beſtow him where they thought moſt fit.

30.

With a crue of ribalds, villainous and nought,
As their coagents in this hatefull thing,
To th'Earle of *Leiſter* their commiſſion brought,
Commanding the deliu'ry of the King,
Which (with much griefe) they laſtly frō him wrought)
About the Caſtle cloſely houering,
Watching a time, till ſilence and the night
Might with conuenience priuiledge their flight.

31.

With ſhamefull ſcoffes, and barbarous diſgrace,
Him on a leane ill-fauour'd jade they ſet,
In a vile garment, beggerly and baſe,
(Which, it ſhould ſeeme, they purpoſely did get)
And in a wretched miſerable caſe,
Benum'd and beaten with the cold, and wet,
Depriu'd of all repoſe and naturall reſt,
With thirſt and hunger grieuouſly oppreſt.

Yet

32.

Yet ſtill ſuſpitious that he ſhould be knowne,
They ſhaue away his ornament of haire,
The laſt thing his that he could call his owne,
Neuer left Fortune any wight ſo bare;
Such tyranny on King was neuer ſhowne,
Thus void of comfort, were he void of care:
No, no, our ioyes are ſhadowes, and deceiue vs,
But till our death, our ſorrowes neuer leaue vs.

33.

To which intent, when fartheſt from reſort,
Forcing him light from his poore wearie beaſt,
Vpon a mole-hill (O moſt ſad report!)
With puddle-water him they lewdly dreſt,
Whilſt at his woes and miſeries they ſport,
An iron skull the Baſon, like the reſt,
Whoſe lothing eyes in this more lothed glaſſe,
Well may diſcerne how much deform'd he was.

34.

Th'abundant drops that from his eyes doe fall,
Forceth a Poole ſtill riſing by this raine,
Which wraſtleth with the water, and withall,
A troubled circle makes it to retaine,
His endleſſe griefes vnto his minde might call,
Billow'd with ſighes like to a little Maine,
Water with teares contending whether ſhould
Make water warme, or make the warme teares cold.

Vile

35.

Vile traytors, hold off your vnhallowed hands,
His brow the ſtate of Maieſtie ſtill beares,
Dare you thus keepe your Soueraigne Lord in bands?
How can your eyes behold th'Anointeds teares?
Or if your ſight thus all remorſe withſtands,
Are not your hearts euen pierced through your eares?
The minde is free, what ere afflict the man,
He's yet a King, doe Fortune what ſhe can.

36.

Who's he ſhould take what God himſelfe had giuen,
Or ſpill that life his holy ſpirit infuſed,
All powers be ſubiect to the power of heauen,
Wrongs paſſe not vnreueng'd how ere excuſed.
If of all ſenſe griefe hath thee not bereauen,
Riſe, Maieſtie, when thou art thus abuſed:
O whither ſhall authoritie betake,
When in this ſort it doth it ſelfe forſake?

37.

And in deſpight and mockery of a Crowne,
A wreathe of graſſe they for his temples make,
Which when he felt, as comming from a ſwoune,
And that his pow'rs a little gan awake,
Fortune (quoth he) thou doſt not alwayes frowne,
I ſee thou giu'ſt as well as thou doſt take,
That wanting nat'rall couert for my braine,
For that defect, thou lend'ſt me this againe.

To

38.

To whom, O heauen, ſhould I my griefes complaine,
Since thou art iuſt and prouident in all?
How ſhould this bodie nat'rall ſtrength retaine,
To ſuffer things ſo much innaturall?
My cogitations labour but in vaine,
Except thou be partaker in my fall;
And when at once ſo many miſchiefes meete,
By change of ſorrow mak'ſt my torment ſweete.

39.

Wherefore my fate I ſhould but fondly grutch,
'Tis vaine contention when with heauen we ſtriue,
Which preordaines my miſeries for ſuch,
That by one woe another ſhould ſuruiue,
To ſhew how it mortalitie can tuch,
My wretchedneſſe ſo ſtrangely to contriue,
That all my comfort in miſhaps ſhould reſt,
And elſe in nothing but misfortune bleſt.

40.

To *Berckley* thus they led this wretched King,
The place of horror that was long fore-thought.
What pow'r ſhould ſuffer ſo defil'd a thing,
Or can behold this murther to be wrought?
That might the Nation into queſtion bring,
But that your wayes with iudgement ſtill are fraught;
Thus art thou hap'd into thy earthly hell,
Now take thy leaue, and bid the world farewell.

Berckley,

41.

Berckley, whoſe faire ſeate hath beene famous long,
Let thy faire buildings ſhreeke a deadly ſound,
And to the ayre complaine thy grieuous wrong,
Keeping the figure of King *Edwards* wound,
That as thou waxeſt old, their ſhame ſtill yong,
Their wretched foot-ſteps printed on the ground,
That when report ſhall lend their vile act breath,
All tongues may adde damnation to their death.

42.

The ominous Rauen with a diſmall cheere,
Through his hoarſe beake of following horror telles,
Begetting ſtrange imaginarie feare,
With heauie Ecchoes like to paſſing-belles;
The howling dogge a dolefull part doth beare,
As though they chim'd his lateſt bur'ing knelles,
Vnder his eaue the buzzing ſhreech-owle ſings,
Beating his windowes with her fatall wings.

43.

And ſtill affrighted in his fearefull dreames,
With raging Fiends and Goblins that he meetes,
Of falling downe from ſteepe rocks into ſtreames,
Of tombes, of burials, and of winding-ſheetes,
Of wandring helpleſſe in farre forren Realmes,
Of ſtrong temptations by ſeducing ſpirits,
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himſelfe afraid.

Nex

44.

Next comes the viſion of his bloudy raine,
Masking along with *Lancaſters* ſterne ghoſt,
Of Barons twentie eight, or hang'd, or ſlaine,
Attended with the ruefull mangled hoſt,
That vnreueng'd yet all this while remaine,
At *Borough* battell, and at *Burton* loſt,
Threatning with frownes, and trembling eu'ry lim,
As though in pieces they would torture him.

45.

And if it chance that from the troubled skies,
The leaſt ſmall ſtarre through any chinke giues light,
Straight-wayes on heapes the thronging cloudes ariſe,
As though the heauen were angry with the night,
That it ſhould lend that comfort to his eyes.
Deformed ſhadowes glimpſing in his ſight,
As darkneſſe: for it would more dark'ned bee,
Through thoſe poore crannies forc'd it ſelfe to ſee.

46.

When all th'affliction that they could impoſe,
Euen to the full and vtmoſt of their hate,
Aboue his torment yet his ſtrength aroſe,
As Nature made a couenant with Fate,
When now his watchfull and two warie foes,
That ceaſe not ſtill his woes to aggrauate,
All further helps ſuſpected to preuent,
To take his life to *Berckley* cloſely ſent.

47.

And ſubtilly a Letter faſhioning,
Which in the words a double ſenſe doth beare,
Which ſeemes to bid them, not to touch the King,
Shewing withall how vile a thing it were,
But by falſe pointing is another thing,
And to diſpatch him, bids them not to feare,
Which taught to find, theſe Murth'rers need no more,
For which they ſtood too ready long before.

48.

When *Edward* haps a Chronicle to find,
Of former Kings, their Raignes, their deaths, and deed,
Which ſome there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which to paſſe the houres he fals to reade,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind,
But in his breſt this greater woe doth breed:
For when deepe ſorrow on the fancie ſeaſeth,
What ere we ſee, our miſery encreaſeth,

49.

Firſt of Great *William*, Conqueror of this Ile,
(From whom he's tenth that in ſucceſſion lyes)
Whoſe power enforc'd the *Saxon* to Exile,
Planting new Lawes, and forraine ſubtilties,
Force and ſubiection ſo to reconcile
The puniſhment of *Harolds* Tyrannies,
Which he applyes with arguments as ſtrong,
To the due courſe of his iuſt puniſht wrong.

Ruſus

50.

Rufus his ſonne, Duke *Robert* farre abroad,
Receiues the Rule in weake infeebled State,
His Fathers ſteps that euidently troad,
Depreſſing thoſe who had beene conquer'd late,
Wiſhing releaſe of this their grieuous load,
Vnder the guidance of their former Fate,
The place for men that did to beaſts intend,
A beſtiall life had laſt a beaſtly end.

51.

Henry the yong'ſt, his Brother *William* dead,
Taketh the Crowne from his vſurpfull hand,
Due to the eldeſt good Duke *Roberts* head,
Bearing our Red-Croſſe in the *Holy Land*,
Whoſe force farre off ſo much diminiſhed,
That his returne diſabled to withſtand,
When thoſe for whom th' vnnat'rall War was done,
The Sea deuoures, he left without a ſonne.

52.

To *Mawd* the Empreſſe he the Scepter leaues,
His onely Daughter, which by falſe pretext
Stephen, Earle of *Bolloine*, forcibly bereaues,
Henries falſe Nephew in ſucceſſion next,
By which the Land a ſtranger Warre receiues,
Wherewith it grew ſo miſerably vext:
Till *Stephen* failing, and his Iſſue reft,
To th' Heires of *Mawd* the Regall Scepter left.

53.

The ſecond *Henry* *Mawd* the Empreſſe ſonne,
Of th'Engliſh Line *Plantagenet* the firſt,
By *Stewens* death a glorious raigne begun,
Whoſe youth prolong'd to make his age accurſt,
By his ſonne *Henries* coronation,
Which to his dayes much woē and ſorrow nurſt,
When thoſe for whom he conquer'd, to make great,
Abroad his townes, at home vſurp'd his ſeat.

54.

Richard his ſonne him worthily ſucceeds,
Who not content with what was ſafely ours,
(A man lift vp to great and glorious deeds)
Into the Eaſt tranſports our valiant pow'rs,
Where with his ſword whil't many a Pagan bleeds,
Relentleſſe Fate hattes on vntimely how'rs,
And makes a period to this hopefull ſtorie,
Euen in the ſpring and bloſſome of his glorie.

55.

Next followeth him his faithleſſe brother *Iohn*,
Murth'ring yong *Arthur* by oppreſſefull might,
Climing by force to his vſurped throne,
Iuſtly with poyſon was repay'd his ſpight,
His life to all men was ſo hatefull growne:
Who grieues his wrongs that ne're did any right?
That on the Clergie tyrannouſly fed,
Was by the Clergie iuſtly puniſhed.

Henry

56.

Henry his ſonne now crowned very yong,
Who for the hate they to the father bare,
His ſtate of raigning ſtood in queſtion long,
Or to be left vnto a ſtrangers care:
With whom the Barons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the old Charter in commotion are,
Which (his long raigne ſo carefully attends)
Granting, his dayes in peace ſecurely ends.

57.

From him proceeds a Prince, iuſt, wiſe, and ſage,
(In all things happie but in him his ſonne)
For whom euen nature did her ſelfe engage,
More then in man, in this Prince to ha' e done,
Whoſe happie raigne recur'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his Empire wonne,
As the firſt *Edward* had the ſecond beene,
O what a flow of glorie had we ſeene!

58.

Turning the leafe, as finding vnawares,
What day yong *Edward* Prince of *Wales* was borne,
Which letters ſeeme like Magicke Characters,
Or to deſpite him they were made in ſcorne,
Marking the paper like diſ-fig'ring ſcars,
O let that name (quoth he) from bookes be torne,
Leſt in that place the ſad diſpleaſed earth
Doe loath it ſelfe as ſlandred with my birth!

59.

From thence hereafter humane birth exil'd,
By th'Earth deuour'd, or ſwallowed by the Sea,
And Fame enquiring for that luckleſſe Child,
Say 't was abortiue, or elſe ſtolne away;
And leſt, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy vnnumbred courſe deuoure that day;
Let all be done that power can bring to paſſe,
Onely forget that ſuch there euer was.

60.

The troubled teares now ſtanding in his eyes,
Through which as Glaſſes he 's inforc'd to looke,
Make Letters ſeeme as Rondlets that ariſe,
By a ſtone caſt into a ſtanding Brooke,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions tooke,
Which like deluding Monſters doe affright,
And with their foule ſhapes terrifie his ſight.

61.

When on his faint Bed falling downe at laſt,
His troubled ſpirit foretelling danger nie,
When (forth) the doores a fearefull howling caſt,
To let thoſe in by whom a King ſhould die;
Whereat he ſtarts, amazed and agaſt,
Theſe ruthleſſe Villaines all vpon him flie,
Sweet Prince, alaſſe, in vaine thou call'ſt for ayde,
When thus vnto theſe Homicides he ſaid:

62.

O be not Authours of ſo vile an Act,
My bloud on your Poſteritie to bring,
Which after-times with horror ſhall diſtract,
When Fame euen hoarſe with age your ſhame ſhall ring,
And by recounting of ſo vile a fact,
Mortalitie ſo much aſtoniſhing,
That they ſhall count their wickedneſſe ſcarce ſinne,
To that which long before their time hath beene.

63.

And if your hate be deadly, let me liue,
For that aduantage angry Heau'n hath left,
That except life, takes all that it could giue,
But for iuſt vengeance ſhould not quite be reft.
Me yet with greater miſery to grieue,
Reſerues a while this remnant of her theft, (me,
That, that which ſpent from th' reſt ſhould interdict
Alone remaining doth withall afflict me.

64.

Thus ſpake this wofull and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his breath found paſſage to and fro,
With many a ſhort pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore grone, many a grieuous throw,
Whil'ſt yet his ſpirit could any ſtrength afford,
Though with much paine disburd'ning of his woe,
Till quite opreſſed by their maſt'ring ſtrength,
His Kingly heart ſubiects it ſelfe at length.

65.

When twixt two beds they cloſe his wearied corſe,
Baſely vncou'ring of his ſecret part,
Without all humane pittie and remorce,
With burning yron thruſt him to the heart;
O that my Muſe had but ſufficient force,
T' explaine the torment in the which thou art,
Which whilſt with words we coldly doe expreſſe,
Thy paine made greater that we make it leſſe!

66.

When thoſe in dead and depth of all the night,
Good ſimple people that are dwelling neere,
From quiet ſleepe whom care did now affright,
That his laſt ſhrieke and wofull crie doe heare,
Euen pittying that miſerable wight,
As 'twixt compaſſion, and obedient feare,
Lift their ſad eyes with heauie ſleepe oppreſt,
Praying to heauen to giue the ſoule good reſt.

67.

Still let the buildings ſigh his bitter grones,
And euermore his ſad complaints repeate,
And let the dull walls and the ſenſeleſſe ſtones,
By the impreſſion of his torment, ſweat,
As wanting ſounds wherewith to ſhew his mones,
With all ſharpe paine and agonie repeate,
That all may thither come that ſhall be told't,
As in a mirror clearely to behold't.

68.

And let the *Geneus* of this wofull place,
Being the guide to his affrighted ghoſt,
With haire diſheueld, and a gaſtly face,
Still haunt the priſon where his life was loſt;
And as the denne of horror and diſgrace,
Let it be fearefull vnto all the coaſt,
And thoſe hereafter that doe trauaile neere,
Neuer behold it but with heauie cheere.

The end of the fifth Canto.

FINIS.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Lord MORTIMER *made Earle of* March; *when he*
And the faire Queene rule all things by their might,
The pompe wherein at Nottingham *they be,*
The coſt wherewith their amorous Court is dight,
Enuide by thoſe their hatefull pride that ſee,
The King attempts the dreadfull Caue by night,
Entring the Caſtell, taking him from thence,
And MARCH *at* London *dyes for the offence.*

I.

INforc'd of other accidents to ſing,
(Bearing faire ſhowes of promiſed delight,
Somewhat to ſlacke this melancholy ſtring,)
With that new occaſions that our *Muſe* excite,
To our conceit ſtrange Obiects faſhioning,
Doth our free numbers liberally inuite,
Matter of moment, much to be reſpected,
Muſt by our Pen be ſeriouſly directed.

When

2.

When they the time that cunningly redeeme,
Their fraudfull courſes fitly to contriue,
How ill ſo 'ere, to make them faire to ſeeme,
For which they all muſt diligently ſtriue,
Caſting alwayes to gaine them high eſteeme,
That to the World they proſp'rouſly might thriue
Thus farre gone on, employing all their might,
Vpon their wrong, to ſet ſubſtantiall right.

3.

The pompous Synode of theſe earthly gods;
At *Salisbury* ſelected by their King,
To ſet all euen that had beene at ods,
And into faſhion their deſignes to bring,
And ſtrongly now to ſettle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions ſpring;
Firmely t' eſtabliſh what was well begunne,
Vnder which colour mighty things were done.

4.

When *Mortimer* purſuing his deſire,
Whil'ſt ou'ry Enſigne had his temp'rate heat,
To b' Earle of *March* doth ſuddainly aſpire,
T' encreaſe the honour of his ancient ſeat,
That his command might be the more intire;
Who now but onely *Mortimer* is great?
Who knew a Kingdome as her lot was throwne,
Which hauing all, would neuer ſtarue her owne.

Now

5.

Now ſtand they firme as thoſe celeſtiall Poles,
'Twixt which the ſtarres in all their courſe do moue,
Whoſe ſtrength this frame of gouernment vpholds,
An argument their wiſedomes to approue,
Which way ſoe're the time in motion roles,
So perfect is the vnion of their loue;
For might is ſtill moſt abſolute alone,
Where pow'r and fortune kindly meete in one.

6.

Whilſt *Edwards* non-age giues a further ſpeed,
To th'ancient foe-man to renew the warre,
Which to preuent they muſt haue ſpeciall heed,
Matters ſo ſtrangely manag'd as they are,
Which otherwiſe, if their neglect ſhould breed,
Nothing yet made, it might not eaſly marre,
Which with the moſt, reſeruing their eſtate,
They muſt needs purchaſe at the deareſt rate.

7.

So much t' releaſe the homage as ſuffic'd,
'Mongſt which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of renowne,
By which the Kings of *Scotland* had deuis'd,
Their fealtie vnto the Engliſh Crowne,
With other Reliques that were highly priz'd,
As that which forc'd the greateſt part to frown; (deeme)
Th' blacke Croſſe of *Scotland* (men did ominous
Being a Relique of ſo hie eſteeme.

To

8.

To colour which, and to confirme the peace,
They make a marriage 'twixt the *Scot* and vs,
To giue more ſtrength vnto this ſtrange releaſe,
Which vnto all men ſeem'd ſo dangerous,
Whilſt *Roberts* raigne, and after his deceaſe,
The league might euer be continued thus,
Dauid the Prince the Lady *Iane* ſhould take,
Which 'twixt the Realmes a laſting bond ſhould make.

9.

When th'Earle of *Kent*, that being one of thoſe
Which in their actions had a pow'rfull hand,
Perceiuing them of matters to diſpoſe,
To the ſubiection of ſo great a Land,
Finding the inconuenience that growes
Vnder the guidance of their proud command,
To ſhake their pow'r whilſt he doth ſtrangely caſt,
His fatall end too violently doth haſte.

10.

Which giuing out his brother yet to liue,
(Long now ſuppoſed the deceaſed King)
Vnto his Nephew might that ſcandall giue,
As into queſtion might his title bring:
Ill this report began, and worſe it thriue,
Being ſo foule and dangerous a thing,
Which being the motiue of inteſtine ſtrife,
The time not long ere it bereſt his life.

11.

Whil'ſt *Edward* takes what late their power did giue,
Whoſe non-age craues their bountifull protection,
Which know to rule whil'ſt he muſt learne to liue,
From their experience taking his direction,
Which more and more their doubtfull hopes reuiue,
When borne to raigne, yet crown'd by their election,
The right to him that chiefly doth belong,
Now makes their Faction abſolutely ſtrong.

12.

Prouiding for the ſafegard of the King,
Men of moſt power, and Nobleſt of the Peeres,
That no diſtaſte vnto the Realme might bring,
For ripened iudgement, or well ſeaſoned yeeres,
With comelineſſe all matters managing,
Yet whil'ſt they row, 't is *Mortimer* that ſteeres,
Well might we thinke the man were worſe than blind,
That wanteth Sea-roome, and could rule the wind.

13.

To ſmooth the path wherein this courſe was gone,
Which as a Teſt might to their actions ſtand,
And giue them free poſſeſſion of their owne,
In being receiued from a ſoueraigne hand,
Into their boſomes abſolutely throwne,
Both for the good, and ſafetie of the Land:
When their proceedings colour'd with this care,
To the Worlds eye ſo faire an out-ſide bare.

All

14.

All complement that appertain'd to State,
By giuing greatneſſe eu'ry honour'd rite,
To feed thoſe eyes that did their houres awaite;
And by all meanes to nouriſh their delight,
That entertaining loue, they welcome hate,
And with free bountie equally inuite,
A Princes wealth in ſpending ſtill doth ſpred,
Like to a Brooke with many Fountaines fed.

15.

To *Nottingham* the *Norths* Emperious eye,
Which as a *Pharus* gards the goodly ſoyle,
And arm'd by Nature danger to defie,
Marsh, to repoſe him ſafely after toyle,
Where Treaſon leaſt aduantage might eſpie,
Cloſely conuayes this great in-valued ſpoile;
That by reſiding from the publike ſight,
He might more freely relliſh his delight.

16.

Nine-ſcore in checke attending in their Court,
Whom honor'd Knighthood knits in mutuall bands,
Men moſt ſelect, of ſpeciall worth and ſort,
Much might they doe that haue ſo many hands,
Who payes not tribute to this Lordly Port?
This high rear'd Caſtell eu'ry way commands;
Thus like thoſe Giants 'gainſt great Heau'n they riſe,
Which darted Rockes at the Emperiall Skies.

It

17.

As though in him Fame meant her pow'r to ſhow,
And 'twixt her wings to beare him through the skies,
That he might eaſly ſee the things below,
Hauing aboue them mounted him ſo hie,
Vnto whoſe will they meekely ſeeme to bow,
Vnder whoſe greatneſſe meaner pow'rs doe lye:
All things concurre with faire ſucceſſefull chance,
To raiſe that man whom Fortune will aduance.

18.

Heere all along the flow'r enameld vales,
The ſiluer Trent on pearely ſands doth ſlide,
And to the medowes telling wanton tales,
Her Criſtall limbes laſciuiouſly in pride,
(As rauiſhed with the enamor'd gales,)
With often turnings caſts from ſide to ſide,
As loth ſhe were the ſweet ſoyle to forſake,
And caſt her ſelfe into the German lake.

19.

Neere whom faire *Sherwood* wildly bent to roue,
Twines her looſe armes about the flatt'ring Tow'rs
By the milde ſhadowes of her ſcatt'red groue,
Lends Winter ſhelter, and giues Summer bow'rs,
As with the floud in curteſie it ſtroue,
And by repulſing the ſharpe Northerne ſhow'rs,
Courts the proud Caſtle, who by turning to her,
Smiles to behold th' laſciuious wood-nimph woo her

Wh

20.

Who being retir'd ſo ſtrictly to that place,
Thither likewiſe the Prince in perſon drawes,
Who ſeem'd his liking onely to embrace,
And vpon eu'ry little offer'd cauſe,
Ready to doe him ceremonious grace;
Whom *March* obſerueth by the ſelfe-ſame Lawes,
Whil'ſt in the Towne King *Edward* hath his ſeate,
With th' others Court the Caſtell is repleate.

21.

Where when they pleas'd, in counſell to debate,
Or he the King at any pleaſure met,
So ſoueraigne and magnificent in State,
As might all eyes vpon his greatneſſe ſet,
Prizing his honour at this coſtly rate,
As to the ſame due reuerence might beget,
Which in the moſt men admiration wrought,
Strangely amazing many a wandring thought.

22.

Could blind Ambition find the meaneſt ſtay,
His diſproportion'd and vaine courſe to guide,
T' aſſure ſome ſafetie in that ſlippery way,
Where the moſt worldly prouident doe ſlide,
Feeling the ſteepe fall threatning ſure decay,
Beſotted in the wantonneſſe of pride,
The minde aſſuming abſoluter pow'rs,
Might checke this fraile mortalitie of ours.

23.

But still in pleasure sitting with excesse,
His sauourie iunkets tasted with delight,
Ne're can that glutton appetite suppresse,
Where eu'ry dish inuites the liquorish sight,
Nor hauing much, is his desire the lesse,
Till tempted past the compasse of his might,
The pamp'red stomacke more then well suffiz'd,
Casts vp the surfet lately gurmundiz'd.

24.

As when some Brooke from th' ouer-moystned ground,
By swelling waters proudly ouer-flow'd,
Stoppeth his current, shouldreth downe his mownd,
And form his course doth quite himselfe vnloade,
The bord'ring Meddowes eu'ry where surrownd,
Dispersing his owne riches all abroade,
Spending the store he was maintained by,
Leaues his first channell desolate and dry.

25.

When now those few that many teares had spent,
And long had wept on murth'red *Edwards* Graue,
Mutt'ring in corners, grieu'd and discontent,
And finding some a willing eare that gaue,
Still as they durst, bewraying what they ment,
Tending his pride and greatnesse to depraue,
Vrging withall, what some might iustly doe,
If things thus borne, were rightly looke into:

Some

26.

Some giue it out, that *March* by bloud to rise,
Had cut off *Kent*, the man might next succeed,
And his late Treasons falsly did surmise,
As a meere colour to this lawlesse deed,
That his ambition only did deuise,
In time the Royall Family to weed,
When in account there was but onely one,
That kept him off from stepping to the Throne.

27.

And those much busied in the former times,
Then credulous, that honour was his end,
And by the hate they bare to others crimes,
Did not his faults so carefully attend,
Perceiuing how he dissolutely climes,
(Hauing thus brought his purpose to an end)
With a seuere eye now more strictly looke
Into the course that his ambition tooke.

28.

All fence the Tree that serueth for a shade,
Whose large growne body doth repulse the wind,
Vntill his wastefull branches doe inuade
The straighter plants, and them in Prison bind,
Then as a Tyrant to the weaker made;
Becom'n a foule deuourer of his kind,
Vnto his root all put their hands to hew,
Whose roome but hinders others that would grow.

29.

Thus at his ease whilst he securely sate,
And to his will these things assured were,
With a well-gouern'd and contented Fate,
Neuer so much freed from suspitious feare,
Well fortifi'd, and in so good estate,
As not admits of danger to be neere,
But still we see before a sudden showre,
The Sunne shines hott'st, and hath the greatest pow'r.

30.

Within the Castle hath the Queene deuis'd
A Chamber with choice Rarities so frought,
As in the same she had imparadiz'd
Almost what man by industry hath fought,
Where, with the curious Pensill was compriz'd,
What could with colours by the Art be wrought,
In the most sure place of the Castle there,
Which she had nam'd The Towre of *Mortimer*.

31.

In which a Roome with Pillers forth she chose,
That to the roose their slender points did reare,
Arching the height whereas they all did close,
Somewhat connex and tow'rds a Hemispheare,
Where her conceit she aptly doth dispose,
Limming the *Northerne* Asterismes there,
In their corporeall shapes with Starres inchased,
As by th' olde Poets they in Heauen were placed.

Abou

32.

About which lodgings, tow'rds the vpper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equall twixt the high'ſt point and the baſe,
That as a Zone the waſte ingirdled,
That lends the ſight a breathing or a ſpace,
Twixt things neere view, and thoſe farre ouer head;
Vnder the which, the Painters curious skill,
In liuely formes the goodly Roome did fill.

33.

Here *Phœbus* clipping *Hyacinthus* ſtood,
Whoſe liues laſt drops his ſnowie breſt imbrew,
The ones teares mixed with the others bloud,
That which the more was, one could hardly view,
And though together loſt as in a floud,
Yet here and there they ſeu'rally with-drew,
The prettie wood-Nymphs chafing him with Balme,
To bring the ſweet Boy from his deadly qualme.

34.

With the gods Lire, his Quiuer, and his Bow,
His golden Mantle caſt vpon the ground,
T'expreſſe whoſe griefe, Art euen her beſt did ſhow,
The ſledge ſo ſhadow'd ſtill ſeem'd to rebound,
As though it newly did but giue the blow,
Adding thereby freſh anguiſh to the wound,
The purple flowre ſprung as the bloud did runne,
That op'neth ſince, and cloſeth with the Sunne.

35.

By which the Heyfer *Io*, *Ioues* faire Rape,
Gazing her new tane figure in a Brooke,
The water shadow'd to obserue the shape,
In the same forme that she on it doth looke:
So cunningly to cloud the wanton scape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistooke,
By prospectiue deuis'd that did allow,
This way a Mayden, that way 't seem'd a Cow.

36.

Swift *Mercury*, like to a Shepheards Boy,
Sporting with *Hebe* by a Fountaine brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an amorous toy,
He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him,
Wherein the Painter so explain'd their ioy,
As though his skill the very life could lim;
Vpon whose browes the water hung so cleare,
That through the drops the faire skins might appeare.

37.

And Ciffy *Cinthus* with a thousand Birds,
Whose freckled Plumes adorne his bushie Crowne,
Vnder whose shadow graze the straggling Heards,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembled downe,
The stones like olde men with rude hoary Beards,
With Mosse and climing Iuy ouer-growne,
The Rocke so liuely done in euery part,
As nature could be patterned by Art.

The

38.

The naked Nymph, ſome vp and downe deſcending,
Small ſcatt'ring Flowres at one another flung,
With nimble turnes their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming Branches lately ſprung,
(Vpon the Bryers their colour'd Mantles rending)
Which on the Rockes grew here and there among,
Some combe their haire, ſome making Garlands by,
With all delight to ſatisfie the eye.

39.

There comes proud *Phaeton* tũbling through the clouds,
Caſt by his Palfrayes that their reines had broke,
And ſetting fire vpon the welked ſhrowds,
Through the wide Heauen run madding from the yoke,
The Elements together thruſt in crowds,
Both Land and Sea hid in a reeking ſmoke,
Drawne with ſuch life, as ſome did much deſire,
To warme themſelues, ſome frighted with the fire.

40.

The Riuer *Po*, that him receiuing burn'd,
His ſeuen faire Siſters ſtanding in degrees,
Trees vnto women ſeeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into Trees,
That you could not tell whether (as they mourn'd)
Drops from their boughes, or teares fell from their eyes,
Making the water to reflect a flame,
So well his hand deliuer'd had the ſame.

41.

And to this lodging did the light inuent,
To haue it artificially reflect,
Through a shott Roome into the window sent,
Whence it should come immediately direct,
Holding iust distance to the lineament,
And should the beames proportionably proiect;
And being thereby condensated and graue,
To eu'ry figure a sure colour gaue.

42.

In patt of which, vnder a golden Vine,
Which held like to a Canopy through all,
Stood a rich Bed, spred with this wanton twine,
Doubling themselues in their lasciuious fall,
VVith rip'ned clusters seeming to decline,
VVhere as among the naked *Cupids* sprawle,
Some at the sundry colour'd Birds doe shute,
Some swaruing vp to plucke the purple fruite.

43.

On which a Tissue counterpoint was cast,
Arachnes web the same did not surpasse,
VVherein the Story of his fortunes past,
In liuely Picture neatly handled was;
How he escap'd the Towre, in *France* how grac'd,
VVith Stones embrod'red of a woundrous masse;
About the border in a curious fret,
Emblemes, Empresas, Hieroglifiques set.

This

44.

This flatt'ring calme, congeales that thickned ſhowre,
VVhich the full cloudes of poys'nous Enuie fed,
VVhoſe diſſolution waits th' vnhappy houre,
To let the Fury on his hatefull head,
Which now was of that violence and pow,
As his delight yet not imagined:
For when we thinke in ſafetie moſt to ſtand,
Then greateſt danger euer is at hand.

45.

Yet finding the neceſſitie is ſuch,
To execute what he doth vndertake;
And that his Crowne it did ſo neerely tuch,
If they too ſoone his ſleeping power awake;
Th' attempt ſo great, the danger was as much,
Muſt ſecretly prouide ſome courſe to take,
By which he might the enterprize effect,
And moſt offend, where he might leaſt ſuſpect.

46.

A deepe blacke Caue low in the Earth is found,
(Whoſe duskie entrance like pale *Morpheus* Cell,
VVith ſtrange Meanders windeth vnder ground)
VVhere ſootie darkeneſſe euermore doth dwell;
That with ſuch dread and horror doth abound,
As might be deem'd an entrance into Hell;
VVhich Architects to ſerue the Caſtle made,
VVhen as the *Danes* this Iland did inuade.

Now

47.

Now on along this crankling path doth keepe,
Then by a Rocke turnes vp another way,
Now rising vp, now falling towards the deepe,
As the ground leuell, or vnleuell lay;
And now direct, now angular doth creepe,
Nor in the course keepes any certaine stay,
Till in the Castle in a secret place,
He casts the foule maske from his cloudy face.

48.

By which the King with a selected crew,
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
And well affected to this action knew,
That in reuenge of *Edward* neuer fainted,
And to their vtmost would the cause pursue,
Such, whose cleere bloud no time had euer tainted;
Aduentures now this Labyrinth t' assay,
To rowze the Beast which kept them all at bay.

49.

What time the Sunne with his day-lab'ring Teame,
Is driuing downe into the *West* apace,
T' refresh his cauples in the Ocean streame,
And coole the feruour glowing in his face,
Which now appeares by his high-colour'd beame,
To rest him from our Hemisphere a spacc,
Leauing foule darknesse to possesse the Skies,
The fittest times for bloudy Tragedies.

With

50.

With Torches now attempting the ſad Caue,
Which at their entrance ſeemeth in a fright,
At the reflection that their brightneſſe gaue,
As till that time it neuer ſaw the light;
Where light and darkneſſe with the power they haue,
Strongly for the preeminence doe fight,
And each confounding other, both appeare,
As to their owne ſelues they contrary were.

51.

The craggy Cleeues which croſſe them as they goe,
Make as their paſſage they would haue deniде,
And threatning them their iourney to foreſlow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
As they their griefe and diſcontent would ſhow,
Curſing the hand that did them firſt diuide;
The combrous falls and riſings ſeeme to ſay,
This wicked action could not brooke the day.

52.

The gloomie Lampes this troope which forward led,
Forcing their ſhadowes follow on their backe,
Which are like Mourners waiting on the dead,
And as the deed, ſo are they vgly blacke;
Hate goes before, Confuſion followed,
The ſad portents of bloud-ſhed, and of wracke;
Theſe faint dim-burning lights as all amaz'd,
At thoſe deformed ſhades whereon they gaz'd.

The

53.

The clatt'ring armes their Masters seeme to chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And striking with the points from side to side,
As though euen angry with the hollow ground,
That it this vile and ruthlesse act should hide,
Whose stonie Roofe lock'd in their dolefull sound,
And hanging in the creekes, draw backe againe,
As willing them from Murther to refraine.

54.

Now waxing late, and after all these things,
Vnto her Chamber is the Queene withdrawne,
To whom a choice Musician playes and sings,
Reposing her vpon a State of Lawne,
In night attire diuinely glittering,
As th' approching of the cheerefull dawne,
Leaning vpon the brest of *Mortimer*,
Whose voice more then the Musicke pleas'd her eare.

55.

Where her faire brests at libertie are let,
Where Violet veines in curious branches flow,
Where *Venus* Swans and Milkie Doues are set,
Vpon the swelling Mounts of driuen Snow,
Where Loue, whil'st he to sport himselfe doth get,
Hath lost his course, nor findes which way to goe,
Inclosed in this Labyrinth about,
Where let him wander still, yet ne're get out.

Her

56.

Her looſe gold haire, O gold, thou art too baſe,
Were it not ſinne to name thoſe ſilke threds haire,
Declining as to kiſſe her fairer face:
But no word faire enough for thing ſo faire.
O what high wond'rous Epithite can grace,
Or giue the due prayſe to a thing ſo rare!
But where the Pen failes, Penſill cannot ſhow it,
Nor can be knowne vnleſſe the minde doe know it.

57.

Shee layes thoſe fingers on his manly cheeke,
The gods pure Scepters, and the darts of loue,
Which with a touch might make a Tyger meeke,
Or the mayne *Atlas* from his place remoue,
So ſoft, ſo feeling, delicate, and ſleeke,
As Nature ware the Lillies for a Gloue,
As might beget life where was neuer none,
And put a ſpirit into the flinti'ſt Stone.

58.

The fire of precious wood, the lights perfume,
Whoſe perfect cleereneſſe on the painting ſhone,
As eu'ry thing to ſweetneſſe did conſume,
Or eu'ry thing had ſweetneſſe of it owne,
And to it ſelfe, this portray'd did reſume
The ſmell as if it naturally had growne,
That light gaue colour on each thing it fell,
And to the colour the perfume gaue ſmell.

Vpon

59.

Vpon the sundry Pictures they deuise,
And from one thing they to another runne,
Now they commend that body, then those eyes,
How well that Bird, how well that Flowre was done,
How this part shadow'd, and how that doth rise,
This top is clouded, and that trayle is spunne,
The Land-skip, mixtures, and delineatings,
And in that Art a thousand curious things.

60.

Looking vpon proud *Phaeton* wrapt in fire,
The gentle Queene doth much bewaile his fall,
But *Mortimer* more praysing his desire,
To lose a poore life, or to gouerne all;
For though he did ambitiously aspire,
And by his mind was made proud Fortunes thrall,
Yet in despight when she her worst had done,
He perisht in the Chariot of the Sunne.

61.

The Queene saith, *Phœbus* is much forc'd by Art,
Nor can she find how his embraces be,
But *Mortimer* now takes the Painters part,
Why thus great Empresse, thus, and thus quoth he,
Thus holds the Boy, thus clips his fainting heart,
Thus twine their armes, and thus their lips you see:
You shall be *Phœbus*, *Hyacinthus* I,
It were a life thus eu'ry houre to dye.

Neere

62.

Neere by this time into the vpper Hall,
Is rudely entred this diſord'red rout,
When they within, ſuſpecting leaſt of all,
Diſcharg'd the Gard that ſhould haue watcht without:
O ſee how miſchiefe ſuddenly doth fall,
And ſtealeſ vpon vs, being freeſt from doubt!
How ere the life, the end is euer ſure,
And oft in death fond man is moſt ſecure.

63.

Whil'ſt his lou'd *Nevill*, and deare *Turrington*,
Amongſt the Ladies that attended there,
Relating things that anciently were done,
With ſuch diſcourſe as women loue to heare,
Staying delight, whil'ſt time ſo faſt doth runne,
Thus in the Lobby as they freely were,
Charg'd on the ſudden by this armed traine,
Both in the entrance miſerably ſlaine.

64.

As from the ſnow-crown'd Skidos lofty cleeues,
Some fleet-wing'd Haggard towards the euening houre
Stooping amongſt the More-bred Mallard driues,
And th' Ayre of all her feathered flockes doth skoure,
When backe vnto her former pitch ſhe ſtriues,
The ſilly Fowle all proſtrate to her pow'r:
Such a ſharpe ſhreeke doth ring through all the Vault,
Made by the Ladies at the firſt aſſault.

March

65.

March now vnarm'd (she onely in his armes,
Too faire a shield, not made for fouler blowes)
That least of all expected these alarmes,
And to be thus entrapped by his foes,
When he is most improuident of harmes.
O, had he had but weapons like his woes,
Either his valure had his breath redeem'd,
Or in her fight dy'd happily esteem'd.

66.

Amongst the others looking for the King,
In this blacke shew that (he assures him) is,
Though much disguis'd, yet him imagining
By the most perfect lineaments of his,
Quoth he, The man thee to the Crowne did bring,
Might at thy hands the least haue lookt for this,
And in this place vnseeming of the rest,
Where onely sacred solitude is blest.

67.

Her presence frees th' offender of his ill,
And as the Essence makes the place diuine.
What strong decree can countermand that will,
That gaue to thee the power that now is thine,
And in her armes preseru'd in safetie still,
As the most pure inuiolable shrine,
Though thou thus irreligiously despise,
And dar'st prophane these hallowed liberties?

68.

But euen as when old *Ilion* was ſurpris'd,
The *Grecians* iſſuing from the woodden Horſe,
Their rage and fury proudly exercis'd,
Opening the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before deuis'd,
Without all ſenſe of pittie or remorſe,
With cryes, ſhreekes, rumours in confuſed ſound,
Words are broke off, complaints abruptly drown'd.

69.

Diſſolu'd to drops ſhe followes him, O teares,
Elixar-like, turne all to Pearle you touch.
To weepe with her the building ſcarce forbeares,
The ſorrowes that ſhe vttereth are ſuch,
Able to wound th'impenitrableſt eares,
Her plaints ſo piercing, and her woes ſo much:
But finding words from her full breſt to come,
At length, thus ſpake, when long ſhee had bin dumbe.

70.

Sweet Sonne (quoth Shee) let not that bloud be ſpilt,
Once priz'd ſo deare as did redeeme thy Crowne,
Whoſe puritie if tainted not with guilt,
The cauſe thereof efficiently thine owne,
That from the ruines of thy Country built,
(Raz'd with diſſentions) thy ſubſtantiall Throne,
And broke thoſe bounds thy Kingdome once con-
Into large *France*, to exerciſe thy minde. (finde,

71.

For the deare portion of that naturall bloud,
Which lends thee heate, and nutriment of life,
Be not a niggard of so small a good,
Where bounty should be plentifully rife,
Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast stood,
And with those hands that might haue stay'd this strife.
O God! that breath from such a bosome sent,
Should thus in vaine be prodigally spent.

72.

When in this vproare with the sudden fright,
Whil'st euery one for safetie seekes about,
And none regarding to preserue the light,
Which being wasted, sadly goeth out,
Now in the midst and terrour of the night,
At the departure of this armed rowt,
The Queene alone (at least if any neare)
Her wretched women, yet halfe dead with feare:

73.

When horrour, darknesse and her present woe,
Begin to worke on her afflicted mind,
And eu'ry one his tyranny doth show,
Euen in the fulnesse of his proper kind,
In such excesse her accusations flow,
This liberty vnto their power assign'd,
Racking her conscience by this torture due,
It selfe accuse with whatsoe're it knew.

74.

O God, to thinke (that not an houre yet paſt)
Her greatneſſe, freedome, and her hopes ſo hie,
The ſweet content wherein her thoughts were plac'd,
Her great reſpect in eu'ry humbled eie,
How now ſhe is abuſed, how diſgrac'd,
Her preſent ſhame, her after miſerie,
When eu'ry woe could by deſpaire be brought,
Preſents his forme to her diſtracted thought!

75.

To *London* now a wretched Pris'ner led,
London, where oft he triumpht with the Queene,
And but for ſpight of no man followed,
Scarcely thought on, who had for many beene,
Of all regard and ſtate impou'riſhed,
Where in exceſſe he often had beene ſeene:
Which at his fall doth make them wonder more,
Who ſaw the pompe wherein he liu'd before.

76.

O miſery! where once thou do'ſt inſeſt,
How ſoone thy vile contagion alters kind,
That like a *Circe* metamorphiſeſt
The former habite of the humane mind,
That euen from vs do'ſt ſeeme our ſelues to wreſt,
Striking our fraile and fading glories blind,
And with thy vicious preſence in a breath,
Chain'ſt vs as ſlaues vnto pale-fainting Death.

77.

At *Westminster* a Parlament decreed,
To th'stablishing the safetie of the Crowne,
Where to his end they finally proceed,
All laying hand to digge this Mountaine downe,
To which Time wils they haue especiall heed.
Now whil'st the Fates thus angerly doe frowne,
The bloud of *Edward*, and the *Spencers* fall,
For their iust vengeance hastily doe call.

78.

The death of *Kent* (that foule and lothsome blot)
Th'assuming of the Wards and Liueries,
With *Ioane* the Princesse, married to the *Scot*,
The summes oft seized to his Treasuries,
(And that by this might well haue beene forgot)
The signe at *Stanhope* to the Enemies,
Or what else ript from the Records of Time,
That any way might aggrauate his crime.

79.

O dire reuenge, when thou in time art rak'd,
From the rude ashes which preseru'd thee long
In the dry cinders, where thou seem'dst as slak'd,
Matter to feed on, forc'd with breath of wrong,
How soone thy hideous furie is awak'd!
From thy small sparkes what flames are quickly sprung,
And to that top doe naturally aspire,
Whose weight and greatnesse once repress thy fire?

And

80.

And what auailes his anſwer in this caſe,
Which now the time doth generally diſtaſte?
Where iudgement lookes with ſo ſeuere a face,
And all his actions vtterly diſgrac'd?
What fainting boſome giues him any place,
From out the faire ſeat of opinion caſt?
With Pen and Inke his griefe when to deceiue,
Thus of the faire Queene takes his lateſt leaue.

81.

Moſt Mightie Empreſſe, 'ſdaine not to to peruſe
The Swan-like dirges of a dying man,
Vnlike thoſe raptures of the fluent *Muſe*,
In that ſweet ſeaſon when our ioyes began,
That did my youth with glorious fire infuſe,
When for thy Gloue, at Tilt I proudly ran;
Whereas my ſtartling Courſer ſtrongly ſet,
Made fire to flye from *Hartfords* Burgonet.

82.

The King your Sonne, which haſtneth on my death,
(Madam) you know I tendred as mine owne,
And when I might haue graſped out his breath,
I ſet him gently on his Fathers Throne,
Which now his power too quickly witneſſeth,
Which to this height and Maieſtie is growne,
But our deſert forgot, and he forgiuen,
As after death, we wiſh to liue in Heauen.

83.

And for the sole rule whereon thus he stands,
Came Bastard *Williams*, but himselfe on shore,
Or borrow'd not our Fathers conqu'ring hands,
Which in the field our ancient Enfignes bore,
(Guarded about with our well ord'red bands)
Which his proud Leopards for their safetie wore,
Raging at *Hastings* like that ominous Lake,
From whose dread waues our glorious name we take.

84.

Had I beene charg'd vpon mine armed Horse,
As when I came vnto the wals of *Gaunt*,
Before the *Belgicke* and *Burgonian* force,
There challenging my Countries Combatant,
Borne from my seate in some robustious course,
That of my spoyles the Enemie might vaunt,
Or had I falne vnder my batter'd shield,
And lent mine honour to some conquer'd field.

85.

Yet haue not followed Fortune like a slaue,
To make her bounty any whit the lesse,
By my desert her iudgement to depraue,
Nor lent me ought I freely not confesse,
And haue return'd with int'rest what she gaue,
A mind that suted with her mightinesse.
He twice offends which sinne in flatt'ry beares,
Yet eu'ry houre he dyes that euer feares.

That

86.

That quailes not mee at which the World would quake,
The time and I haue tugg'd together ſo,
Wonting my way through ſword and fire to take,
So oft conſtrain'd againſt the ſtreame to rowe,
To doubt with Death a couenant to make,
When I am growne familiar with my woe:
And nothing can th' afflicted conſcience grieue,
But he can pardon, that doth all forgiue.

87.

And thus thou moſt adored in my heart,
Whoſe thoughts in death my humbled ſprite doe rayſe,
Lady moſt faire, moſt deare, of moſt deſert,
Worthy of more than any mortall prayſe,
Condemned *March*, thus laſtly doth depart
From her, the greateſt Empreſſe of her dayes:
Nor in the duſt mine honour I interre:
Thus *Cæſar* dy'd, and thus dyes *Mortimer*.

88.

To *Nottingham* this Letter brought vnto her,
Which is ſubſcrib'd with her Emperious ſtile,
Puts her in minde how once that hand did woo her,
With this ſhort thought to pleaſe her ſelfe awhile,
Thus ſorrow can ſo ſubtilly vndoe her,
That with ſuch flatt'rie doth her ſenſe beguile,
To giue a ſharper feeling to that paine,
Which her grieu'd heart was ſhortly to ſuſtaine.

89.

Putting her fingers to vnrip the ſeale,
Cleauing to keepe thoſe ſorrowes from her eyes,
As it were loth the tidings to reueale,
Whence griefe ſhould ſpring in ſuch varieties;
But ſtrongly vrg'd, doth to her will appeale,
When the ſoft waxe vnto her touch implies,
Sticking vnto her fingers bloudy red,
To ſhew the bad newes quickly followed.

90.

Thus by degrees ſhe eaſly doth begin,
As the ſmall fiſh playes with the bayted hooke,
Then more and more to ſwallow ſorrow in,
As threatning death at eu'ry little looke,
Where now ſhe reades th' expences of her ſin,
Sadly ſet downe in this blacke dreadfull Booke,
And thoſe deare ſummes were like to be defray'd,
Before the vtmoſt abſolutely pay'd.

91.

An hoſt of woes her ſuddenly aſſaile,
As eu'ry letter wounded like a Dart,
As though contending which ſhould moſt preuaile,
Yet eu'ry one doth pierce her to the heart,
As eu'ry word did others caſe bewaile;
And with his Neighbour ſeem'd to beare a part,
Reaſon of griefe each ſentence is to her,
And eu'ry line a true remembrancer.

Griefe

92.

Griefe makes her reade, yet ſtrait-wayes bids her leaue,
With which o're-charg'd ſhe neyther ſees nor heares,
Her ſenſes now their Miſtris ſo deceiue,
The words doe wound her eyes, the ſound her eares,
And eu'ry organ of the vſe bereaues,
When for a reſcue ſhe doth vſe her teares;
That when ſome line ſhe looſly ouer-paſt,
The drops doth tell her where ſhe left the laſt.

93.

O now ſhe ſees, was neuer ſuch a ſight,
And ſeeing, curs'd her ſorrow-ſeeing eye,
Yet thinkes ſhe is deluded by the light,
Or is abus'd by the Orthographie;
And by ſome other 't is deuis'd for ſpight,
Or pointed falſe, her ſcholer-ſhip to try;
Thus when we fondly ſooth our owne deſires,
Our beſt conceits oft prooue the greateſt lyers.

94.

Her trembling hand as in a Feuer ſhakes,
Wherewith the Paper doth a little ſtirre,
Which ſhe imagines at her ſorrow ſhakes,
And pitties it, who ſhe thinkes pitties her,
Each ſmall thing ſomewhat to the greater makes,
And to the humour ſomething doth infer:
But when ſo ſoone as ſhe her tongue could free,
O worthy Earle, deare loued Lord, quoth ſhee,

95.

I will reserue thy ashes in some Vrne,
Which as a Relique I will onely saue,
Mixt with the teares that I for thee shall mourne,
Which in my deare breſt shall their buriall haue,
From whence againe they neuer shall returne,
Nor giue the Honour to another graue,
But in that Temple euer be preserued,
Where thou a Saint religiously art serued.

96.

When shee breakes out to cursing of her Sonne,
But *March* so much still runneth in her mind,
That she abruptly ends where she begunne,
Forgets her selfe, and leaues the reſt behind,
From this she to another course doth runne,
To be reueng'd in some notorious kind:
To which she deeply doth ingage her troath,
Bound by a strong vow and a solemne oath.

97.

For Pen and Inke she cals her Maides without,
And the Kings dealings will in griefe discouer:
But soone forgetting what she went about,
She now begins to write vnto her Louer,
Here she sets downe, and there she blotteth out,
Her griefe and passion doe so strongly mooue her:
That turning backe to reade what she had writ,
Shee teares the Paper, and condemnes her wit.

And

98.

And thus with contrarieties araiſed,
As waters chilneſſe wakeneth from a ſwound,
Comes ſo her ſelfe, the agonie appeaſed,
When colder bloud more ſharply feeles the wound,
And griefe her ſo incurably hath ſeized,
That for the ſame no remedy is found,
As the poore refuge to her reſtleſſe woes,
Thus of her griefe ſhe laſtly doth diſpoſe:

99.

(Quoth ſhe) vnkind King, as thou art my Sonne,
Leauing the World, ſome Legacie muſt giue thee,
My hearts true loue the dying *March* hath wonne,
Yet that of all I will not quite bereaue thee;
The wrong and miſchiefe to thy Mother done,
I thee bequeath ſo bound that they out-liue thee,
That as my breſt it hourely doth torment,
Thou may'ſt enioy it by my Teſtament.

100.

Henceforth within this ſolitarie place,
Abandoning for euer generall ſight,
A priuate life I willingly imbrace,
No more reioycing in the obuious light,
To conſummate my weary ling'ring ſpace,
Till Death incloſe me with continuall night:
Each ſmall remembrance of delight to flye,
A Conuertite and penitently dye.

FINIS.

To The Reader.

Seeing these Epistles are now to the World made publike, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine owne charge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a iust and vniuersall reprehension, for,

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumq; sinistrè.

Three points are especially therefore to be explained: first, why I entitle this Worke Englands Heroicall Epistles; *then, why I obserue not the persons dignity in the Dedication: lastly, why I haue annexed Notes to euery Epistles end. For the first, the Title I hope carrieth reason in it selfe, for that the most and greatest Persons herein, were* English, *or else, that their Loues were obtayned in* England. *And though (Heroicall) bee properly vnderstood of Demi-gods, as of* Hercules *and* Æneas, *whose Parents were said to bee, the one Celestiall, the other Mortall, yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatnesse of mind come neere to gods. For to be borne of a Celestiall* Incubus, *is nothing else, but to haue a great and mighty Spirit, farre aboue the earthly weaknesse of men; in which sense* Ouid *(whose Imitator I partly professe to bee) doth also vse Heroicall. For the second, seeing none to whom I haue dedicated any two Epistles, but haue their States euer-matched by them who are made to speake in the Epistles, how euer the or-*

der

der is in Dedication, yet in respect of their degrees in my deuotion, and the cause before recited, I hope they suffer no disparagement, seeing euery one is the first in their particular interest, hauing in some sort sorted the complexion of the Epistles, to the character of their iudgements, to whom I dedicate them, excepting only the blamefulnesse of the Persons passion, in those points wherein the passion is blamefull. Lastly, such manifest difference being betwixt euery one of them, where, or howseuer they be marshalled, how can I bee iustly appeached of vnaduisement? For the third, because the Worke might in truth be iudged braynish, if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein, I haue inter-wouen matters Historicall, which vnexplayned, might defraud the minde of much content, as for example, in Queene Margarites *Epistle to* William De-la-Poole.

My Daizy Flowre, which once perfum'd the Ayre.

Margarite, *in French signifies a Daizy, which for the allusion to her name, this Queene did giue for her deuice; and this, as others more, hath seemed to me not worthy the explayning.*

Now, though, no doubt, I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially, the rest I ouer-passe to eschew tedious recitall, or to speake as malicious Enuie may, for that in truth I ouer-see them. If they be as harmelessely taken, as I meant them, it shall suffice to haue onely touched the cause of the Title of the Dedications, and of the Notes, whereby emboldned to publish the residue, (these not being accounted in mens opinions rellishlesse) I shall not lastly bee afraid to beleeue and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

MICH. DRAYTON.

To Maſter Michael Drayton.

HOw can he write that broken hath his Pen,
Hath rent his Paper, throwne his Inke away,
Deteſts the World, and company of men,
Becauſe they grow more hatefull day by day?
Yet with theſe broken Reliques, mated mind,
And what a iuſtly-grieued thought can ſay:
I giue the World to know, I ne're could find
A Worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe Verſe, an Obiect for the proudeſt eye;
Diſdaine thoſe, which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them they know not how they ſhould deſcry
The ſecret paſſions of a wittie Louer.
For they are ſuch, as none but thoſe ſhall know,
Whom Beauty ſchooles to hold the blind Boyes Bow.

Once I had vow'd, (O who can all vowes keepe?)
Henceforth to ſmother my vnlucky *Muſe*;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dyes: Then doe as Kinsfolkes vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my new dying ſtile,
As I haue open'd my ſweet Babes ere-while.

E: St. Gent.

Durum decus omen.

To Maſter Michael Drayton.

LOng haue I wiſht and hop'd my weaker *Muſe*,
(In nothing ſtrong but my vnhappy Loue)
Would giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
And view the World, as named Poets vſe;
But ſtill her fruitleſſe boſome doth refuſe
To bleſſe me with indifferencie of prayſe,
Not daring (like to many) to abuſe
That title which true worth ſhould onely rayſe;
Thus bankerout, and deſpairing of mine owne,
I ſet my wiſh and hope (kind friend) on thee,
Whoſe fruit approu'd and better fortune knowne,
Tels me, thy *Muſe* my Loues ſole heire muſt be.
So barren wombes embrace their Neighbours yong,
So dumbe men ſpeake by them that haue a tongue.

Thomas Haſſel, Gent.

To Maſter Michael Drayton.

NOw I perceiue *Pythagoras* diuin'd,
When he that mocked *Maxim* did maintaine,
That ſpirits once ſpoil'd reueſted were againe,
Though chang'd in ſhape, remaining one in mind;
Theſe loue-ſicke Princes paſſionate eſtates;
Who feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That *Ouids* ſoule reuiues in *Drayton* now,
Still learn'd in loue, ſtill rich in rare conceits,
This pregnant ſpirit affecting further skill,
Oft alt'ring forme, from vulgar wits retir'd,
In diuers Idyoms mightily admir'd,
Did proſecute that ſacred ſtudy ſtill;
While to a full perfection now attain'd,
He ſings ſo ſweetly that himſelfe is ſtain'd.

William Alexander, Scotus.

To the Excellent Lady, LVCY, Countesse of *Bedford*.

MAdam, after all the admired wits of this excellent Age, which haue laboured in the sad complaints of faire and vnfortunate ROSAMOND, *and by the excellency of inuention, haue founded the depth of her sundry passions: I present to your Ladiship this Epistle of hers to King* HENRY, *whom I may rather call her Louer, then Beloued. Heere must your Ladiship behold variablenesse in resolution; woes constantly grounded, laments abruptly broken off, much confidence, no certaintie, words begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little Papers, and many deformed cares, in one vniformed Epistle. I striue not to affect singularitie, yet would faine flye imitation, and prostrate mine owne wants to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye must model forth what my Pen hath layd together: much would shee say to a King, much would I say to a Countesse, but that the method of my Epistle must conclude the modestie of hers, which I wish may recommend my euer vowed seruice to your Honour,*

M. DRAYTON.

The Epiſtle of ROSAMOND, to King HENRY the Second.

THE ARGVMENT.

HENRY *the Second of that name, King of* England, *the Sonne of* GEFFREY PLANTAGINET, *Earle of* Aniow, *and* MAWD *the Empreſſe, hauing by long ſuite and Princely gifts, wonne (to his vnlawfull deſire) faire* ROSAMOND, *the Daughter of the Lord* WALTER CLIFFORD, *and to auoid the danger of* ELINOR *his iealous Queene, and cauſed a Labyrinth to bee made within his Pallace at* Woodſtocke, *in the Centre whereof he had lodg'd his beauteous Paramour: Whilſt the King is abſent in his Warres in* Normandy, *this poore diſtreſſed Ladie, incloſed in this ſolitary place, touched with remorſe of conſcience, writes to the King of her diſtreſſe and miſerable eſtate, vrging him with all meanes and perſwaſions to cleere himſelfe of this infamy, and her of the griefe of mind, by taking away her wretched life.*

IF yet thine eyes (Great *Henry*) may endure
Their tainted Lines drawne with a hand impure,
Which faine would bluſh, but feare keeps bluſhes back,
And therefore ſuted in deſpayring black,
This in loues name, O that theſe lips might craue,
But that ſweet name (vile) I prophaned haue,

Punish my fault, or pitie mine estate,
Reade it for loue, if not for loue, for hate:
If with my shame thine eyes thou faine wouldst feede,
Heere let them surfet, of my shame to reade;
This scribled paper which I send to thee,
If noted rightly, doth resemble mee;
As this pure ground, whereon these letters stand,
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule offence,
So cleare and spotlesse was mine innocence.
Now like these markes which taint this hatefull scroule,
Such the blacke sinnes which spot my leprous soule.
O *Henry*, why by losse thus shouldst thou win,
To get by conquest, so enrich with sinne?
VVhy on my name this slander do'st thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a King?
Fame neuer stoopes to things but meane and poore.
The more our greatnesse, makes our fault the more.
Lights on the ground, themselues doe lessen farre,
But in the aire, each small sparke seemes a starre.
VVhy on my woman frailtie should'st thou lay
So strong a plot, mine honor to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull pleasure shouldst thou buy
Euen with the forfet of cleare Maiesty?
'Twas not my minde consented to this ill,
Then had I beene transported by my will:
For what my bodie was enforc'd to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my soule did not consent vnto;
For through mine eyes had she her liking seene,
Such as my loue, such had my Louer beene.
True loue is simple, like his mother Truth,

Kindly

Kindly affection, youth to loue with youth;
No sharper corsiue to our blooming yeares,
Then the cold badge of Winter-blasted haires.
Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy foes,
But cannot keepe backe age, with Time it growes.
Though honor our ambitious sex doth please,
Yet in that honor, age a foule disease.
Nature hath her free course in all, and then,
Age is alike in Kings, and other men,
VVhich all the world will to my shame impute,
That I my selfe did basely prostitute,
And say that gold was fewell to the fire,
Gray haires in youth not kindling greene desire.
O no; that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree.
That subtile Serpent, that seducing diuell,
Which bade me taste the fruit of good and euill;
That *Circe*, by whose magicke I was charm'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd;
That viprous Hag, the foe to her owne kinde,
That wicked spirit vnto the weaker minde;
Our frailties plague, our natures onely curse,
Hels deep'st damnation, the worst euils worse.
But *Henry*, how canst thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapless name, with *Henries* name I found,
Cut in the glasse with *Henries* Diamond,
That glasse from thence faine would I take away,
But then I feare the aire would me betray;
Then doe I striue to wash it out with teares,
But then the same more euident appeares.

Then doe I couer it with my guiltie hand,
VVhich that names witneſſe doth againſt me ſtand;
Once did I ſinne, which memorie doth cheriſh,
Once I offended, but I euer periſh.
VVhat griefe can be, but time doth make it leſſe?
But infamie, time neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Sometimes to paſſe the tedious irkeſome houres,
I climbe the top of *Woodſtocke* mounting towres,
VVhere in a Turret ſecretly I lye,
To view from farre ſuch as doe trauell by;
VVhither (me thinkes) all caſt their eyes at mee,
As though the ſtones my ſhame did make them ſee;
And with ſuch hate the harmeleſſe walles doe view,
As vnto death their eyes would me purſue.
The married women curſe my hatefull life,
Wronging a faire Queene, and a vertuous wife;
The maydens wiſh I buried quicke may die,
And from each place neere my abode doe flie.
VVell knewſt thou what a monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me,
VVhoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning euery way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray;
Onely a Clue to guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I circular in ſinne.
As in the Tarras heere this other day,
My mayd and I did paſſe the time away,
'Mongſt many pictures as we paſſed by,
The ſilly Girle at length hapt to eſpie
Chaſte *Lucrece* Image, and deſires to know,
What ſhe ſhould be her ſelfe that murdred ſo?
VVhy Girle (quoth I) this is that Romane Dame,

Not

Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My tongue doth mine owne guiltineſſe betray;
VVith that I ſend the pratling Wench away,
Leſt when my liſping guiltie tongue ſhould hault,
My lookes might proue the Index to my fault.
As that life-bloud which from the heart is ſent,
In beauties field pitching his crimſon Tent,
In louely ſanguine ſutes the Lillie cheeke,
Whil'ſt it but for a reſting place doth ſeeke;
And changing oftentimes with ſweet delight,
Conuerts the white to red, the red to white,
The bluſh with paleneſſe for the place doth ſtriue,
The paleneſſe thence the bluſh would gladly driue;
Thus in my breſt a thouſand thoughts I carrie,
Which in my paſſion diuerſly doe varie.
VVhen as the Sunne hales towards the Weſterne ſlade,
And the trees ſhadowes three times taller made,
Forth goe I to a little current neere,
VVhich like a wanton trailo creepes here and there,
VVhere with mine angle caſting in my bait,
The little fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
VVith fearefull nibbling flie th'inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reaſonleſſe thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I deuour'd the bait was laid for me,
Thinking thereon, and breaking into grones,
The bubbling ſpring which trips vpon the ſtones,
Chides me away, leſt ſitting but too nie,
I ſhould pollute that natiue puritie.
Roſe of the world, ſo doth import my name,
Shame of the world, my life hath made the ſame.

And to th'vnchaſte this name ſhall giuen bee,
Of *Roſamond*, deriu'd from ſinne and mee.
The *Cliffords* take from me that name of theirs,
Famous for vertue many hundred yeeres,
They blot my birth with hatefull baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their Nobilitie;
They my alliance vtterly refuſe,
Nor will a ſtrumpet ſhall their name abuſe.
Here in the Garden wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountaine ſtands,
With all her Nimphes got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chance eſpi'd her;
This ſacred image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd man purſu'd
By his owne hounds; ſo by my thoughts am I,
VVhich chaſe me ſtill which way ſoe're I flie.
Touching the graſſe, the honny-dropping dew,
Which falls in teares before my limber ſhoo,
Vnto my foot conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, Why went'ſt thou vnto ill?
Thus to no place in ſafetie can I goe,
But euery thing doth giue me cauſe of woe.
In that faire Casket of ſuch wondrous coſt,
Thou ſent'ſt the night before mine honour loſt,
Ammione was wrought, a harmeleſſe maid,
By *Neptune* that adult'rous god betraid:
She proſtrate at his feet, begging with pray'rs,
Wringing her hands, her eyes ſwolne vp with teares,
This was not an intrapping bait from thee,
But by thy vertue gentle warning mee;
And to declare for what intent it came,

Leſt

Leſt I therein ſhould euer keepe my ſhame,
And in this Casket (ill I ſee it now)
That *Ioues* Loue *Iö*, turn'd into a Cow,
Yet was ſhe kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,
So wakefull ſtill be *Iunoes* iealouſies:
By this I well might haue fore-warned beene,
T'haue cleer'd my ſelfe to thy ſuſpecting Queene,
Who with more hundred eyes attendeth mee,
Then had poore *Argus* ſingle eyes to ſee,
In this thou rightly imitateſt *Ione*,
Into a Beaſt thou haſt transform'd thy Loue,
Nay, worſer farre (degenerate from kind)
A Monſter both in body and in minde.
The waxen Taper which I burne by night,
With the dull vapory dimneſſe mockes my ſight,
As though the dampe which hinders the cleere flame,
Came from my breath, in that night of my ſhame,
When it did burne as darkneſſe vgly eye,
When ſhot the Lampe of my Virginity.
And if a Starre but by the Glaſſe appeare,
I ſtraight intreat it not to looke in here;
I am already hatefull to the light,
It is enough, betray me not to night.
Then ſith my ſhame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that by onely murdering mee;
And let it iuſtly to my charge be laid,
Thy Royall Perſon I would haue betray'd;
Thou ſhalt not need by circumſtance t'accuſe mee,
If I denie it, let the Heauens refuſe mee.
My life 's a blemiſh which doth cloude thy Name,
Take it away, and cleere ſhall ſhine thy Fame.

Yeeld to my ſute, if euer pitty moou'd thee,
In this ſhew mercy, as I euer lou'd thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Well knew'ſt thou what a Monſter I would bee,
Wben thou didſt build this Labyrinth for mee.

IN the *Cretean* Labyrinth a Monſter was incloſed, called a *Minotaure*, the Hiſtory whereof is well knowne; but the Labyrinth was framed by *Dedalus*, with ſo many intricate wayes, that being entred, one could either hardly or neuer returne, being in a manner of a Maze, ſaue that it was larger, the wayes being walled in on euerie ſide, out of the which, *Theſeus* by *Ariadnes* helpe (lending him a Clue of Thred) eſcaped. Some report that it was a Houſe, hauing one halfe beneath the ground, another aboue, the Chamber doores therein ſo deceitfully enwrapped, and made to open ſo many wayes, that it was held a matter almoſt impoſſible to returne.

Some haue held it to haue beene an Allegory of mans life: true it is that the compariſon will hold, for what liker to a Labyrinth then the maze of life? But it is affirmed by Antiquitie, that there was indeed ſuch a building, though *Dedalus* being a name applyed to the Workemans excellencie, make it ſuſpected: for *Dedalus* is nothing elſe but ingenuous, or artificiall Hereupon it is vſed among the ancient Poets, for any thing curiouſly wrought.

Roſamonds Labyrinth, whoſe ruines, together with her Well being paued with ſquare ſtone in the bottom, & alſo her Towre, from which the Labyrinth did runne (are yet remaining) was altogether vnder ground, being Vaults arched and walled with Bricke and Stone, almoſt inextricably wound one within another, by which, if at any time her Lodging were laid about by the Queene, ſhe might eaſily auoid perill immminent, and if need be, by ſecret iſſues take the ayre abroad, many furlongs round about Woodſtocke in Oxfordſhire, wherein it was ſituated Thus much for *Roſamonds* Labyrinth.

Whoſe ſtrange Meanders turned euery way.

Meander is a Riuer in *Bycia*, a Prouince of *Natolia* or *Aſia minor*, famous for the ſinuoſitie and often turning thereof, riſing from certaine

taine Hils in *Meovia*, hereupon are intricate turnings by a transumptiue & Metonymicall kind of speech, called *Meanders*, for this Riuer did so stronely path it selfe, that the foot seemed to touch the head.

Rose of the World so doth import my name,
Shame of the World, my life hath made the same.

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where this Rose of the world was sumptuously interred, a certaine Bishop in the Visitation of his Diocesse, caused the Monument which had beene erected to her honor, vtterly to be demolished: but let that seuere chastisement of *Rosamond* then dead, at this time also bee ouer-passed, lest shee should seeme to be the *Shame of the World.*

HENRY, to ROSAMOND.

WHen first the Post arriued at my Tent,
And brought the Letters *Rosamond* had sent,
Thinke from his lips but what sweet comfort came,
When in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name,
Straight I enioyne him of thy health to tell,
Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well;
With new enquiries then I cut him short,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe spoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I vrge him to reueale,
To lose no time whilst I vnript the seale.
The more I reade, still doe I erre the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before.
Missing the point, the doubtfull sense is broken,
Speaking againe what I before had spoken,
Still in a swound, my heart reuiues and faints,
Twixt hopes despaires, twixt smiles & deepe complaints.

As

As theſe ſad accents ſort in my deſires, (fires,
Smooth calmes, rough ſtormes, ſharpe froſts and raging
Put on with boldneſſe, and put backe with feares,
My tongue with curſes, when mine eyes with teares.
O how my heart at that blacke line did tremble,
That blotted Paper ſhould thy ſelfe reſemble!
O were their Paper but neere halfe ſo white!
The gods thereon their ſacred Lawes would write
With Pens of Angels wings, and for their Inke,
That heauenly Nectar, their immortall Drinke.
Maieſticke courage ſtriues to haue ſuppreſt,
This fearefull paſſion ſtirr'd vp in my breſt,
But ſtill in vaine the ſame I goe about,
My heart muſt breake within, or woes breake out.
Am I at home purſu'd with priuate hate,
And Warre comes raging to my Palace gate?
Is meager Enuie ſtabbing at my Throne,
Treaſon attending when I walke alone?
And am I branded with the Curſe of *Rome*,
And ſtand condemned by a Councels doome?
And by the pride of my rebellious Sonne,
Rich *Normandy*, with Armies ouer-runne?
Fatall my Birth, vnfortunate my life,
Vnkind my Children, moſt vnkind my Wife.
Griefe, cares, olde age, ſuſpicion to torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me,
So many woes, ſo many plagues to find,
Sickneſſe of body, diſcontent of mind;
Hopes left, helpes reft, life wrong'd, ioy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken and afflicted,
Of all reliefe hath Fortune quite bereft me?

Onely

Onely my Loue vnto my comfort left me.
And is one beauty thought ſo great a thing,
To mitigate the ſorrowes of a King?
Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often proue,
Haue we (then they) leſſe priuiledge in loue?
Is it a King the wofull Widdow heares?
Is it a King dries vp the Orphans teares?
Is it a King regards the Clyents crie?
Giues life to him by Law condemn'd to die?
Is it his care the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the Nurſe her Baby whilſt it ſleepes?
And that poore King of all thoſe hopes preuented,
Vnheard, vnhelp'd, vnpittied, vnlamented.
Yet let me be with pouertie oppreſt,
Of earthly bleſſings rob'd, and diſpoſſeſt,
Let me be ſcorn'd, reiected, and reuilde,
From Kingdome, Country, and from Court exil'd;
Let the Worlds Curſe vpon me ſtill remaine,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt againe:
All miſeries that wretched man may wound,
Leaue for my comfort onely *Roſamond.*
For thee ſwift Time his ſpeedie courſe doth ſtay,
At thy command the Deſtinies obay:
Pittie is dead that comes not from thine eies,
And at thy feet euen Mercie proſtrate lies:
If I were feeble, rhumaticke or colde,
Theſe were true ſignes that I were waxed olde;
But I can march all day in maſſie Steele,
Nor yet my armes vnweldy weight doe feele.
Nor wak'd by night with bruiſe or bloudy wound,
The Tent my Bed, no Pillow but the ground:

For

For very age had I laine bedred long,
One ſmile of thine againe could make me yong.
VVere there in Art a power but ſo diuine,
As is in that ſweet Angel-tongue of thine;
That great Enchantres which once tooke ſuch paines,
To force yong bloud in *Æſons* wither'd veines,
And from groues, mountaines, and the mooriſh Fen,
Vs'd all the hearbs ordain'd to vſe of men,
And in the powerfull potion that ſhe makes,
Put bloud of men, of birds, of beaſts, and ſnakes,
Neuer had needed to haue gone ſo farre,
To ſeeke the ſoyles where all thoſe ſimples are.
One accent from thy lips the bloud more warmes,
Then all her philters, exorciſmes, and charmes.
Thy preſence hath repaired in one day,
What many yeeres and ſorrowes did decay,
And made freſh beauties faireſt branches ſpring
From wrinckled furrowes of times ruining.
Euen as the hungrie winter ſtained earth,
VVhen ſhe by nature labours towards her birth,
Still as the day vpon the darke world creepes,
One bloſſome forth after another peepes,
Till the ſmall flower whoſe roote is now vnbound,
Gets from the froſtie priſon of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powerfull noone,
Dec'kd in freſh colours, ſmile vpon the ſunne.
Neuer vnquiet care lodg'd in that breſt,
Where but one thought of *Roſamond* did reſt;
Nor thirſt, nor trauaile, which on warre attend,
E're brought the long day to deſired end;
Nor yet did pale Feare, or leane Famine line,

Where

Where hope of thee did any comfort giue,
Ah what iniuſtice then is this of thee,
That thus the guiltleſſe dooſt condemne for mee?
When onely ſhe (by meanes of my offence)
Redeemes thy pureneſſe, and thy innocence,
When to our wils perforce obey they muſt,
That iuſt in them, what e're in vs vniuſt,
Of what we doe, not them account we make,
The fault craues pardon for th' offenders ſake,
And what to worke a Princes will may merit,
Hath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt ſpirit;
If 't be my name that doth thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne names friend,
If it be that which thou dooſt onely hate,
That name, in my name, laſtly hath his date.
Say 't is accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engrauen, raze it.
Say that of all names 't is a name of woe,
Once a Kings name, but now it is not ſo.
And when all this is done, I know 't will grieue thee,
And therefore (ſweet) why ſhould I now beleeue thee,
Nor ſhouldſt thou thinke thoſe eyes with Enuie lowre,
Which paſſing by thee, gaze vp to thy Towre;
But rather praiſe thine owne which be ſo cleere,
Which from the Turret like two Starres appeare;
Aboue the Sunne doth ſhine, beneath thine eye,
Mocking the Heauen to make another Skie,
The little ſtreame which by thy Towre doth glide,
Where oft thou ſpend'ſt the weary euening tide,
To view thee well, his courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loth from thee to part ſo ſoone away;

And

And with ſalutes thy ſelfe would gladly greet,
And offer vp thoſe ſmall drops at thy feet,
But finding that the enuious bankes reſtraine it,
T' excuſe it ſelfe, doth in this ſort complaine it,
And therefore this ſad bubbling murmure keepes,
And for thy want within the channell weepes.
And as thou dooſt into the water looke,
The Fiſh which ſee thy ſhaddow in the Brooke,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine eye.
And that ſweet name which thou ſo much dooſt wrong,
In time ſhall be ſome famous Poets Song;
And with the very ſweetneſſe of that name,
Lyons and Tygres men ſhall learne to tame.
The carefull Mother from her penſiue breſt,
With *Roſamond* ſhall bring her Babe to reſt,
The little Birds (by mens continuall ſound)
Shall learne to ſpeake, and prattle *Roſamond*.
And when in *April* they beginne to ſing,
With *Roſamond* ſhall welcome in the Spring;
And ſhe in whom all rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a *Roſamond*.
The little Flowres dropping their honied dew,
Which (as thou writ'ſt) doe weepe vpon thy ſhoo,
Not for thy fault (ſweet *Roſamond*) doe mone,
Onely lament that thou ſo ſoone art gone,
For if thy foot touch Hemlocke as it goes,
That Hemlocke's made more ſweeter then the Roſe,
Of *Ioue* or *Neptune* how they did betray,
Nor ſpeake of *Iö*, or *Ammione*,
When ſhe for whom *Ioue* once became a Bull,

Com-

Compar'd with thee, had beene a tawnie Trull;
He a white Bull, and ſhe a whiter Cow,
Yet he nor ſhe, ne're halfe ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou know'ſt) my care prouided for
To lodge thee ſafe from iealous *Ellinor*.
The Labyrinths conueyance guides thee ſo,
(Which onely *Vaghan*, thou, and I doe know)
If ſhe doe gard thee with an hundred eyes,
I haue an hundred ſubtle *Mercuries*,
To watch that *Argus* which my Loue doth keepe,
Vntill eye, after eye, fall all to ſleepe.
Thoſe Starres looke in by night, looke in to ſee
(Wondring) what Starre heere on the Earth ſhould bee,
As oft the Moone at midſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly light,
And by the Curtaine helpt mine eye to ſee
What enuious night and darkneſſe hid from mee;
When I haue wiſht that ſhe might euer ſtay,
And other Worlds might ſtill enioy the day:
What ſhould I ſay? words, teares, and ſighes be ſpent,
And want of time doth further helpe preuent:
My Campe reſounds with fearefull ſhockes of Warre,
Yet in my breſt more dangerous conflicts are;
Yet is my ſignall to the Battailes ſound,
The bleſſed name of beauteous *Roſamond*.
Accurſed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should thinke, ſhould ſpeake or whiſper of thy death.
For in one ſmile, or lowre from thy ſweet eie,
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victorie.
Sweet *Woodſtocke*, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Bleſſed in her, in whom thy King is bleſt.

For

For though in *France* awhile my body bee,
My heart remaines (sweet Paradise) in thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Am I at home pursu'd with priuate hate,
And Warre comes raging to my Palace Gate?

Robert Earle of Leister, who tooke part with yong King *Henry*, entred into England with an Armie of three thousand Flemmings, and spoiled the Countries of Norfolke and Suffolke, being succoured by many of the Kings priuate Enemies.

And am I branded with the Curse of Rome?

King *Henry* the Second, the first *Plantaginet*, accused for the death of *Thomas Becket*, Arch-bishop of Canterburie, slaine in the Cathedrall Church, was accursed by Pope *Alexander*, although hee vrged sufficient proofe of his innocencie in the same, and offered to take vpon him any penance, so hee might escape the Curse and Interdiction of the Realme.

And by the pride of my rebellious Sonne,
Rich Normandy *with Armies ouer-runne.*

Henry the yong King, whom King *Henry* had caused to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his owne good, and the good of his Subiects, which indeed turned to his owne sorrow, and the trouble of the Realme, for he rebelled against him, and raysing a power, by the meanes of *Lewis* King of France, and *William* King of Scots (who tooke part with him) and inuaded Normandy.

Vnkind my Children, most vn-kind my Wife.

Neuer King more vnfortunate then King *Henry*, in the disobedience of his Children: First *Henry*, then *Geffery*, then *Richard*, then *Iohn*, all at one time or other, first or last, vnnaturally rebelled against him, then the iealousie of *Elinor* his Queene, who suspected his loue to *Rosamond*, which grieuous troubles the Deuout of those Times attributed to happen to him iustly, for refusing to take on him the Gouernment of Ierusalem, offered to him by the Patriarke there; which Country was mightily afflicted by the Souldan.

Which

Which only Vaghan, *thou and I doe knew.*

This *Vaghan* was a Knight, whom the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Palace at Woodstocke, and much of the Kings Iewels and Treasure, to whom the King committed many of his secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his Loue vnto his charge.

King IOHN, to MATILDA.

THE ARGVMENT.

After that King IOHN *had assayed by all meanes possible to win the faire and chaste* MATILDA, *to his vnchaste and vnlawfull Bed, and by vniust courses and false accusation, had banished the Lord* ROBERT FITZWATER *her Noble Father, and many other of his Allies, who iustly withstood the desire of this wanton King, seeking the dishonour of his faire and vertuous Daughter; this chaste Lady still sollicited by this lascinious King, flyes vnto Dunmow in Essex, where in a Nunnery she becomes a Nun, where the King (still persisting in his sute) sollicits her by his Epistle: her reply confirmes her vowed and inuincible Chastity, making knowne to the King her pure vnspotted thoughts.*

WHen these my letters come vnto thy view, (new,
Thinke them not fore'd, or fain'd, or strange, or
Thou know'st no way, no meanes, no course exempted,
Left now vnsought, vnproou'd, or vnattempted,
All rules, regards, all secret helpes of Art,
What Knowledge, Wit, Experience can impart;
And in the olde Worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good daies for loue, times, houres and minutes noted;
And where Art left, Loue teacheth more to find,
By signes in presence to expresse the mind.

Oft hath mine eye told thine eye, beautie grieu'd it,
And beg'd for one looke to haue relieu'd it,
And ſtill with thine eyes motion, mine eye mou'd,
Labouring for Mercy, telling how it lou'd.
If bluſht, I bluſht, thy cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My red, thy red, my whiteneſſe anſwered thine;
If ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, alike both paſſion proue,
But thy ſigh is for hate, my ſigh for loue;
If a word paſt that inſufficient were,
To helpe that word, my eye let forth a teare.
And if that teare did dull or ſenſeleſſe proue,
My heart would fetch a ſigh, to make it moue.
Oft in thy face, one fauour from the reſt
I fingled forth, that pleas'd my fancie beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both thoſe lik'd before;
Then one, as wonder were deriued thence,
Then that whoſe rareneſſe paſſeth excellence.
Whil'ſt I behold thy Globe-like rowling eye,
Thy louely cheeke (me thinkes) ſtands ſimiling by,
And tels me, thoſe are ſhadowes and ſuppoſes,
But bids me thither come and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to mee
To come to it, if Wonders I will ſee:
Now haue I done, and now thy dimpled chinne,
Againe doth tell me newly I beginne,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy lip,
Leſt wondring leaſt, the great'ſt I ouerſlip;
My gazing eye, on this and this doth ſeaſe,
Which ſurfets, yet cannot deſire appeaſe.
Then like a browne, (O louely browne thy haire)

Onely

Onely in browneneſſe, beautie dwelleth there.
Then loue I blacke, thine Eye-ball blacke as Iet,
Then cleare that ball in Chriſtall being ſet,
Then white, but Snow, nor Swan, nor Iuory pleaſe,
Then are thy Teeth more whiter then all theſe;
In browne, in blacke, in pureneſſe, and in white,
All loue, all ſweets, all rareneſſe, all delight;
Thus thou vile Thiefe, my ſtolne heart hence dooſt carry,
And now thou flyeſt into a Sanctuarie;
Fye, peeuiſh Girle, ingratefull vnto Nature,
Did ſhee to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,
That thou her glory ſhould'ſt encreaſe thereby,
And thou alone do'ſt ſcorne ſocietie?
Why, Heauen made beautie like her ſelfe to view,
Not to be lockt vp in a ſmokie Mew.
A Roſie-tainted feature is Heauens Gold,
Which all men ioy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the World begunne,
That ſo rare beautie ſhould not liue a Nunne:
But if this Vow thou needs wilt vndertake,
O were mine armes a Cloiſter for thy ſake!
Still may his paines for euer be augmented,
This ſuperſtition idlely that inuented.
Ill might he thriue, that brought this cuſtome hither,
That holy people might not liue together.
A happy time, a good World was it then,
When holy Women liu'd with holy men;
But Kings in this yet priuiledg'd may bee,
Ile be a Monke, ſo I may liue with thee.
Who would not riſe to ring the Mornings Knell,
When thy ſweet lips might be the facring Bell?

Or what is he not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips might feaſt his lips at laſt?
Who vnto Mattens earely would not riſe,
That might reade by the light of thy faire eyes?
On worldly pleaſures who would euer looke,
That had thy Curles his Beades, thy Browes his Booke?
Wert thou the Croſſe, to thee who would not creepe:
And wiſh the Croſſe, ſtill in his armes to keepe?
Sweet Girle, Ile take this holy Habit on me,
Of meere deuotion that is come vpon me,
Holy *Matilda*, thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy Seruant, and my Bed thy Shrine.
When I doe offer, be thy breſt the Altar,
And when I pray, thy mouth ſhall be my Pſalter.
The Beades that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet kiſſes,
Which we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes,
And when an *Aue* comes, to ſay *Amen*,
We will beginne, and tell them o're againe.
Now all good fortune giue me happy Thrift,
As I ſhould ioy t' abſolue thee after Shrift.
But ſee how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while!
Thou took'ſt this Vow to equall my deſire,
Becauſe thou would'ſt haue me to be a Fryer;
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy Siſter, and a holy Brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe vnto me alone.
Shee is moſt chaſte that's but enioy'd of one.
Yea, now thy true deuotion doe I find.
And ſure in this I much commend thy mind:
Elſe here thou dooſt but ill example giue,

And in a Nunry thus thou ſhould'ſt not liue.
Is't poſſible, the Houſe that thou art in
Should not be toucht (though with a veniall ſinne)
When ſuch a Shee-Prieſt comes her Maſſe to ſay,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray?
Well may we wiſh they would their hearts amend,
When we be witneſſe that their eyes offend,
All creatures haue deſires, or elſe ſome lie,
Let them thinke ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Dooſt thou not thinke our Anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe Religious Cels did firſt deuiſe?
As Hoſpitals were for the ſore and ſicke,
Theſe for the crook'd, the halt, the ſtigmaticke,
Leſt that their Seed, markt with deformitie,
Should be a blemiſh to Poſteritie.
Would Heau'n her beautie ſhould be hid from ſight,
Ne're would ſhe thus her ſelfe adorne with light,
With ſparkling Lamps nor would ſhe paint her throne:
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd vpon:
And when the golden glorious Sunne goes downe,
Would ſhe put on her Starre-beſtudded Crowne,
And in her Masking-Sute the ſpangled Skie,
Come forth to bride it in her Reuelrie,
And gaue this gift to all things in Creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her faſhion.
All things that faire, that pure, that glorious beene,
Offer themſelues of purpoſe to be ſeene.
In Sinkes and Vaults, the vgly Toades doe dwell,
The Deuils, ſince moſt vgly, they in Hell:
Our Mother-Earth, ne're glorious in her fruit,
Till by the Sunne clad in her Tinſell ſute.

Nor doth ſhe euer ſmile him in the face,
Till in his glorious armes he her embrace;
Which prooues ſhee hath a Soule, ſenſe, and delight,
Of Generations feeling appetite.
Well Hypocrite (in faith) would'ſt thou confeſſe,
What ere thy tongue ſay, thy heart ſayth no leſſe.
Note but this one thing (if nought elſe perſwade)
Nature, of all things Male and Female made,
Shewing her ſelfe in our proportion plaine,
For neuer made ſhe any thing in vaine;
For as thou art, ſhould any haue beene thus,
She would haue left enſample vnto vs.
The Turtle that 's ſo true and chaſte in loue,
Shewes by her Mate, ſomething the ſpirit doth moue;
Th' Arabian Bird that neuer is but one,
Is onely chaſte, becauſe ſhe is alone:
But had our Mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes doe;
But therefore made a Martyr in deſire,
And doth her penance laſtly in the fire;
So may they all be roſted quicke that be,
Apoſtataes to Nature, as is ſhe.
Find me but one ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(Woo'd, ſu'd, and ſought by him that now ſeekes thee)
But of thy mind, and here I vndertake
To build a Nunry for her only ſake.
O had'ſt thou taſted of theſe rare delights,
Ordain'd each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights,
To haue their beautie and their wits admir'd,
(Which is by Nature of your Sexe deſir'd)
Attended by our traines, our pompe, our port,

Like

Like gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in Court,
To be saluted with the cheerefull cry,
Of Highnesse, Grace, and Soueraigne Maiesty;
But vnto them that know not pleasures price,
All's one, a Prison, and a Paradice.
If in a Dungeon, clos'd vp from the light,
There is no difference twixt the day and night,
Whose pallat neuer tasted daintie Cates,
Thinkes homely Dishes Princely Delicates.
Alasse, poore Girle, I pittie thine estate,
That now thus long hast liu'd disconsolate;
Why now at length let yet thy heart relent,
And call thy Father backe from Banishment;
And with those Princely Honours here inuest him,
That aukeward loue, not hate hath dispossest him.
Call from Exile thy deare Alies and Friends,
To whom the furie of my griefe extends:
And if thou take my counsaile in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt haue better grace,
And leaue the *Dunmow*, that accursed Cell,
There let blacke night and melancholy dwell;
Come to the Court, where all ioyes shall receiue thee,
And till that houre, yet with my griefe I leaue thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

THis Epistle of King *John* to *Matilda*, is much more Poeticall then Historicall, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the Time, or State, touching onely his loue to her, and the extremitie of his passions forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the humour of this King, as hath beene truely noted by the

most authenticall Writers; whose nature and disposition is truliest discerned in the course of his loue, first, iesting at the Ceremonies of the Seruices of those times, then going about by all strong and probable Arguments, to reduce her to pleasures and delights; next, with promises of honor, which he thinketh to be the last and greatest meanes, and to haue greatest power in her Sexe, with promise of calling home of her Friends; which hee thought might bee a great inducement to his desires.

MATILDA, to King IOHN.

NO sooner I receiu'd thy Letters here,
Before I knew from whom or whence they were,
But sudden feare my bloudlesse veines doth fill,
As though diuining of some future ill:
And in a shiuering extasie I stood,
A chilly coldnesse ranne through all my bloud;
Opening thy Letters, I shut vp my rest,
And let strange cares into my quiet brest,
As though thy hard vnpittying hand had sent me,
Some new-deuised torture to torment me;
Well had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not;
And that proud beautie which enforst me hither,
Had with my name now perished together:
But O! (I see) our hoped good deceiues vs,
But what we would forgoe, that seldome leaues vs:
Thy blamefull Lines be-spotted so with sinne,
Mine eyes would clense, ere they to reade beginne,
But I to wash an Indian goe about:
For ill so hard set on, is hard got out.

I once determin'd ſtill to haue beene mute,
Only by ſilence to refell thy ſute:
But this againe did alter mine intent,
For ſome will ſay, that ſilence doth conſent:
Deſire with ſmall incouraging growes bold,
And hope, of euery little thing takes hold.
I ſet me downe at large to write my mind,
But now no Pen, nor Paper can I find;
For dread and paſſion are ſo powerfull o're me,
That I diſcerne not things that ſtand before me:
Finding the Pen, the Paper, and the Waxe,
This at command, and now inuention lackes;
This ſentence ſerues, and that my hand out-ſtrikes;
That pleaſeth well, and this as much miſ-likes;
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note,
I hope, deſpaire, take courage, faint, diſdaine,
I make, alleage, I imitate, I faine:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, ſhame-fac'd, feareleſſe, doubtfull timorous;
My faint hand writing, when my full eye reades,
From euery word ſtrange paſſion ſtill proceedes.
O! when the Soule is fettered once in wo,
T' is ſtrange what humours it doth force vs to;
A teare doth drowne a teare, ſigh, ſigh doth ſmother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th' ouer-watched weakeneſſe of the ſicke conceit,
Is that which makes ſmall beautie ſeeme ſo great,
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, ſeeme ſtraight, if ſtraight the contrarie:
And thus our vaine imagination ſhewes it,

As

As it conceiues it, not as iudgement knowes it,
(As in a Mirrour, if the same be true)
Such as your likenesse, iustly such are you:
But as you change your selfe, it changeth there,
And shewes you as you are, not as you were;
And with your motion doth your shadow moue,
If frowne or smile; such the conceit of loue.
Why tell me, is it possible the mind
A forme in all deformitie should find?
Within the compasse of mans face we see,
How many sorts of seuerall fauours bee;
And that the chinne, the nose, the brow, the eye,
If great, if small, flat, sharpe, or if awry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
And makes a mightie difference in the face;
And in the World, scarce two so like there are,
One with the other, which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A iudging sight doth soone distinguish eyther.
How woman-like a weakenesse is it then?
O what strange madnesse so possesseth men,
Bereft of sense, such senseless wonders seeing,
Without forme, fashion, certaintie, or being?
For which so many dye to liue in anguish;
Yet cannot liue, if thus they should not languish:
That comfort yeelds not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that liues not, and a death that dyes not;
That hates vs most, when most it speakes vs faire,
Doth promise all things, alwayes payes with Ayre,
Yet sometime doth our greatest griefe appease,
To double sorrow after little ease.

Like

Like that which thy laſciuious will doth craue,
Which if once had, thou neuer more canſt haue;
Which if thou get, in getting thou dooſt waſte it,
Taken, is loſt, and periſh'd, if thou haſt it;
Which if thou gain'ſt, thou ne're the more haſt wonne,
I loſing nothing, yet am quite vndone;
And yet of that, if that a King depraue me,
No King reſtores, though he a Kingdome gaue me.
Dooſt thou of Father and of Friends depriue me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that Heauen did giue me,
What Nature claimes by Bloud, Alies or neereneſſe,
Or friendſhip challenge by regard or deareneſſe?
Mak'ſt me an Orphan ere my Father dye,
A wofull Widdow in Virginitie?
Is thy vnbrideled Luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flattering tongue bewailes my fall.
The dead mans graue with fained teares to fill,
So the deuouring Crocodile doth kill.
To harbour hate in ſhew of ſweeteſt things,
So in the Roſe the poyſoned Serpent ſtings.
To lurke farre-off, yet lodge deſtruction by,
The Baſiliske doth poyſon with the eye;
To call for ayde, and then to lye in wait,
So the *Hiena* murthers by deceit;
By ſweet inticement, ſudden death to bring;
So from the Rockes the alluring *Mer-maides* ſing.
In greateſt wants, t' inflict the greateſt woe,
This is the vtmoſt Tyranny can doe.
But where (I ſee) the tempeſt thus preuailes,
What vſe of Anchors, or what need of Sailes?
Aboue vs bluſt'ring Winds and dreadfull Thunder,

The

The waters gape for our deſtruction vnder;
Here on this ſide the furious billowes flye, (lye.
There Rockes, there Sands, and dang'rous Whirle-pooles
Is this the meane that mightineſſe approues?
And in this ſort doe Princes woo their Loues?
Mildneſſe would better ſute with Maieſtie,
Then raſh reuenge and rough ſeueritie.
O, in what ſafetie Temperance doth reſt,
Obtaining harbour in a Soueraigne breſt!
Which if ſo prayſefull in the meaneſt men,
In powerfull Kings how glorious is it then?
Fled I firſt hither, hoping to haue aide,
Here thus to haue mine innocence betrayd?
Is Court and Country both her enemie,
And no place found to ſhrowd in Chaſtitie?
Each Houſe for Luſt a Harbour, and an Inne,
And euery Citie a Receit for ſinne;
And all doe pittie beautie in diſtreſſe,
If beautie chaſte, then onely pittileſſe.
Thus is ſhe made the Inſtrument to ill,
And vnrelieu'd, may wander where ſhe will.
Laſciuious Poets which abuſe the Truth,
Which oft teach Age to ſinne, infecting Youth,
For the Vnchaſte, make Trees and Stones to mourne,
Or as they pleaſe, to other ſhapes doe turne.
Cinyras Daughter, whoſe Inceſtuous mind,
Made her wrong Nature, and diſhonour Kind;
Long ſince by them is turn'd into a Mir,
Whoſe dropping liquor euer weepes for her;
And in a Fountaine, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her fault ſo vile, and monſterous before:

Silla,

Silla, which once her Father did betray,
Is now a Bird, (if all be true they ſay.)
Shee that with *Phœbus* did the foule offence,
Now metamorphos'd into Frankincenſe:
Other, to Flowres, to Odours, and to Gumme,
At leaſt, *Ioues* Leman is a Starre become;
And more; they faine a thouſand fond excuſes,
To hide their ſcapes, and couer their abuſes,
The Virgin onely they obſcure and hide,
Whil'ſt the Vnchaſte by them are deifide;
And if by them a Virgin be expreſt,
Shee muſt be rank'd ignobly with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
Time hath thoſe features vtterly defac'd,
And all the beauties ſate vpon my brow,
Thou would'ſt not thinke ſuch euer had beene now,
And glad I am that time with me is done,
Vowing my ſelfe religiouſly a Nunne,
My Veſtall habit me contenting more,
Then all the Robes adorning me before.
Had *Roſamond*, (a Recluſe of our ſort)
Taken our Cloyſter, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that beautie with a holy Vale,
Which ſhe (alaſſe) too looſely ſet to ſale,
Shee need not, like an vgly *Minotaure*,
Haue beene lockt vp from iealous *Elanor*,
But beene as famous by thy Mothers wrongs,
As by thy Father ſubiect to all tongues.
To ſhadow ſinne, Might can the moſt pretend:
Kings, but the Conſcience, all things can defend.
A ſtronger Hand reſtraines our wilfull powers,

A will muſt rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine deſires doe woo
For Vertues ſake, but what we (onely) doe.
And hath my Father choſe to liue exil'd,
Before his eyes ſhould ſee my youth defil'd?
And to withſtand a Tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Townes ſpent in reuengefull fire:
Yet neuer toucht with griefe, ſo onely I,
Exempt from ſhame, might honourably die?
And ſhall this Iewell which ſo dearely coſt,
Now after all, by my diſhonour loſt?
No, no, his reuerend words, his holy teares,
Yet in my Soule too deepe impreſſion beares,
His lateſt farewell at his laſt depart,
More deeply is ingraued in my heart,
Nor ſhall that blot, by me, his name ſhall haue,
Bring his gray haires with ſorrow to his Graue:
Better his teares to fall vpon my Tombe,
Then for my Birth to curſe my Mothers Wombe.
Though *Dunmow* giue no refuge heere at all,
Dunmow can giue my bodie Buriall.
If all remorſeleſſe, no teare-ſhedding eye,
My ſelfe will mone my ſelfe, ſo liue, ſo dye.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle containeth no particular points of Hiſtory, more then the generalitie of the Argument layeth open; for after the baniſhment of the Lord *Robert Fitzwater*, and that *Matilda* was become a Recluſe at *Dunmow*, (from whence this reply is imagined to bee written,) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his ſute, *Matilda* with this chaſte and conſtant deniall, hopes yet at length

to

to find some comfortable remedie, and to rid her selfe of doubts, by taking vpon her this Monasticke Habit, and to shew that shee still beareth in mind his former crueltie, bred by the impatience of his Lust, she remembreth him of her Fathers Banishment, and the lawlesse Exile of her Alies and Friends.

Doost thou of Father, and of Friends depriue me?

Then complaining of her distresse, that flying thither, thinking there to find reliefe, she seeth her selfe most assailed, where she hoped to haue found most safetie.

Alasse, and fled I hither from my foe,
That, &c.

After againe, standing vpon the precise points of Conscience, not to cast off this Habit she had taken.

My Vow is taken, I a Nunne profest.

And at last laying open more particularly the miseries sustained by her Father in *England*, the burning of his Castles and Houses, which shee procureth to bee for her sake: as respecting onely her honour, more then his Natiue Country, and his owne Fortunes.

And to withstand a Tyrants lewd desire,
Behold his Towres and Castles set on fire.

Knitting vp her Epistle with a great and constant resolution.

Though Dunmow *giue no refuge heere at all,*
Dunmow *can giue my bodie burial.*

FINIS.

To

To the vertuous Lady, the Lady ANNE HARRINGTON, Wife to the Honorable Gentleman, Sir IOHN HARRINGTON, Knight.

MY ſingular good Lady, your many vertues knowne in generall to all, and your gracious fauours to my vnworthy ſelfe, haue confirmed that in mee, which, before I knew you, I onely ſaw by the light of other mens iudgements. Honour ſeated in your breſt, finds her ſelfe adorned as in a rich Palace, making that excellent, which makes her admirable; which like the Sunne, (from thence) begetteth moſt precious things of this earthly World, onely by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould. Worth is the beſt diſcerned by the Worthy: deiected mindes want that pure fire, which ſhould giue vigor to Vertue. I referre to your great thoughts (the vnpartiall Iudges of true affection) the vnfained zeale I haue euer borne to your Honourable ſeruice; and ſo reſt your Ladiſhips humbly to command,

MICH. DRAYTON.

Queene

Queene ISABEL, to MORTIMER.

THE ARGVMENT.

Queene ISABEL, *(the Wife of* EDWARD *the Second, called* EDWARD CARNARVAN*) being the daughter of* PHILIP DE BEAV, *King of France, forſaken by the King her Husband, who delighted onely in the company of* PIERCE GAVESTON, *his Minion and Fauourite, and after his death ſeduced by the euill counſell of the* SPENCERS. *This Queene thus left by her Husband, euen in the glory of her youth, drew into her eſpeciall fauour* ROGER MORTIMER, *Lord of Wigmore, a man of a mightie and inuincible ſpirit. This Lord* MORTIMER, *riſing in Armes againſt the King, with* THOMAS *Earle of Lancaſter, and the Barons, was taken ere hee could gather his Power, and by the King committed to the Towre of London. During his Impriſonment, hee ordained a Feaſt in honour of his Birth-day, to which he inuited Sir* STEPHEN SEGRAVE, *Lieutenant of the Towre, and the reſt of the Officers, where, by meanes of a Drinke prepared by the Queene, hee caſt them all into a heauie ſleepe, and with Ladders of Cords, being ready prepared for the purpoſe, he eſcapeth, and flyeth into France, whither ſhee ſendeth this Epiſtle, complaining of her owne miſ-fortunes, and greatly reioycing at his ſafe eſcape.*

THough ſuch ſweete comfort comes not now from
As Englands Queene hath ſent to *Mortimer*: (her,
Yet what that wants (which might my power approue,
If lines can bring) this ſhall ſupply with loue.

O Me

Me thinkes affliction ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume theſe ſundry ſhapes of woe;
But when I faine would find the cauſe of this,
Thy abſence ſhewes me where the errour is.
Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad ſorrow then poſſeſſeth eu'ry ſenſe:
But finding thy deare bloud preſeru'd thereby,
And in thy life, my long-wiſht liberty,
With that ſweet thought my ſelfe I onely pleaſe
Amidſt my griefe, which ſometimes giues me eaſe.
Thus doe extremeſt ills a ioy poſſeſſe,
And one woe makes another woe ſeeme leſſe.
That bleſſed night, that mild-aſpected-houre,
Wherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the Towre,
Shall conſecrated euermore remaine;
What gentle Planet in that houre did raigne;
And ſhall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chiefe Lord of the Aſcendent then.
O how I fear'd that ſleepy iuyce I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent!
Or that ſome vnſeene miſerie might lurke,
Which wanting order, kindly ſhould not worke!
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadfull poys'ned Lees,
Which clos'd the euer-waking Dragons eyes,
Or I had had thoſe ſenſe-bereauing ſtalkes,
That grow in ſhady *Proſerpina's* darke walkes;
Or thoſe blacke weeds on *Lethe* bankes below,
Or *Lunary* that doth on *Latmus* flow;
Oft did I feare this moiſt and foggie Clime,
Or that the Earth, wax't barren now with Time,
Should not haue Herbs to helpe me in this caſe,

Such

Such as doe thriue on *India's* parched face.
That morrow, when the bleſſed Sunne did riſe,
And ſhut the lids of all Heauens leſſer eyes,
Forth from my Palace by a ſecret ſtayre,
I ſteale to Thames as though to take the Ayre;
And aske the gentle floud as it doth glide,
Or thou didſt paſſe or periſh by the tide?
If thou didſt periſh, I deſire the ſtreame,
To lay thee ſoftly on her ſiluer teame,
And bring thee to me, to the quiet ſhore,
That with her teares thou might'ſt haue ſome teares (more.
When ſuddenly doth riſe a rougher gale,
With that (mee thinkes) the troubled waues looke pale,
And ſighing with that little guſt that blowes,
With this remembrance ſeeme to knit their browes.
Euen as this ſudden paſſion doth affright me,
The cheerefull Sunne breakes from a Cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottome euident appeare,
As it would ſhew me, that thou waſt not there,
When as the water flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeeme to tell mee, thou art ſafe on Land.
Did *Bulloyne* once a Feſtiuall prepare,
For *England*, *Almaine*, *Cicill*, *and Nauarre*?
When *France* enuy'd thoſe Buildings (only bleſt)
Grac'd with the *Orgies* of my Bridall Feaſt,
That Engliſh *Edward* ſhould refuſe my Bed,
For that laſciuious ſhameleſſe *Ganimed*?
And in my place, vpon his Regall Throne,
To ſet that Girle-boy, wanton *Gaueſton*.
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My Glaſſe aſſures me no ſuch difference is,

That a foule Witches Baſtard ſhould thereby,
Be thought more worthy of his loue then I.
What doth auaile vs to be Princes Heires,
When we can boaſt, our Birth is onely theirs?
When baſe diſſembling Flatterers ſhall deceiue vs,
Of all our famous Anceſtors did leaue vs:
And of our Princely Iewels and our Dowres,
We but enioy the leaſt of what is ours; (Crownes,
When Minions heads muſt weare our Monarches
To rayſe vp Dunghils with our famous Townes;
When Beggers Brats are wrapt in rich Perfumes,
Their Buzzard wings impt with our Eagles Plumes;
And matcht with the braue Iſſue of our Bloud,
Alie the Kingdome to their crauand Brood.
Did *Long-ſhankes* purchaſe with his conquering hand,
Albania, Gaſcoyne, Cambria, Ireland?
That yong *Carnaruan* (his vnhappie Sonne)
Should giue away all that his Father wonne,
To backe a Stranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue Alies and Branches of the Crowne?
And did great *Edward* on his death-bed giue
This charge to them which afterwards ſhould liue,
That, that proud *Gaſcoyne* baniſhed the Land,
No more ſhould tread vpon the Engliſh Sand?
And haue theſe great Lords in the Quarrell ſtood,
And ſeal'd his laſt Will with their deareſt bloud,
That after all this fearefull Maſſacre,
The fall of *Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaſter,*
Another faithleſſe Fauourite ſhould ariſe,
To cloud the Sunne of our Nobilities?
And gloried I in *Gaueſtons* great fall,

That

That now a *Spencer* ſhould ſucceed in all?
And that his aſhes ſhould another breed,
Which in his place and Empire ſhould ſucceed;
That wanting one a Kingdomes wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left, this now ſhall make an end;
To waſte all that our Father wonne before,
Nor leaue our Sonne a Sword to conquer more?
Thus but in vaine we fondly doe reſiſt,
Where power can doe (euen) all things as it liſt,
And of our right with Tyrants to debate,
Lendeth them meanes to weaken our eſtate.
Whil'ſt Parlaments muſt remedie their wrongs,
And we attend for what to vs belongs;
Our wealth but fewell to their fond exceſſe,
We faſting ſtill to feaſt their wantonneſſe.
Think'ſt thou our wrongs then inſufficient are,
To mooue our Brother to Religious Warre?
And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for *Pontine*, *Guyne*, and *Aquitaine*;
And if not that, yet hath he broke the Truce.
Thus all accurre to put backe all excuſe.
The Siſters wrong ioyn'd with the Brothers right,
Me thinkes might vrge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe people ſenſeleſſe of our harmes,
Which for our Country oft haue manag'd Armes?
Is the braue Normans courage now forgot,
Or the bold Britaines loſt the vſe of ſhot?
The big-bon'd Almaines, and ſtout Brabanders,
Their warlike Pikes, and ſharpe-edg'd Semiters?
Or doe the Pickards let their Croſſe-bowes lie,
Once like the Centaures of old Theſſalie?

Or if a valiant Leader be their lacke,
Where thou art preſent, who ſhould driue them backe?
I doe coniure thee by what is moſt deare,
By that great name of Famous *Mortimer*,
By ancient *Wigmores* Honourable Creſt,
The Tombes where all thy Famous Grand-ſires reſt;
Or if then theſe, what more may thee approue,
Euen by thoſe vowes of thy vnfained loue,
That thy great hopes may mooue the Chriſtian King,
By forraigne Armes ſome comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of Traytours that rebell,
Againſt the right of Princely *Iſabel*.
Vaine witleſſe woman, why ſhould I deſire
To adde more heat to thy immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of hate,
To ſhake the pillars of thine owne eſtate,
VVhen whatſoeuer we intend to doe,
To our miſ-fortune euer ſorts vnto;
And nothing elſe remaines for vs beſide,
But teares and Coffins (onely) to prouide?
VVhen ſtill ſo long as Burrough beares that name,
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerued ſhame:
And whil'ſt cleere Trent her wonted courſe ſhall keepe,
For our ſad fall ſhe euermore ſhall weepe.
All ſee our ruine on our backes is throwne,
And we too weake to beare it out are growne:
Torlto that ſhould our buſineſſes direct,
The generall foe doth vehemently ſuſpect,
For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
VVhereon ſo many watchfully attend.
VVhat ſhould I ſay? My griefes doe ſtill renew,

And

And but beginne when I ſhould bid adiew.
Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And ſtill I ſtay, the more I ſtriue to goe.
Then till faire time ſome greater good affords,
Take my loues payment in theſe ayrie words.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

O how I fear'd that ſleepy Drinke I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent!

Mortimer being in the Towre, and ordaining a Feaſt in honour of his Birth-day, as hee pretended, and inuiting thereunto Sir *Stephen Segraue*, Conſtable of the Towre, with the reſt of the Officers belonging to the ſame, he gaue them a ſleepie Drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes hee got libertie for his eſcape.

I ſteale to Thames, *as though to take the Ayre,*
And aske the gentle ſtreame as it doth glide.

Mortimer being got out of the Towre, ſwamme the Riuer of *Thames* into Kent, whereof ſhe hauing intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three yeeres.

Did Bulloyne once a feſtiuall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicill and Nauarre?

Edward Carnarnan, the firſt Prince of Wales of the Engliſh Bloud, married *Iſabel*, Daughter of *Philip the Faire*, at Bulloyne, in the preſence of the Kings of Almaine, Nauarre, and Cicill, with the chiefe Nobilitie of France and England: which Marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding Pompe and Magnificence.

And in my place vpon his Regall Throne,
To ſet that Girle-Boy, wanton Gaueſton.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurious wantonneſſe of *Gaueſton*, the Kings Minion, his behauiour and attire euer ſo woman-like, to pleaſe the eye of his laſciuious Prince.

That a foule Witches Baſtard ſhould thereby.

It was vrged by the Queene, and the Nobilitie, in the diſgrace of *Pierce Gaueſton*, that his Mother was conuicted of Witch-craft, and burned for the ſame, and that *Pierce* had bewitched the King.

Albania, Gaſcoyne, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, ſo called of *Albanact*, the ſecond Sonne of *Brutus*; and *Cambria*, Wales, ſo called of *Camber*, the third Sonne, the foure Realmes and Countries, brought in ſubiection by *Edward Long-ſhankes*.

When of our Princely Iewels, and our Dowers,
We but enioy the leaſt of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigalitie of King *Edward*, giuing vnto *Gaueſton* the Iewels and Treaſure which was left him by the ancient Kings of England, and enriching him with the goodly Mannor of Wallingford, aſſigned as parcell of the Dower to the Queenes of this famous Ile.

And ioyn'd with the braue iſſue of our bloud,
Alie our Kingdome to their craued brood.

Edward the Second gaue to *Pierce Gaueſton* in Marriage, the Daughter of *Gilbert Clare*, Earle of Gloceſter, begot of the Kings Siſter, *Ione* of Acres, married to the ſaid Earle of Gloceſter.

Should giue away all that his Father wonne,
To backe a ſtranger.

King *Edward* offered his right in France to *Charles* his Brother-in-law, and his right in Scotland, to *Robert Bruſe*, to be aided againſt the Barons in the Quarrell of *Pierce Gaueſton*.

And did Great Edward *on his death-bed giue?*

Edward Long ſhankes, on his death-bed at Carlile, commanded yong *Edward* his Sonne, on his bleſſing, not to call backe *Gaueſton*, which (for the miſ-guiding of the Princes youth) was before baniſhed by the whole Councell of the Land.

That after all this fearefull Maſſaker,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaſter.

Thomas, Earle of Lancaſter, *Guy*, Earle of Warwicke, and *Henry*, Earle of Lincolne, who had taken their Oathes before the deceaſed King at his death, to withſtand his Sonne *Edward*, if hee ſhould call *Gaueſton* from Exile, being a thing which he much feared, now ſeeing *Edward* to violate his Fathers Commandement, riſe in Armes againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the Ciuill Warre, and the ruine of ſo many Princes.

And

And gloried I, in Gaueſtons *great fall,*
That now a Spencer *ſhould ſucceed in all?*

The two *Hugh Spencers*, the Father and the Sonne, after the death of *Gaueſton*, became the great Fauourites of the King, the Sonne being created by him Lord Chamberlaine, and the Father Earle of Winchester.

And if they were, yet Edward *doth detaine*
Homage for Pontine, Guyne, and Aquitaine.

Edward Lone-ſhankes did Homage for thoſe Cities and Territories to the French King, which *Edward* the Second neglecting, mooued the French King by the ſubornation of *Mortimer*, to ſeize thoſe Countries into his hands.

By ancient Wigmores *honourable Creſt.*

Wigmore, in the Marches of Wales, was the ancient Houſe of the *Mortimers*, that noble and couragious Family.

That ſtill ſo long as Borrough *beares that name.*

The Queene remembreth the great ouerthrow giuen to the Barons by *Andrew Herckley*, Earle of Carlile, at Borrough-bridge, after the Battaile at Burton.

And Torlton *now, whoſe counſels ſhould direct.*

This was *Adam Torlton*, Biſhop of Hereford, that great Politician, who ſo highly fauoured the Faction of the Queene, and *Mortimer*, whoſe euill counſell afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.

MORTIMER, to Queene ISABEL.

AS thy ſalutes my ſorrowes doe adiourne,
So backe to thee their int'reſt I returne;
Though not in ſo great bountie (I confeſſe)
As thy Heroicke Princely Lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath
Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death?
From Murthers rage, thou didſt me once depriue:

Now

Now in Exile my hopes thou doeſt reuiue;
Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue.
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I giue it backe to you;
Ne're my eſcape had I aduentur'd thus,
As did the skie-attempting *Dædalus*;
And yet to giue more ſafetie to my flight,
Had made a night of day, a day of night;
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,
Leauing the Cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazing eyes with feare to looke vpon;
But that thy beautie (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine.
Drawne by the Sunne of thy celeſtiall eyes,
With fierie wings made paſſage through the Skies,
The Heauens did ſeeme the charge of me to take,
And Sea and Land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtopt his tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadſt charg'd him that it ſhould be ſo;
The hollow murmuring windes their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the World, while all things ſlept;
One billow bore me, and another draue me,
This ſtroue to helpe me, and that ſtroue to ſaue me;
The briſling Reeds moou'd with the Ayre did chide me,
As they would tell me that they meant to hide me;
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heauie cheere,
And would not let one little Starre appeare,
But ouer all, her ſmokie Mantle hurl'd,
And in thicke vapours muffled vp the World;

And the pure Ayre became ſo calme and ſtill,
As he had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing diſpos'd vnto my reſt,
As is the Sea, when th' *Alcion* builds her neſt.
When thoſe rough waues which late with furie ruſht,
Slide ſmoothly on, and ſuddenly are huſht;
Nor *Neptune* lets his ſurges out ſo long,
As nature is in bringing forth her yong.
Nor let the *Spencers* glorie in my chance,
That I ſhould liue an Exile here in France:
That I from England baniſhed ſhould be,
But England rather baniſhed from me: (beare,
More were her want, France our great Bloud ſhould
Then Englands loſſe ſhould be to *Mortimer*.
My Grandſire was the firſt ſince *Arthurs* Raigne,
That the Round-Table rectified againe;
To whoſe great Court at Kenelworth did come,
The peereleſſe Knighthood of all Chriſtendome:
Whoſe Princely Order honoured England more,
Then all the Conqueſts ſhe atchiu'd before.
Neuer durſt Scot ſet foot on Engliſh ground,
Nor on his backe did Engliſh beare a wound,
Whil'ſt *Wigmore* flouriſh'd in our Princely hopes,
And whilſt our Enſignes march'd with *Edwards* troopes:
Whil'ſt famous *Long-ſhankes* bones (in Fortunes ſcorne)
As ſacred Reliques to the Field were borne;
Nor euer did the valiant Engliſh doubt,
Whil'ſt our braue Battailes garded them about,
Nor did our Wiues and wofull Mothers mourne,
The Engliſh Bloud that ſtained *Banocksburne*,
Whil'ſt with his Minions ſporting in his Tent,

Whole

Whole dayes and nights in banquetting were ſpent,
Vntill the Scots (which vnder ſafe-gard ſtood)
Made lauiſh hauocke of the Engliſh Bloud:
And battered Helmes lay ſcattered on the ſhore,
Where they in conqueſt had beene borne before.
A thouſand Kingdomes will we ſeeke from farre,
As many Nations waſte with Ciuill Warre,
Where the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-Nymph ſings,
Or well rigg'd Ships ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And dragge their anchors through the ſandy ſome,
About the World in euery Clime to rome,
And thoſe vnchriſt'ned Countries call our owne,
Where ſcarce the name of England hath beene knowne;
And in the Dead-Sea, ſinke our Houſes fame,
From whoſe ſterne waues we firſt deriu'd our name,
Before foule blacke-mouth'd Infamy ſhall ſing,
That *Mortimer* e're ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd Furie backe,
To ſeeke his ſpoyle, who ſought our vtter ſacke:
And come to beard him in our Natiue Ile,
E're he march forth to follow our Exile.
And after all the boyſt'rous ſtormie ſhockes,
Yet will we grapple with the chalkie Rockes:
Nor will we ſteale, like Pyrats, or like Theeues,
From Mountaines, Forreſts, or Sea-bordering Cleeues:
But fright the Ayre with terrour (when we come)
Of the ſterne Trumpet, and the bellowing Drumme:
And in the Field aduance our plumie Creſt,
And march vpon faire Englands flowrie breſt;
And Thames which once we for our life did ſwimme,
Shaking our dewie treſſes on his brimme,

Shall

Shall beare my Nauie; vaunting in her pride,
Falling from *Tanet* with the powerfull tide;
Which fertile *Essex*, and faire *Kent* shall see,
Spreading her Flags along the pleasant Lee,
When on her stemming Poope she proudly beares
The Famous Ensignes of the Belgicke Peeres,
And for the hatefull sacrilegious sinne,
Which by the Pope he stands accurs'ed in,
The Canon text shall haue a common glosse,
Receits in parcels, shall be paid in grosse.
This Doctrine preach'd, *Who from the Church doth take,*
At least shall treble restitution make.
For which Rome sends her Curses out from farre,
Through the sterne throat of terror-breathing Warre,
Till to th' vnpeopled shores she brings supplies,
Of those industrious Romane Colonies.
And for his Homage, by the which of old,
Proud *Edward*, *Guyne* and *Aquitaine* doth hold,
Charles, by inuasiue Armes againe shall take,
And send the English forces o're the Lake,
When *Edwards* fortune stands vpon this chance,
To lose in England, or expuls'd from France;
And all those Townes great *Long-shankes* left his Sonne,
Now lost, which once he fortunately wonne,
Within their strong perculliz'd Ports shall lie,
And from their wals his sieges shall defie,
And by that firme and vndissolued knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring French, and bord'ring Scot,
Bruse now shall bring his Red-shankes from the Seas,
From th' Iled Orcads, and the Hebrydes,
And to his Westerne Hauens giue free passe,

To

To land the *Kerne* and *Iriſh Galiglaſſe*,
Marching from *Tweede* to ſwelling *Humber* ſands,
Waſting along the Northerne nether lands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his power ſuſtaine,
Conſum'd with ſlaughter in his bloudie Raigne,
Our warlike Sword ſhall driue him from his Throne,
Where he ſhall lye for vs to tread vpon;
And thoſe great Lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized among'ſt the Engliſh Saints;
And by the ſuperſtitious people thought,
That by their Relikes, Miracles are wrought,
And thinke that Flouds much vertue doe retaine,
Which tooke the bloud of famous *Bohun* ſlaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
To make the people more abhorre their King.
Nor ſhall a *Spencer* (be he ne're ſo great)
Poſſeſſe our *Wigmore*, our renowned Seat,
To raze the ancient Trophies of our Race,
With our deſerts their Monuments to grace;
Nor ſhall he lead our valiant Marchers forth,
To make the *Spencers* famous in the North;
Nor be the Gardants of the Brittiſh pales,
Defending England, and preſeruing Wales.
At firſt our troubles eaſily recul'd;
But now growne head-ſtrong hardly to be rul'd;
Deliberate counſell needs vs to direct,
Where not, (euen) plaineneſſe frees vs from ſuſpect.
By thoſe miſ-haps our errous that attend,
Let vs our faults ingenuouſly amend.
Then (Deare) repreſſe all peremptorie ſpleene,
Be more then women, as you are a Queene.

Smo-

Smother thoſe ſparkes, too quickly elſe would burne,
Till time produce what now it doth reiourne.
Till when, great Queene, I leaue you (though awhile)
Liue you in reſt, nor pittie my Exile.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death.

Roger Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, had ſtood publikely condemned, for his Inſurrection with *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter, and *Bohun* Earle of Hereford, by the ſpace of three Moneths: and as the report went, the day of his Execution was determined to haue beene ſhortly, which he preuented by his eſcape.

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue.

At what time the two *Mortimers*, this *Roger* Lord of Wigmore, and his vncle *Roger Mortimer* the elder, were apprehended in the Weſt, the Queene by meanes of *Torlton* Biſhop of Hereford, and *Becke* Biſhop of Dureſme, and Patriarke of Ieruſalem, being then both mightie in ſtate, vpon the ſubmiſſion of the *Mortimers*, ſomewhat pacified the King, and now ſecondly ſhee wrought meanes for his eſcape.

Leauing the Cords to tell where I had gone.

With ſtrong Ladders made of Cords prouided him for the purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Towre, which when the ſame were found faſtened to the walls, in ſuch a deſperate attempt, they bred aſtoniſhment to the beholders.

Nor let the Spencers *glory in my chance.*

The two *Hugh Spencers*, the Father, and the Sonne, then being ſo highly fauoured of the King, knew that their greateſt ſafetie came by his Exile, whoſe high and turbulent ſpirit could neuer brooke any corriuall in greatneſſe.

My Grandſire was the firſt ſince Arthurs *Raigne,*
That the Round-Table reſtiſied againe.

Roger

Sr *Roger Mortimer*, called the great Lord *Mortimer*, Grand-father to this *Roger*, which was afterward the first Earle of March, erected againe the Round-Table at Kenelworth, after the ancient Order of King *Arthurs* Table, with the retinue of an hundred Knights, and an hundred Ladies in his House, for the entertaining of such Aduenturers, as came thither from all parts of Christendome.

Whilest famous Long-shankes *bones in Fortunes scorne.*

Edward Long-shankes willed at his death, that his body should bee boyled, the flesh from the bones, and that the bones should be borne to the Warres in Scotland, which bee was perswaded vnto by a Prophesie, which told that the English should still be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones were carried in the Field.

The English bloud that stained Banocksburne.

In the great Voyage *Edward* the Second made against the Scots, at the Battell at Striueling, neere vnto the Riuer of Banocksburne in Scotland, where there were in the English Campe such banquetting and exceesse, such ryot and misorder, that the Scots, (who in the meane time laboured for aduantage) gaue to the English a great ouerthrow.

And in the Dead-Sea sinke our Houses fame.

From whose, &c.

Mortimer, so called of *Mare mortuum*, and in French *Mortimer*, in English the *Dead-Sea*, which is said to bee where Sodome and Gomorra once were, before they were destroyed with fire from Heauen.

And for that hatefull sacrilegious sin,
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in.

Gaustellinus and *Lucas*, two Cardinals, sent into England from Pope *Clement*, to appease the ancient hate betweene the King and *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster, to whose Embassie the King seemed to yeeld, but after their departure hee went backe from his promises, for the which he was accursed at Rome.

Of those industrious Romane Colonies.

A Colony is a sort or number of people, that come to inhabit a place before not inhabited, whereby he seemes here to prophesie of the subuersion of the Land, the Pope ioyning with the Power of other Princes against *Edward*, for the breach of his promise.

Charles, *by inuasiue Armes againe shall take.*

Charles

Charles the French King, mooued by the wrong done vnto his Sister, seiseth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by *Mortimer*, who solicited her cause in France, as is expressed before in the other Epistle, in the Glosse vpon this point.

And those great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized among the English Saints.

After the death of *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his Reliques: as they did of the body of *Bohune* Earle of Hereford, slaine at Borough bridge.

FINIS.

P To

TO MY WORTHY AND HONORED FRIEND, SIR *WALTER ACTON* Knight of the BATH.

SIR, though without ſuſpition of flatterie I might in more ample and free termes, intimate my affection vnto you, yet hauing ſo ſenſible a taſte of your generous and noble diſpoſition, which without this habite of ceremonie can eſtimate my loue: I will rather affect breuitie, though it ſhould ſeeme my fault, then by my tedious complement, to trouble mine owne opinion ſettled in your iudgement and diſcretion. I make you the Patrone of this Epiſtle of the BLACKE PRINCE, *which I pray you accept, till more eaſie houres may offer vp from me ſome thing more worthy of your view, and my trauell.*

Yours truely deuoted,

MICH. DRAYTON.

EDWARD the *Blacke Prince* to ALICE Countesse of Salisburie.

THE ARGVMENT.

ALICE *Countesse of Salisburie, remayning at Roxborough Castle in the North, in the absence of the Earle her husband, who was by the Kings comand sent ouer into Flanders, and there deceased ere his returne. This Lady being besieged in her Castle by the Scots,* EDWARD *the* Blacke Prince *being sent by the King his Father, to relieue the North-parts with an Armie, and to remoue the siege of Roxborough, there fell in loue with the Countesse; when after she returned to London, he sought by diuers and sundrie meanes to winne her to his youthfull pleasures, as by forcing the Earle of Kent her Father, and her Mother, vnnaturally to become his Agents in his vaine desire; where after a long and assured triall of her inuincible constancie, he taketh her to his wife, to which end he onely frameth this Epistle.*

REceiue these Papers from thy wofull Lord,
With farre more woes then they with wordes are stor'd,
Which if thine eye with rashnes doe reproue,
They'le say they came from that imperious loue.
In euery letter thou may'st vnderstand,
Which loue hath sign'd and sealed with his hand;
And where to farther processe he refers,
In blots set downe, for others Characters,
This cannot blush, although you doe refuse it;

Nor will reply how euer you ſhall vſe it;
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid deſpaire,
This ſtill entreats you, this ſtill ſpeakes you faire;
Haſt thou a liuing ſoule? a humane ſenſe;
To like, diſlike, proue, order, and diſpence,
The depth of reaſon, ſoundly to aduiſe,
To loue things good, things hurtfull to deſpiſe;
The touch of iudgement, which ſhould all things proue,
And haſt thou toucht, yet not allow'ſt my loue?
Sound moues his ſound, voice doth beget his voyce,
One Eccho makes another to reioyce,
One well-tun'd ſtring ſet truely to his like,
Strucke neere at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then that our affections iarre?
What oppoſition doth beget this warre?
I know that Nature frankly to thee gaue
That meaſure of her bountie that I haue,
And with that ſenſe ſhe likewiſe to vs lent
Each one his organ, each his inſtrument,
But euery one, becauſe it is thine owne,
Doth prize it ſelfe, vnto it ſelfe alone.
Thy daintie hand, when it, it ſelfe doth touch,
That feeling tells it, there was neuer ſuch.
When in thy glaſſe, thine eye it ſelfe doth ſee,
That thinkes there's none like to it ſelfe can bee,
And euery one doth iudge it ſelfe diuine,
Becauſe that thou doſt challenge it for thine;
And each it ſelfe, *Narciſſus*-like doth ſmother,
And loues it ſelfe, not like to any other;
Fie, be not burn'd thus in thine owne deſire,
'Tis needleſſe, beautie ſhould it ſelfe admire:

The

The Sunne, by which all creatures lightned bee,
And ſeeth all, it ſelfe yet cannot ſee;
And his owne brightneſſe his owne foile is made,
And is to vs the cauſe of his owne ſhade.
When firſt thy beautie by mine eye was prou'd,
It ſaw not then ſo much to be belou'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each looke of one, doth many beauties make:
In little circlets firſt it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine eyes,
And in this gyring compaſſe as it goes,
So more and more the ſame in greatneſſe growes,
And as it yet at libertie is let,
The motion ſtill doth other formes beget;
Vntill at length looke any way I could,
Nothing there was but beautie to behold.
Art thou offended that thou art belou'd?
Remoue the cauſe, th'effect is ſoone remou'd,
Indent with Beautie how farre to extend,
Set downe Deſire a limit where to end;
Then charme thine eyes, their glances ſhall not wound,
And teach the ſenſe the depth of loue to ſound:
If thou doe this, nay then thou ſhalt doe more,
And bring to paſſe what neuer was before;
Make Anguiſh ſportiue, crauing all delight,
Mirth ſolemne, ſullen, and inclin'd to night;
Ambition lowly, Enuie ſpeaking well,
Loue, his reliefe of niggardize to ſell;
Our war-like fathers did theſe Forts deuiſe,
As ſureſt holds againſt our enemies,
The ſafeſt places for your ſexe to reſt,

Feare ſoone is ſettled in a womans breſt,
Thy breſt is of another temper farre,
And then thy Caſtle fitter for the warre,
Thou doſt not ſafely in thy Caſtle reſt,
Thy Caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy breſt,
That keepes out foes, but doth thy friends incloſe,
But thy breſt keepes out both thy friends and foes;
That may be batter'd, or vndermin'd,
Or by ſtraight ſiege, for want of ſuccour pin'd;
But thy heart is inuincible to all,
And more defenſiue then thy Caſtle wall;
Of all the ſhapes that euer *Ioue* did proue,
Wherewith he vs'd to entertaine his loue;
That likes me beſt, when in a golden ſhower,
He rain'd himſelfe on *Danae* in her Tower:
Nor did I euer enuy his command,
In that he beares the thunder in his hand;
But in that ſhowrie ſhape I cannot bee,
And as he came to her, I come to thee,
Thy Tower with foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without,
One haire of thine more vigor doth retaine,
To binde thy foe, then with an yron chaine;
Who might be gyu'd in ſuch a golden ſtring,
Would not be captiue though he were a King:
Hadſt thou all India heap'd vp in thy Fort,
And thou thy ſelfe beſieged in that ſort.
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'le follow thee, and let the treaſure lie.
I cannot thinke what force thy Tower ſhould win,
If thou thy ſelfe doſt guard the ſame within;

Thine

Thine eye retaines Artillerie at will,
To kill who euer thou deſir'ſt to kill;
For that alone more deepely wounds their hearts,
Then they can thee, though with a thouſand darts;
For there entrenched little *Cupid* lies,
And from thoſe Turrets all the world defies:
And when thou letſt downe that tranſparent lid,
Of entrance, there an Armie doth forbid.
And as for famine thou needſt neuer feare,
Who thinks of want when thou art preſent there?
Thy onely ſight giues ſpirit vnto the blood,
And comforts life though neuer taſting food.
And as thy Souldiers kept their watch and ward,
So chaſtitie thy inward breſt doth guard;
Thy modeſt pulſe ſerues as a Larum bell,
Which watched by a wakefull Sentinell,
Is ſtirred ſtill with euery little feare,
Warning, if any enemie be neare.
Thy vertuous thoughts, when all the others reſt,
Like carefull Skowts paſſe vp and downe thy breſt,
And ſtill they round about that place doe keepe,
Whilſt all the bleſſed Garriſon doe ſleepe:
But yet I feare, if that the truth were told,
That thou haſt robb'd, and fly'ſt into this hold:
I thought as much, and didſt this Fort deuiſe,
That thou in ſafetie here mightſt tyrannize.
Yes, thou haſt robb'd the heauen and earth of all,
And they againſt thy lawleſſe theft doe call;
Thine eyes with mine, that wage continuall warres,
Borrow their brightneſſe of the twinkling ſtarres;
Thy breath, for which mine ſtill in ſighes conſumes,

Hath rob'd ſweet flowers, rich odors, and perfumes,
Thy cheeke, for which mine all this penance proues,
Steales the pure whitenes both from Swans and Doues.
Thy lips from mine that in thy maske be pent,
Haue filch'd the bluſhing from the Orient;
O mightie Loue! bring hither all thy power,
And fetch this heauenly Thiefe out of her Tower,
For if ſhee may be ſuffred in this ſort,
Heauens ſtore will ſoone be horded in this Fort.
When I arriu'd before that ſeate of loue,
And ſaw thee on that battlement aboue,
I thought there was no other heauen but there,
And thou an Angell didſt from thence appeare.
But when my reaſon did reproue mine eye,
That thou wert ſubiect to mortalitie,
I then excus'd what er'ſt the Scot had done,
No maruell though he would the Fort haue wonne;
Perceiuing well thoſe enuious walls did hide,
More wealth then was in all the world beſide;
Againſt thy foe, I came to lend thee aide,
And thus to thee my ſelfe, my ſelfe betrai'de,
He is beſieg'd, the ſiege that came to raiſe,
There's no aſſault that not my breſt aſſayes.
Loue growne extreme, doth finde vnlawfull ſhifts,
The gods take ſhapes, and doe allure with gifts,
Commanding *Ione*, that by great *Styx* doth ſweare,
Forſworne in loue, with louers Oathes doth beare,
Loue cauſeleſſe ſtill, doth aggrauate his cauſe,
It is his law to violate all lawes;
His reaſon is in onely wanting reaſon,
And were vntrue, not deepely touch'd with treaſon;

Th'vn-

Th'vnlawfull meanes, doth make his lawfull gayne,
He speakes most true, when he the most doth fayne;
Pardon the faults that haue escap'd by mee,
Against faire vertue, chastitie, and thee:
If gods can their owne excellence excell,
Is it in pardoning mortals that rebell?
When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,
And all thy sexe made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captiue shall be brought hereby,
To adorne the triumph of thy chastity:
I sue not now thy Paramour to bee,
But as a husband to be link'd to thee.
I am Englands Heire, I thinke thou wilt confesse,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope I am no lesse;
But that thy birth doth make thy stocke diuine,
Else durst I boast my bloud as good as thine,
Disdayne me not, nor take my loue in scorne,
Whose brow a Crowne hereafter may adorne.
But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, restore;
Onely I craue, what e're I did intend,
In faithfull loue, now happily may end.
Farewell, sweet Lady, so well maist thou fare,
To equall ioy with measure of my care;
Thy vertues more then mortall tongue can tell,
A thousand-thousand times farewell, farewell.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Receiue these Papers from thy wofull Lord.

Bandello by whom this Historie was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples custome in that clime, rather to faile some-

ſometime in the truth of circumſtance, then to forgoe the grace of their conceit, in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the Satyriſt,

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in hiſtoria.

Thinking it to be a greater tryall, that a Counteſſe ſhould bee ſued vnto by a King, then by the ſonne of a King, and conſequently that the honour of her chaſtitie ſhould bee the more, hath cauſed it to bee geuerally taken ſo: but as by *Polydore*, *Fabian*, and *Froiſard* appeares, the contrarie is true. Yet may *Bandello* be very well excuſed, as being a ſtranger, whoſe errors in the truth of our Hiſtorie, are not ſo materiall, that they ſhould neede an inuective, leſt his wit ſhould be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not leſſe, were euery part a fiction. Howbeit, leſt a common error ſhould preuaile againſt a truth, theſe Epiſtles are conceiued in thoſe perſons, who were indeed the actors: To wit, *Edward*, ſirnamed the *Blacke Prince*, not ſo much of his complexion, as of the diſmall battels which he fought in *France*, (in like ſenſe as wee may ſay, *A blacke day*, for ſome tragicall euent, though the Sunne ſhine neuer ſo bright therein.) And *Alice* the Counteſſe of *Salisburie*, who, as it is certaine, was beloued of Prince *Edward*; ſo it is as certaine, that many points now current in the receiued ſtorie, can neuer hold together with likelyhood of ſuch enforcement, had it not beene ſhaded vnder the title of a King.

And when thou letſt downe that tranſparent lid.

Not that the lid is tranſparent, for no part of the skinne is tranſparent, but for that the gemme which that cloſure is ſaid to containe is tranſparent, for otherwiſe how could the minde vnderſtand by the eye? ſhould not the Images ſlide through the ſame, and repleniſh the ſtage of the phantaſie? But this belongs to *Opticks*. The Latines call the eye-lid *Cilium* (I will not ſay of *Celando*) as the eye-brow *Supercilium*, and the haire on the eye-lids *Palpebræ*, perhaps *Quod palpitet*, all which haue their diſtinct and neceſſarie vſes.

ALICE

ALICE Counteſſe of Salisburie to the BLACKE PRINCE.

AS one would grant; yet gladly would deny,
'Twixt hope and feare I doubtfully reply,
A womans weakeneſſe, leſt I ſhould diſcouer,
Anſwering a Prince, and writing to a Louer;
And ſome ſay Loue with Reaſon doth diſpence,
And wreſts our plaine wordes to another ſenſe:
Thinke you not then, poore women had not neede,
Be well aduis'd to write, what men ſhould reade,
When being ſilent mouing but awry,
Giues cauſe of ſcandall and of obloquie?
Whilſt in our hearts our ſecret thoughts abide,
Th' inuenom'd tongue of ſlander yet is ti'de;
But if once ſpoke, deliuered vp to Fame,
Her's the report, but ours returnes the ſhame.
About to write, yet newly entring in,
Me thinkes I end, ere I can well begin;
When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
And then me thinkes I ſhould haue more to ſay;
And ſome one thing remayneth in my breſt,
For want of wordes that cannot be expreſt;
What I would ſay; as ſaid to thee I faine,
Then in thy perſon I reply againe,
Then in thy cauſe, vrge all I can obiect.
Then what againe mine honor muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundrie paſſions doe I trie?
Striuing to hate, you forcing contrarie;

Being

Being a Prince, I blame you not to proue,
The greater reaſon to obtaine your loue.
That greatneſſe which doth challenge no deniall,
The onely Teſt that doth allow my triall:
Edward ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capitall.
To men is granted priuiledge to tempt,
But in that Charter women be exempt:
Men winne vs not, except we giue conſent;
Againſt our ſelues, except our ſelues are bent.
Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
You proue not falſe, except we be vntrue;
It is your vertue, being men, to trie,
And it is ours by vertue to denie.
Your fault it ſelfe ſerues for the faults excuſe,
And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
Beautie a begger, fie it is too bad,
When in it ſelfe ſufficiencie is had,
Not made a Lure t'intice the wandring eye,
But an Attire t'adorne ſweet modeſtie.
If modeſtie and women once doe ſeuer,
We may bid farewell to our fame for euer.
Let *Iohn* and *Henry*, *Edwards* inſtance be,
Matilda and faire *Roſamond* for me:
Alike both woo'd, alike ſu'd to be wonne,
Th'one by the father, th'other by the ſonne;
Henry obtayning, did our weakeneſſe wound,
And layes the fault on wanton *Roſamond*;
Matilda chaſte, in life and death all one,
By her deniall layes the fault on *Iohn*;
By theſe we proue men acceſſarie ſtill,

But

But women onely Principals of ill.
What praise is ours, but what our vertues get?
If they be lent, so much we be in debt,
Whilst our owne honors Vertue doth defend,
All force too weake, what euer men pretend;
If all the world else, should suborne our fame,
'Tis we our selues that ouerthrow the same;
And how so e're, although by force you winne,
Yet on our weakenesse still returnes the sinne.
A vertuous Prince, who doth not *Edward* call?
And shall I then be guiltie of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Then such a sinne vpon my soule should lie.
Where is great *Edward?* whither is he led?
At whose victorious name whole armies fled.
Is that braue spirit, that conquer'd so in France,
Thus ouercome, and vanquisht with a glance?
Is that great heart, that did aspire so hie,
So soone transperced with a womans eie?
He that a King at Poictiers battell tooke,
Himselfe led captiue with a wanton looke?
Twice as a Bride to Church I haue beene led,
Twice haue two Lords enioy'd my Bridall bed;
How can that beautie yet be vndestroy'd,
That yeeres haue wasted, and two men emoy'd,
Or should be thought fit for a Princes store,
Of which two subiects were possest before?
Let *Spaine*, let *France*, or *Scotland* so preferre
Their infant Queenes, for *Englands* Dowager,
That bloud should be much more than halfe diuine,
That should be equall euery way with thine:

Yet

Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reproue you,
As mine owne life, so dearely doe I loue you.
My noble husband, which so loued you,
That gentle Lord, that reuerend *Mountague*,
Ne're mothers voyce did please her babe so well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell;
I haue made short the houres that time made long,
And chain'd mine eares vnto his pleasing tongue,
My lips haue waited on your praises worth,
And snatcht his words ere he could get them forth:
When he had spoke, and something by the way,
Hath broke off that he was about to say;
I kept in minde where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him the residue to tell;
Oft he would say, How sweet a Prince is he!
When I haue prais'd him but for praysing thee,
And to proceed, I would intreat and woo,
And yet to ease him, helpe to prayse thee too:
Must she be forc'd to exclaime th'iniurious wrong,
Offred by him, whom she had lou'd so long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost sweare,
Edward will blush when he his fault shall heare.
Iudge now that time doth youths desire asswage,
And reason mildely quench the fire of rage.
By vpright iustice let my cause be tride,
And be thou iudge if I not iustly chide,
That not my fathers graue and reuerend yeares,
When on his knee he begg'd me with his teares,
By no perswasions possibly could winne,
To free himselfe as guiltlesse of my sinne.
The woe for me my mother did abide,

Whose

Whose sute (but you) there's none could haue deny'd.
Your lustfull rage your tyrannie could stay;
Mine Honors ruine further to delay:
Haue I not lou'd you? let the truth be showne,
That still preseru'd your honor with mine owne.
Had your fond will, your foule desires preuayl'd,
When you by them my chastitie assayl'd:
Though this no way could haue excus'd my fault,
True vertue neuer yeelded to assault:
Yet what a thing were this it should be said,
My Parents sinne should to your charge be laid:
And I haue gainde my libertie with shame,
To saue my life, made shipwracke of my name?
Did *Roxborough* once vaile her towring Fane,
To thy braue Ensigne, on the Northerne plaine?
And to thy Trumpet sounding from thy Tent,
Often replide (as to my succour sent)
And did receiue thee as my Soueraigne Liege,
Comming to aide, thou should'st againe beseige,
To raise a Foe, but for my treasure came,
To plant a Foe, to take my honest name;
Vnder pretence to haue remou'd the Scot,
And would'st haue won more then he could haue got;
That did ingirt me readie still to flie,
But thou laid'st batt'ry to my chastitie:
O modestie, did'st thou me not restraine,
How could I chide you in this angrie vaine!
A Princes name (heauen knowes) I doe not craue,
To haue those honors *Edwards* Spouse should haue,
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
In my chaste brest to harbour such a thought.

As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
An Empresse place by mightie *Edwards* side,
Of all the most vnworthy of that grace,
To waite on her that should enioy that place.
But if that loue, Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equall his vertues and my chaste desire:
If it be such as we may iustly vant,
A Prince may sue for, and a Lady grant:
If it be such as may suppresse my wrong,
That from your vaine vnbrideled youth hath sprong,
That faith I send, that I from you receaue,
The rest vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Twice as a Bride I haue to Church beene led.

THe two Husbands of which shee makes mention, obiecting Bigamy against herselfe, as being therefore not meet to be married with a Batcheler-Prince, were Sir *Thomas Holland* Knight, and Sir *William Montague*, afterward made Earle of Salisburie.

That not my Fathers graue and reuerend yeeres.

A thing incredible, that any Prince should be so vniust to vse the Fathers meanes for the corruption of the Daughters chastitie, though so the Historie importeth, her Father being so honorable, and a man of so singular desert, though *Polydore* would haue her thought to be *Iane*, the Daughter to *Edmund* Earle of Kent, Vncle to *Edward* the Third, beheaded in the Protectorship of *Mortimer*, that dangerous Alpirer.

And I haue gayn'd my libertie with shame.

Roxborough is a Castle in the North, mis-termed by *Bandello*, Salisbury Castle, because the King had giuen it to the Earle of Salisburie, in which, her Lord being absent, the Countesse by the Scots was besieged, who by the comming of the English Armie were remoued. Here first the Prince saw her, whose libertie had beene

beene gayned by her shame, had shee beene drawne by dishoneſt loue to ſatisfie his appetite, but by her moſt praiſe-worthy conſtancie, ſhee conuerted that humor in him to an honorable purpoſe, and obtayned the true reward of her admired vertues.

The reſt vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

Leſt any thing be left out which were worth the Relation, it ſhall not be impertinent to annexe the opinions that are vttered concerning her, whoſe name is ſaid to haue beene *Ælips*, but that being reiected, as a name vnknowne among vs, *Froiſara* is rather beleeued, who calleth her *Alice*. *Polydore* contrariwiſe, as before is declared, names her *Iane*, who by Prince *Edward* had iſſue, *Edward* dying yong, and *Richard* the Second King of *England*, though (as he ſaith) ſhee was diuorced afterwards, becauſe within the degrees of conſanguinitie prohibiting to marry: the truth whereof I omit to diſcuſſe. Her husband the Lord *Montague*, being ſent ouer into *Flanders* by King *Edward*, was taken priſoner by the *French*, and not returning, left his Counteſſe a widdow, in whoſe bed ſucceeded Prince *Edward*, to whoſe laſt and lawfull requeſt, the reioyceſull Ladie ſends this louing anſwere.

FINIS.

To the right Honorable and my very good Lord, EDWARD Earle of BEDFORD.

THrice Noble and my gracious Lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the Illustrious House of BEDFORD, *and to the Honorable Familie of the* HARINGTONS, *to the which by marriage your Lordship is happily vnited, hath long since deuoted my true and zealous affection to your Honorable seruice, and my Poems to the protection of my Noble Ladie, your Countesse; to whose seruice I was first bequeathed, by that learned and accomplished Gentle-man,* SIR HENRIE GOODERE, *(not long since deceased) whose I was, whilest he was, whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedlesse and vnstayed youth. That excellent and matchlesse Gentle-man, was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had beene by his death left a poore Orphane to the world, had he not before bequeathed it to that Ladie, whom he so dearely loued. Vouchsafe then, my deare Lord, to accept this Epistle, which I dedicate as zealously, as (I hope) you will Patronize willingly, vntill some more acceptable seruice may be witnesse of my loue to your Honor.*

Your Lordships euer,

MICH. DRAYTON.

Queene ISABEL to RICHARD the second.

THE ARGVMENT.

Queene ISABEL *(the daughter of* CHARLES *King of France) being the second wife of* RICHARD *the second, the sonne of* EDVVARD *the Blacke-Prince, the eldest sonne of King* EDVVARD *the third. After the said* RICHARD *her husband was deposed from his Crowne and Kingly dignitie by* HENRY *Duke of Herford, the eldest sonne of* IOHN *of* Gaunt *Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of* EDVVARD *the third: this Lady being then very young, was sent backe againe into France, without dowry, at what time the deposed King her husband was sent from the Tower of London (as a prisoner) vnto Pomfret Castle. Whither this poore Lady bewailing her husbands misfortunes, writeth this Epistle from France.*

AS doth the yeerely *Augure* of the Spring
In depth of woe, thus I my sorrow sing;
Words tun'd with sighes, teares falling oft among,
A dolefull burthen to a heauie song:
Words issue forth to find my griefe some way,
Teares ouertake them, and doe bid them stay;
Thus whil'st one striues to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, now are both too slacke,
If fatall *Pomfret* hath in former time
Nourisht the griefe of that vnnaturall clime,

Thither I ſend my ſorrowes to be fed,
Then where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto *France* be Aliens and vnknowne,
England from her doth challenge theſe her owne,
They ſay all miſchiefe commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth;
But why ſhould I thus limit Griefe a place,
When all the world is fill'd without diſgrace?
And we in bonds thus ſtriuing to contayne it,
The more reſiſts, the more we doe reſtrayne it.
Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe ſpyes,
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that vnwares did looke
Vpon that Traytor *Henry Bullingbrooke?*
But that exceſſe of ioy my ſenſe bereau'd
So much, my ſight had neuer beene deceau'd.
Oh how vnlike to my lou'd Lord was hee
Whom raſhly I, ſweet *Richard*, tooke for thee?
I might haue ſeene the Courſers ſelfe did lacke
That Princely Rider ſhould beſtride his backe,
He that (ſince Nature her great worke began)
Shee onely made the mirror of a man,
That when ſhee meant to forme ſome matchleſſe lim,
Still for a patterne tooke ſome part of him,
And iealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
In his proportion done the beſt ſhee could.
Oh let that day be guiltie of all ſinne,
That is to come, or heretofore hath beene,
Wherein great *Norfolkes* forward courſe was ſtaid,
To proue the Treaſons he to *Herford* laid,
When (with ſterne furie) both theſe Dukes enrag'd.

Their

Their warlike Gloues at *Couentry* engag'd,
When firſt thou didſt repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray* as thy Combatant,
From his vn-numbred houres let time diuide it,
Leſt in his minutes he ſhould hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to beare it,
That when it comes, all other houres may feare it,
And all ill-boding Planets by conſent,
In it may hold their dreadfull Parlament,
Be it in heauens decrees enrolled thus,
Blacke, diſmall, fatall, inauſpitious:
Proud *Herford* then in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbraies* valiant hand had dyde;
Nor ſhould not thus from baniſhment retire,
The fatall brand to ſet our *Troy* on fire.
O why did *Charles* releeue his needie ſtate?
A vagabond and ſtragling run-agate;
And in his Court, with grace did entertayne
This vagrant Exile, this abiected *Caine*,
Who with a thouſand Mothers curſes went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten yeeres baniſhment.
When thou to *Ireland* took'ſt thy laſt farewell,
Millions of knees vpon the pauements fell,
And euery where th'applauding Ecchoes ring,
The ioyfull ſhowts that did ſalute a King;
Thy parting hence, what pompe did not adorne?
At thy returne, who laugh'd thee not to ſcorne?
Who to my Lord one looke vouchſafde to lend,
Then all too few on *Herford* to attend.
Princes (like Sunnes) be euermore in ſight,
All ſee the cloudes betwixt them and their light;

Yet they which lighten all downe from their skies,
See not the clouds offending others eyes,
And deeme their noone-tide is desir'd of all,
When all expect cleere changes by their fall.
What colour seemes to shadow *Herfords* claime,
When law and right his fathers hopes doe maime?
Affirm'd by Church-men (which should beare no hate)
That *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed mothers tongue did spot,
By a base Flemmish Boore to be begot,
Whom *Edwards* Eaglets mortally did shunne,
Daring with them to gaze against the Sunne.
Where lawfull right and conqueſt doth allow,
A triple Crowne on *Richards* Princely brow,
Three Kingly Lions beares his bloudie field,
No bastards marke doth blot his conquering shield,
Neuer durst he attempt our hapleſſe shore,
Nor set his foot on fatall *Rauenspore*;
Nor durst his slugging Hulkes approach the strand,
Nor stoope a Top as signall to the land,
Had not the *Percies* promis'd ayde to bring,
Against their oath vnto their lawfull King,
Against their faith vnto our Crownes true heire,
Their valiant kinsman *Edmund Mortimer*;
When I to England came, a world of eyes
Like starres attended on my faire arise,
At my decline like angry Planets frowne,
And all are set before my going downe;
The smooth-fac'd ayre did on my comming smile,
But with rough stormes are driuen to exile;
But *Bullingbrooke* deuis'd we thus should part,

Fearing

Fearing two sorrowes should possesse our heart;
To make affliction stronger, doth denie,
That one poore comfort left our miserie,
He had before diuorc'd thy Crowne and thee,
Which might suffice, and not to widdow mee,
But that to proue the vtmost of his hate,
To make our fall the greater by our state.
Oh would *Aumerle* had sunke when he betray'd
The complot, which that holy Abbot layd;
When he infring'd the oath which he first tooke,
For thy reuenge on periur'd *Bullingbrooke*;
And beene the ransome of our friends deare blood,
Vntimely lost, and for the earth too good;
And we vntimely doe bewaile our state,
They gone too soone, and we remayne too late.
And though with teares I from my Lord depart,
This curse on *Herford* fall, to ease my heart:
If the foule breach of a chaste nuptiall bed,
May bring a curse, my curse light on his head;
If murthers guilt with bloud may deeply stayne,
Greene, *Scroope*, and *Bushie* dye his fault in grayne;
If periurie may heauens pure gates debar,
Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster;
If the deposing of a lawfull King,
Thy curse condemne him, if no other thing;
If these disioyn'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited strongly curse him all.
And for the *Percyes* heauen may heare my prayer,
That *Bullingbrooke* now plac'd in *Richards* chayer;
Such cause of woe vnto their wiues may be,
As those rebellious Lords haue beene to me.

And that proud Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad eyne,
With as ſalt teares as I haue done for mine,
And mourne for *Henrie Hotſpur*, her deare ſonne,
As I for my ſweet *Mortimer* haue done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſte perpetuall baniſhment.
Then loſe thy care, when firſt thy Crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo dearely, for it dearely coſt.
And ſith they did of libertie depriue thee,
Burying thy hope, let not thy care out-liue thee.
But hard (God knowes) with ſorrow doth it goe,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe;
Yet much me thinkes of comfort I could ſay,
If from my heart ſome feares were rid away:
Something there is which tells me ſtill of woe,
But what it is, that heauen aboue doth know;
Griefe to it ſelfe moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
And neuer yet was ſorrow void of feare;
But yet in death doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And with this farewell wiſh thee happy reſt.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

If fatall Pomfret *hath in former time.*

Pomfret Caſtle, euer a fatall place to the Princes of *England*, and moſt ominous to the bloud of *Plantagenet*.

Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſſe, &c.

When *Bullingbrooke* returned to *London* from the Weſt, bring-

ing

ing *Richard* a priſoner with him, the Queene, who little knew of her husbands hard ſucceſſe, ſtayed to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue ſeene her husband thus led in triumph by his Foe, and now ſeeming to hate her eyes, that ſo much had graced her mortall enemie.

Wherein great Norfolkes *forward courſe was ſtaide.*

Shee remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of *Herford* and *Norfolke* at *Couentry*, vrging the iuſtneſſe of *Mowbrayes* quarrell againſt the Duke of *Herford*, and the faithfull aſſurance of his victorie.

O why did Charles *releeue his needie ſtate?*
A vagabond, &c.

Charles the *French* King her Father, receiued the Duke of *Herford* in his Court, and releeued him in *France*, being ſo neerely allyed as Couſin German to King *Richard* his Sonne in law, which he did ſimply, little thinking that he ſhould after returne into *England*, and diſpoſſeſſe King *Richard* of the Crowne.

When thou to Ireland *took'ſt thy laſt farewell.*

King *Richard* made a voyage with his Armie into *Ireland*, againſt *Onel* and *Mackemur*, which rebelled, at what time *Henrie* entred here at home, and rob'd him of all Kingly dignitie.

Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beare no hate)
That Iohn *of* Gaunt *was illegitimate.*

William Wickham in the great quarrell betwixt *Iohn* of *Gaunt* and the Clergie, of meere ſpite and malice (as it ſhould ſeeme) reported, That the Queene confeſſed to him on her death-bed, being then her Confeſſor, that *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was the ſonne of a *Flemming*, and that ſhee was brought to bed of a Woman-childe at *Gaunt*, which was ſmothered in the Cradle by miſchance, and that ſhee obtayned this childe of a poore woman, making the King beleeue it was her owne, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure. *Fox ex. chron. Alban.*

No baſtards marke doth blot our conquering ſhield.

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of *Richard*, his right vnto the Crowne of *England*, as carrying the Armes without blot or difference.

Againſt their faith vnto the Crownes true Heire,
Their noble Kinſman, &c.

Edmund

Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, ſonne of Earle *Roger Mortimer*, which was ſonne to Lady *Philip*, Daughter to *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne to King *Edward* the Third, which *Edmund* (King *Richard* going into Ireland) was proclaymed Heire apparent to the Crowne, whoſe Aunt called *Ellinor*, this Lord *Piercy* had married.

O would Aumerle *had ſunke when he betray'd*
The complot which that holy Abbot lay'd.

The Abbot of Weſtminſter had plotted the death of King *Henry*, to haue beene done at a Tilt at Oxford: of which confederacy there was *John Holland*, Duke of Exceſter; *Thomas Holland* Duke of Surrey; the Duke of Aumerle; *Mountacute* Earle of Salisbury, *Spenſer* Earle of Gloſter, the Biſhop of Carlile, Sir *Thomas Blunt*, theſe all had bound themſelues one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, *and* Buſhie *dye his fault in graine.*

Henry going towards the Caſtle of Flint, where King *Richard* was, cauſed *Scroope*, *Greene*, and *Buſhie*, to be executed at Briſtow as vile perſons, which had ſeduced the King to this laſciuious and wicked life.

Damn'd be the Oath he made at Doncaſter.

After *Henries* exile, at his returne into England, he tooke his Oath at Doncaſter vpon the Sacrament, not to clayme the Crowne or Kingdome of England, but onely the Dukedome of Lancaſter, his owne proper right, and the right of his wife.

And mourne for Henrie Hotſpur *her deare ſonne,*
As I for my, &c.

This was the braue couragious *Henrie Hotſpur* that obtayned ſo many victories againſt the Scots, which after falling out-right with the curſe of Queene *Iſabel*, was ſlaine by *Henrie* at the battaile at Shrewesburie.

RICHARD

RICHARD the ſecond to Queene ISABEL.

WHat may my Queen but hope for frō that hand,
Vnfit to write, vnskilfull to command?
A Kingdomes greatneſſe hardly can he ſway,
That wholſome counſaile neuer did obay;
Ill this rude hand did guide a Scepter then,
Worſe now (I feare me) gouerneth a pen;
How ſhall I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hatefull life
Hath made thee widow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King; that title I haue loſt,
Now of that name proud *Bullingbrooke* may boaſt:
What I haue beene, doth but this comfort bring,
That no woe is to ſay, *I was a King.*
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procur'd my hate,
This tongue, which then denounc'd my regall ſtate,
This abiect minde, that did conſent vnto it,
This hand, that was the inſtrument to doe it;
All theſe be witneſſe, that I now denie
All paſſed hope, all former ſoueraigntie.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Countrey, and thy Princely port;
And vndertook'ſt to trauaile dangerous wayes,
Driuen by aukward windes and boiſt'rous ſeas?

And

And left'ſt great *Burbon* for thy loue to mee,
Who ſu'd in marriage to be linkt to thee,
Offring for dower the Countries neighbouring nie,
Of fruitfull *Almayne*, and rich *Burgundie:*
Didſt thou all this that *England* ſhould receiue thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leaue thee?
And in my downefall and my fortunes wracke,
Forſaken thus, to *France* to ſend thee backe?
When quiet ſleepe (the heauie hearts reliefe)
Hath reſted ſorrow, ſomewhat leſs'ned griefe,
My paſſed greatneſſe vnto minde I call,
And thinke this while I dreamed of my fall:
With this conceit my ſorrowes I beguile,
That my faire Queene is but with-drawne awhile,
And my Attendants in ſome chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperitie.
Calling alowd, and asking who is there?
The Eccho anſwering, tells me, woe is there;
And when mine armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold,
Which when my waking eyes preciſely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in the houres there be,
So many houres each minute ſeemes to me,
Each houre a day, morne, noone-tide, and a ſet,
Each day a yeere, with miſeries complete.
A Winter, Spring-time, Summer, and a fall,
All ſeaſons varying but vnſeaſoned all:
In endleſſe woe my threed of life thus weares,
By minutes, houres, dayes, months, and lingring yeares,
They praiſe the Summer that enioy the South,

Pomfret is cloſed in the Norths cold mouth:
There pleaſant Summer dwelleth all the yeere,
Froſt-ſtarued-Winter doth inhabit here;
A place wherein deſpaire may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuting with a cloudie Cell:
When *Herford* had his iudgement of Exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while;
Th'vncertayne Commons toucht with inward care,
As though his ſorrowes mutually they bare:
Fond women, and ſcarſe-ſpeaking children mourne,
Bewaile his parting, wiſhing his returne:
Then being forc'd t'abridge his baniſht yeares,
When they bedew'd his footſteps with their teares:
Yet by example could not learne to know,
To what his Greatneſſe by his loue might grow,
Whil'ſt *Henry* boaſts of our atchieuements done,
Bearing the Trophies our great Fathers wonne;
And all the ſtorie of our famous Warre,
Muſt grace the Annals of great *Lancaſter*.
Seuen goodly Siens in their ſpring did flouriſh,
Which one ſelfe-roote brought forth, one ſtock did nou-
Edward the top-branch of that golden Tree, (riſh:
Nature in him her vtmoſt power did ſee,
Who from the bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo faire,
As all might iudge what fruit it meant to beare:
But I his graft of eu'ry weed o're-growne,
And from the kinde, as refuſe forth am throwne,
From our braue Grandſire, both in one degree,
Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the young'ſt of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget an Impe ſo baſe,
(That to *Gaunts* iſſue ſhould giue Soueraigne place)

That

That leading Kings from France returned home,
As thoſe great *Caſars* brought their ſpoiles to Rome,
Whoſe name obtained by his fatall hand,
Was euer fearefull to that conquered Land:
His fame encreaſing, purchas'd in thoſe warres,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the ſtarres,
With him is valour quite to heauen fled,
(Or elſe in me is it extinguiſhed)
Who for his vertue, and his conqueſts ſake,
Poſteritie a Demy-god ſhall make,
And iudge this vile and abiect ſpirit of mine
Could not proceed from temper ſo diuine.
What earthly humor, or what vulgar eye
Can looke ſo low, as on our miſerie?
When *Bullingbrooke* is mounted to our Throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
Into our councels he himſelfe intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the multitudes,
His power diſgrades, his dreadfull frowne diſgraceth,
He throwes them downe, whom our aduancement pla-
As my diſable, and vnworthie hand, (ceth:
Neuer had power belonging to command.
He treads our ſacred tables in the duſt,
And proues our acts of Parlament vniuſt;
As though he hated that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a law by *Richard* once was made,
Whil'ſt I depreſt before his greatneſſe, lie
Vnder the weight of hate and infamie,
My backe a foot-ſtoole *Bullingbrooke* to raiſe,
My looſeneſſe mockt, and hatefull by his praiſe:
Out-liu'd mine honor, buried my eſtate,

And nothing left me but the peoples hate.
(Sweet Queene) Ile take all counſell thou canſt giue,
So that thou bidſt me neither hope nor liue;
Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worſt,
But ſharpens griefe, to make vs more accurſt.
Comfort is now vnpleaſing to mine eare,
Paſt cure, paſt care, my Bed become my Beere.
Since now misfortune humbleth vs ſo long,
Till heauen be growne vnmindfull of our wrong.
Yet they forbid my wrongs ſhall euer die,
But ſtill remembred to poſteritie;
And let the Crowne be fatall that he weares,
And euer wet with wofull mothers teares.
Thy curſe on *Percy* angrie heauens preuent,
Who haue not one curſe left, on him vnſpent,
To ſcourge the world, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of woe, as I a King am poore.
Then ceaſe (deare Queene) my ſorrowes to bewaile,
My wounds too great for pitty now to heale,
Age ſtealeth on whil'ſt thou complayneſt thus,
My griefes be mortall and infectious;
Yet better fortunes thy faire youth may trie.
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth flie.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

This tongue which firſt denounc'd my Regall State.

Richard the Second, at the reſignation of the Crowne to the Duke of Herford, in the Tower of London, deliuering the ſame with his owne hand, there confeſſed his diſabilitie to gouerne, vtterly denouncing all Kingly authoritie.

And

And left'st great Burbon *for thy loue to me.*

Before the Princesse *Isabel* was married to the King, *Lewes* Duke of *Burbon* sued to haue had her in marriage, which was thought he had obtayned, if this motion had not fallen out in the meane time. This Duke of *Burbon* sued againe to haue receiued her at her coming into *France*, after the imprisonment of King *Richard*, but King *Charles* her Father then crost him as before, and gaue her to *Charles*, sonne to the Duke of *Orleans*.

When Herford *had his iudgement of Exile.*

When the combat should haue beene at *Couentry*, betwixt *Henry* Duke of *Herford*, and *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolke*; where *Herford* was adiudged to banishment for ten yeeres, the Commons exceedingly lamented, so greatly was he euer fauoured of the people.

Then being sore'd Fabridge *his banisht yeeres.*

When the Duke came to take his leaue of the King; being then at *Eltham*, the King to please the Commons, rather then for any loue he bare to *Herford*, repealed foure yeeres of his banishment.

Whilest Henrie *boasts of our atchiuements done.*

Henrie the eldest sonne of *John* Duke of *Lancaster*, at the first Earle of *Darby*, then created Duke of *Herford*, after the death of the Duke *Iohn* his Father, was Duke of *Lancaster* and *Herford*, Earle of *Darby*, *Leister*, and *Lincolne*: and after he had obtayned the Crowne, was called by the name of *Bullingbrooke*, which is a Towne in *Lincolneshire*, as vsually all the Kings of *England* bare the name of the place where they were borne.

Seuen goodly Siens in their spring did flourish.

Edward the Third had seuen Sonnes, *Edward* Prince of *Wales*, after called the *Blacke-Prince*, *William* of *Hatfield* the second, *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence* the third, *Iohn* of *Gaunt* Duke of *Lancaster* the fourth, *Edmund* of *Langley* Duke of *Yorke* the fifth, *Thomas* of *Woodstocke* Duke of *Gloster* the sixth, *William* of *Windsore* the seuenth.

Edward *the top-branch of that golden Tree.*

Truely boasting himselfe to be the eldest sonne of *Edward* the *Blacke Prince*.

Yet

Yet after Edward, Iohn *the yong'st of three.*

As disabling *Henry Bullingbrooke*, being but the Sonne of the fourth brother: *William* and *Lionel* being both before *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.

That leading Kings, from France, returned home.

Edward the *Blacke-Prince*, taking *Iohn* King of France prisoner, at the battell of Poictiers, brought him into England, where at the Sauoy he dyed.

Whose name atchieued by his fatall hand.

Called the *Blacke-Prince*, not so much of his complexion, as of the famous battels he fought, as is shewed before, in the Glosse vpon the Epistle of *Edward* to the Countesse of Salisburie.

And proues our Acts of Parliament vniust.

In the next Parliament, after *Richards* resignation of the Crowne, *Henry* caused to be annihilated all the Lawes made in the Parliament, called the *wicked Parliament*, held in the twentieth yeere of King *Richards* reigne.

FINIS.

R To

To Sir IOHN SWINERTON Knight, *and one of the* ALDERMEN *of* the Citie of London.



Worthy Sir, so much mistrust I my owne abilitie, to doe the least right to your vertues, that I could gladly wish any thing that is truely mine, were worthy to beare your name, so much (Reuerend Sir) *I esteeme you, and so ample interest haue you in my loue: To some honorable friends haue I dedicated these Poems; (with whom I ranke you: may I escape presumption.) Like not this* Britaine *the worse, though after some former Impressions he be lastly to you consecrated; in this like an honest man that would partly approue his owne worth, before he would presume his friends Patronage, with whom you shall euer command my seruice, and haue my best wishes,*

That loue you truely,

MICH. DRAYTON.

Queene KATHERINE to OWEN TVDOR.

THE ARGVMENT.

After the death of that victorious HENRY *the fifth, Queene* KATHERINE, *the Dowager of England and France, daughter to* CHARLES *the French King, holding her estate with* HENRY *her sonne (then the sixt of that name) falleth in love with* OWEN TVDOR, *a Welsh-man, a braue and gallant Gentleman of the Wardrobe to the yong King her sonne; yet greatly fearing if her loue should be discouered, the Nobilitie would crosse her purposed marriage; or fearing, that if her faire and Princely promises should not assure his good successe, this high and great attempt might (perhaps) daunt the forwardnes of his maydest and shamefast youth; wherefore to breake thence to her intent, she writeth vnto him this Epistle following.*

IVdge not a Princesse worth impeach'd hereby,
That loue thus triumphes ouer Maiestie;
Nor thinke lesse vertue in this royall hand,
Which now entreats, that wonted to command:
For in this sort, though humbly now it woo,
The day hath beene thou would'st haue kneel'd vnto.
Nor thinke, that this submission of my state
Proceeds from frailetie, (rather iudge it Fate.)
Alcides ne're more fit for warres seeme shocke,
Then when with women spinning at the rocke;
Neuer lesse clouds did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clownes shape when he couered him;

Iones great command was neuer more obey'd,
Then when a Satyres anticke part he play'd.
He was thy King, that sued for loue to mee,
Shee is thy Queene, that sues for loue to thee.
When *Henry* was, what's *Tudors* now, was his;
Whilst yet thou art, what's *Henries*, *Tudors* is;
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giueth,
My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth;
Henry woo'd me whilst warres did yet encrease,
I woo my *Tudor*, in sweet calmes of peace;
To force affection he did conquest proue,
I fight with gentle arguments of loue.
Encamp'd at *Melans*, in warres hot al'armes,
First saw I *Henry* clad in Princely armes;
At pleasant *Windsore* first these eyes of mine,
My *Tudor* iudg'd for wit and shape diuine.
Henry abroad, with puissance and with force,
Tudor at home, with Court-ship and discourse:
He then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me best, *Plantaginet* or *Tether*;
A march, a measure, battell, or a daunce,
A courtly rapier, or a conquering launce.
His Princely bed hath strengthened my renowne,
And on my temples set a double Crowne;
Which glorious wreath (as *Henries* lawfull heire)
Henry the sixt vpon his brow doth beare,
At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did first enioy
My Bridall rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*,
In *England* now that honour thou shalt haue,
Which once in *Champaine* famous *Henry* gaue.
I seeke not wealth, three Kingdomes in my power,

If

If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my dower?
Sad diſcontent may euer follow her,
Which doth baſe pelfe before true loue prefer;
If titles ſtill could our affections tye,
What is ſo great but maieſtie might buy?
As I ſeeke thee, ſo Kings doe me deſire,
To what they would, thou eas'ly may'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred fire once warm'd my heart before,
The fuell fit, the flame is now the more,
And meanes to quench it I in vaine doe proue:
We may hide treaſure, but not hide our loue;
And ſince it is thy fortune (thus) to gaine it,
It were too late, nor will I now reſtraine it.
Nor theſe great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, ſiſter to a King,
Of grandſire, father, husband, ſonne and brother,
More thou alone to me then all the other;
Nor feare, my *Tudor*, that this loue of mine,
Should wrong the *Gaunt*-borne great Lancaſtrian line,
Nor ſtirre the Engliſh bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
Trepine at *Loraine*, *Burbon*, *Alanſon*;
Nor doe I thinke there is ſuch different ods,
They ſhould alone be numbred with the Gods.
Of *Cadmus* earthly iſſue reckoning vs,
And they from *Ioue*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*,
Of great *Latonas* off-ſpring onely they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*,
Our famous grandſires (as their owne) beſtrid
That horſe of fame, that God-begotten Steede,
Whoſe bounding hoofe plow'd that Boetian ſpring,
Where thoſe ſweet maides of memorie doe ſing,

Not onely *Henries* Queene but boast as well,
To be the child of *Charles* and *Isabel*.
Nor doe I know from whence their griefe should grow,
Then by this match should be disparag'd so;
When *Iohn* and *Longshankes* issue both affied,
And to the Kings of Wales in wedlocke tied,
Shewing the greatnesse of your bloud thereby,
Your race and royall consanguinitie.
And Wales as well as haughtie England boasts,
Of *Camilot*, and all her Penticosts;
A Nephewes roome in great *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* Table to haue equall place,
If by the often conquest of your land,
They boast the spoyles of their victorious hand,
If these our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
When bloudie *Rufus* sought your vtter sacke,
Twice entring Wales, yet twice was beaten backe;
When famous *Cambria* wash'd her in the floud,
Made by th'effusion of the English bloud,
And oft return'd with glorious victorie,
From Worc'ster, Herford, Chester, Shrowesburie,
Whose power in euery conquest so preuailes,
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.
Although my beautie made my Countries peace,
And at my Bridall former broyles did cease;
Yet more then power, had not his person beene,
I had not come to England as a Queene.
Nor tooke I *Henry*, to supply my want,
Because in France that time my choice was scant,
When it had rob'd all Christendome of men,

And Englands flower remain'd amongst vs then;
Gloster, whose counsels (*Nestor*-like) assist,
Couragious *Bedford*, that great Martialist,
Clarence, for vertue honored of his foes,
And *Yorke*, whose fame yet daily greater growes,
Warwicke the pride of *Nevels* haughtie race,
Great *Salisburie*, so fear'd in euery place.
That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchieuement dares,
And *Vere*, so famous in the Irish warres,
Who though my selfe so great a Prince were borne,
The worst of these my equall neede not scorne:
But *Henries* rare perfections and his parts,
As conquering Kingdomes, so he conquer'd hearts.
As chaste was I to him, as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chaste loue vow'd to thee;
Beautie doth fetch all fauour from thy face,
All perfect Courtship resteth in thy grace:
If thou discourse, my lips such accents breake,
As Loue a spirit forth of thee seem'd to speake,
The Brittish language, which our vowels wants,
And iarres so much vpon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As doe the sweet notes of a well-set song,
And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine,
As the poore *Tuskan* from the *Florentine*;
Leauing such seasoned sweetnesse in the eare,
As the voice past, yet still the sound is there:
In *Nisus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden Violl vs'd to play,
Where senslesse stones were with such musicke drownd,
As many yeeres they did retayne the sound,

Let not the beames that greatneſſe doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timerous reſpect;
Aſſure thee, *Tudor*, maieſtie can bee
As kinde in loue, as can the mean'ſt degree;
And the imbraces of a Queene as true,
As theirs might iudge them, much aduanc'd by you,
When in our greatneſſe, our affections craue
Thoſe ſecret ioyes that other women haue:
So I (a Queene) be Soueraigne in my choice,
Let others fawne vpon the publique voice;
Or what (by this) can euer hap to thee,
Light in reſpect to be belou'd of mee.
Let peeuiſh worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leaue plaints and pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let old men ſpeake of chances and euents,
And Lawyers talke of Titles and Diſcents,
Leaue fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell,
And couenants to thoſe that buy and ſell;
Loue, my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

¶ Notes

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Incamp'd at Melans in warres hot alarmes,
First, &c.

NEere vnto Melans, vpon the Riuer of Seyne, was the appointed place of Parley betweene the two Kings of England and France, to which place *Isabel* the Queene of France, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the young Princesse *Katherine*, where King *Henry* first saw her.

And on my temples set a double Crowne.

Henry the Fift and Queene *Katherine*, were taken as King and Queene of France, and during the life of *Charles* the French King, *Henry* was called King of England, and Heire of France, and after the death of *Henry* the Fift, *Henry* the Sixt his Sonne, then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull King of England and France.

At Troy in Champaine he did first enioy.

Troy in Champaine, was the place where that victorious King *Henry* the Fift married the Princesse *Katherine*, in the presence of the chiefe Nobilitie of the Realmes of England and France.

Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, &c.

Few Queenes of England or France, were euer more Princely allyed then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Historiographers.

Nor thinke so, Tudor, *that this loue of mine,*
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne, &c.

Noting the discent of *Henry* her husband, from *Iohn* Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of *Edward* the Third, which Duke *Iohn* was sirnamed *Gaunt*, of the Citie of Gaunt in Flanders, where he was borne.

Nor stirre the English bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
T'repine, &c.

Alluding the greatnesse of the English Line, to *Phœbus* and *Phœbe*, fayned to be the children of *Latona*, whose heauenly kinde might scorne to be ioyned with any earthly Progenie: yet withall, boasting the bloud of France, as not inferiour to theirs. And

with

with this alluſion followeth on the Hiſtorie of the ſtrife betwixt *Iuno* and the race of *Cadmus*, whoſe iſſue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The children of *Niobe* ſlaine, for which the woful mother became a Rock, guſhing forth continually a Fountayne of teares.

And Iohn *and* Longſhankes *iſſue, both affied.*

Lhewellin or *Leolin ap Iorwith*, married *Ioane*, Daughter to King *Iohn*, a moſt beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme that ſhee was baſe borne. *Lhewellin ap Gryfith*, married *Elinor*, Daughter to *Simon Monfort*, Earle of Leiſter, and Couſin to *Edward Longſhankes*, both which *Lhewellins* were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot and all her Penticoſts,
A Nephewes roome, &c.

Camilot the ancient Palace of King *Arthur*, to which place all the Knights of that famous order, yeerely repaired at Penticoſt, according to the law of the Table, and moſt of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Countrie, as to this day is perceiued by their ancient monuments.

when bloudie Rufus *ſought your vtter ſacke.*

Noting the ill ſucceſſe which that *William Rufus* had in two voyages he made into Wales: in which a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were ſlaine.

And oft return'd with glorious victorie.

Noting the diuers ſundrie incurſions that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus*, *Iohn*, *Henry* the Second, and *Longſhankes*.

OWEN TVDOR to Queene KATHARINE.

WHen firſt mine eyes beheld your Princely name,
And found frō whence this friendly letter came,
As in exceſſe of ioy my ſelfe forgot,
Whether I ſaw it, or I ſaw it not;
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceede,

My

My dazeled eye inuites my tongue to reade;
Mine eye ſhould guide my tongue, amazed miſt it,
My lips, which now ſhould ſpeak, are dumbe, and kiſt it;
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand.
When all my ſenſes ſo amazed ſtand:
Euen as a mother comming to her child,
Which from her preſence hath beene long exil'd,
With tender armes her gentle necke doth ſtraine,
Now kiſſing him, now clipping him againe;
And yet exceſſiue ioy deludes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhe doubts if this be hers or no:
At length awakened from this pleaſing dreame,
When paſſion ſomewhat leaues to be extreme,
My longing eyes with their faire obiect meete,
Where euery letter's pleaſing, each word ſweete.
It was not *Henries* Conqueſts, nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report,
Nor was his dreadfull terror-ſtriking name,
The cauſe that I from Wales to England came;
For Chriſtian *Rhodes*, and our Religions truth,
To great atchieuement firſt had wonne my youth;
Before aduenture did my valour proue,
Before I yet knew what it was to loue:
Nor came I hither by ſome poore euent,
But by th'eternall Deſtinies conſent,
Whoſe vncompriſed wiſedome did fore-ſee,
That you in marriage ſhould be link'd to mee.
By our great *Merlin* was it not fore-told,
(Amongſt his holy prophecies enrold)
When firſt he did of *Tudors* name diuine,
That Kings and Queenes ſhould follow in our Line?

And

And that the Helme (the *Tudors* ancient Creſt)
Should with the golden Flower-de-luce be dreſt;
And that the Leeke (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Roſes in the Engliſh Crowne:
As *Charles* faire daughter, you the Lillie weare,
As *Henries* Queene, the bluſhing Roſe you beare;
By France's conqueſt, and by Englands oath,
You are the true made Dowager of both;
Both in your Crowne, both in your cheeke together,
Ioyne *Tethers* loue to yours, and yours to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
When it ſo long hath beene fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of heauen,
Before our births vnto one bed were giuen.
No *Pallas* here, nor *Iuno* is at all,
When I to *Venus* giue the golden ball;
Nor when the Græcians wonder I enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy:
And haue not ſtrange euents diuin'd to vs,
That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous?
When in your preſence I was call'd to dance,
In loftie tricks whilſt I my ſelfe aduance;
And in my turne, my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not iudge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heauen, your *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in ſuperlatiues,
Although the enuious Engliſh doe deuiſe
A thouſand ieſts of our Hyperbolies;
Nor doe I clayme that plot by ancient deedes,

Where

Where *Phœbus* paſtures his fire-breathing Steedes;
Nor doe I boaſt my God-made Grandſires ſcarres,
Nor Giants Trophies in the *Titans* warres;
Nor faine my birth (your Princely eares to pleaſe)
By three nights getting, as was *Hercules*,
Nor doe I forge my long diſcent to runne
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne,
And yet in *Wales*, with them moſt famous be,
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my pedigree,
And boaſt my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
From old *Caer-Septon*, in mount *Palador*,
And from *Eneans* line, the South-Wales King,
By *Theodor* the *Tudors* name doe bring.
My royall mothers Princely ſtocke began
From her great Grandam, faire *Gwenellian*;
By true deſcent from *Leolin* the great,
As well from North-Wales as faire *Powſlands* ſeat;
Though for our Princely Genealogie,
I doe not ſtand to make Apologie:
Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,
Shall looke from whence our name at firſt did riſe,
Shall finde that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not *Tudor* as *Plantaginet*?
Nor that terme *Croggen*, nick-name of diſgrace,
Vs'd as a by-word now in euery place,
Shall blot our bloud, or wrong a Welch-mans name,
Which was at firſt begot with *Englands* ſhame.
Our valiant ſwords our right did ſtill maintaine,
Againſt that cruell, proud, vſurping *Dane*;
And buckl'd in ſo many dangerous fights,
With *Norwayes*, *Swethens*, and with *Muſconites*,

And

And keepe our natiue language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer chang'd our tongue,
When they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue lost their Countrey, and their Name:
Nor euer could the *Saxons* Swords prouoke
Our Britaine neckes to beare their seruile yoke:
Where *Cambria's* pleasant Countries bounded bee,
With swelling *Seuerne*, and the holy *Dee*,
And since great *Brutus* first arriu'd, haue stood,
The onely remnant of the *Troian* blood.
To euery man is not allotted chance,
To boast with *Henry* to haue conquer'd France;
Yet if my fortunes thus may raised be,
Bhis may presage a farther good to me.
Nud our Saint *Dauid*, in the Britaines right,
Way ioyne with *George*, the Sainted Englisn Knight,
And old *Caer-marden*, *Merlins* famous Towne,
Not scorn'd by *London*, though of such renowne.
Ah would to God, that houre, my hopes attend,
Were with my wish brought to desired end.
Blame me not, Madame, though I thus desire,
When eyes with enuie doe my hap admire;
Till now your beautie in nights bosome slept,
What eye durst stirre, where awfull *Henry* kept?
Who durst attempt to saile but neere the Bay,
Where that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay?
Thy beautie now is set a royall prize,
And King repaire to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing aire,
Orithia makes me that I *Boreas* feare;
If to the fire *Ioue* once in lightning came,

And

And faire *Egina* makes me feare the flame;
If in the Sunne, then sad suspition dreames
Phœbus should spread *Lucothoe* in his beames;
If in a Fountayne thou dost coole thy blood,
Neptune I feare, which once came in a flood;
If with thy Maides, I dread *Apolloes* rape,
Who coos'ned *Chion* in an old Wiues shape;
If thou dost banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
Who in a grape *Erigone* did feed;
And if my selfe your chamber doore should keepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes* comming in a sleepe.
Pardon (sweet Queene) if I offend in this,
In these delayes loue most impatient is;
And youth wants pow'r his hot spleene to suppresse,
When Hope alreadie banquets in excesse.
Though *Henries* fame in me you shall not finde,
Yet that which better shall content your minde;
But onely in the title of a King
Was his aduantage, in no other thing:
If in his loue more pleasure you did take,
Neuer let Queene trust Britaine for my sake.
Yet iudge me not from modestie exempt,
That I another *Phaëtons* charge attempt;
My minde that thus your fauours dare aspire,
Declares a temper of celestiall fire;
If loue a fault, the more is Beauties blame,
When shee her selfe is author of the same;
All men to some one qualitie incline,
Onely to loue is naturally mine,
Thou art by Beautie famous as by birth;
Ordain'd by heauen, to cheere the drouping earth,

Adde faithfull loue vnto your greater ſtate,
And then alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not deny,
But yet (by heauen) he lou'd not more then I.
And thus I leaue, till time my faith approue,
I ceaſe to write, but neuer ceaſe to loue.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

And that the Helme, the Tudors *ancient Creſt.*

THe Armes of *Tudor* was three Helmets, whereof he ſpeaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of *Merlin.*

When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance.

Owen Tudor, being a courtly and actiue Gentleman, commanded once to dance before the Queene, in a turne (not being able to recouer himſelfe) fell into her lappe, as ſhe ſate vpon a little ſtoole, with many of her Ladies about her.

And yet with them in Wales moſt famous be,
Our learned Bards, &c.

This *Berdh*, as they call it in the Brittiſh tongue, or as we more properly ſay *Bard*, or *Bardus*, be their Poets, which keepe the Records of Pedigrees and Deſcents, and ſing in Odes and Meaſures to their Harps, after the old manner of the Lirick Poets.

And hoall my bloud from great Cadwallader.

Cadwallader, the laſt King of the Britaines, deſcended of the noble and ancient race of the Troians, to whom an Angell appeared, commanding him to goe to Rome to Pope *Sergius*, where he ended his life.

From old Caer-Septon in mount Palador.

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsburie, at whoſe building it was ſaid an Eagle prophecied (or rather one named *Aquila*) of the fame of that place, and of the recouerie of the Iſle by the Britaines, bringing backe with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome.

And

And from Eneons *line, the South-Wales King,*
From Theodor, *&c.*

This *Eneon* was slaine by the Rebels of Gwentsland, hee was a notable and worthie Gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Maur*, of whom descended the Princes of South-Wales.

From her great Grandam faire Guenellian.

Guenellian, the daughter of *Rees ap Griffeth ap Theodor*, Prince of South-Wales, married *Edniuet Vaghan*, ancestor to *Owen Tudor*.

By true descent from Leolin *the great.*

This is the *Lewhelin*, called *Leolinus Magnus*, Prince of North-Wales.

Nor that word Croggen, *nick-name of disgrace.*

In the voyage that *Henry* the second made against the Welchmen, as his Souldiers passed Offas ditch at Croggen Castle, they were ouerthrowne by the Welchmen: which word *Croggen*, hath since beene vsed to the Welchmens disgrace, which was at first begun with their honour.

And old Caer-Merdin, Merlins *famous towne.*

Caer-Merdin, or *Merlins* towne, so called of *Merlins* being found there. This was *Ambrose Merlin*, whose Propheeies we haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Siluestris*, borne in Scotland, sirnamed *Calidonius*, of the Forrest Calidon, where he propheeied.

And kept our natiue language now thus long.

The Welchmen be those ancient Britaines, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons inuaded here, were first driuen into those parts, where they haue kept their language euer since the first, without commixtion with any other language.

FINIS.

To my worthy and dearely esteemed friend, Master IAMES HVISH.

SIR, your owne natural inclination to vertue, and your loue to the Muses, assure me of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is seated by custome (from which we are now bold to assume authoritie) to beare the names of our friends vpon the fronts of our bookes, as Gentlemen vse to set their Armes ouer their gate. Some say this vse began by the Heroes *and braue spirits of the old world, which were desirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall honor the names of those braue Princes. But I thinke some after, put the names of great men in their Bookes, for that men should say there was something good, onely because indeed their names stood there. But for mine owne part (not to dissemble) I find no such vertue in any of their great titles to do so much for any thing of mine, and so let them passe. Take knowledge by this, I loue you, and in good faith, worthy of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you let supply the place of further complement.*

Yours euer,

MICH. DRAYTON.

ELINOR COBHAM to Duke HVMFREY.

THE ARGVMENT.

ELINOR COBHAM, *daughter to the Lord* COBHAM *of Sterborough, and wife to* HVMFREY PLANTAGINET *Duke of Gloceſter, the ſonne of* HENRY *the fourth King of England, ſirnamed* Bullingbrooke. *This noble Duke, for his great wiſedome and iuſtice, called the Good, was by King* HENRY *the fift (brother to this Duke) at his death appointed Protector of the Land, during the nonage of* HENRY *the ſixt: this* ELINOR, *Dutcheſſe of Gloceſter, a proud and ambitious woman, knowing that if yoing* HENRY *died without iſſue, the Duke her husband was the neereſt of the bloud, conſpired with one* BVLLINGBROOK, *(otherwiſe called* ONELY, *a great Magician)* HVN *a Prieſt, &* IOVRDAIN *Witch of Eye, by ſorcerie to make away the King, and by coniuration to know who ſhould ſucceed. Of this being iuſtly conuicted, ſhe was adiudged to doe penance three ſeuerall times openly in London, and then to perpetuall baniſhment in the Ile of* Man, *from whence ſhe writeth this Epiſtle.*

ME thinkes, not knowing who theſe lines ſhould
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt ouer to the latter end, (ſend,
Where thou thy name no ſooner haſt eſpi'd,
But in diſdaine my letters caſts aſide;
Why, if thou wilt, I will my ſelfe deny,
Nay, I'le affirme and ſweare I am not I,

Or if in that thy shame thou dost perceiue,
Ile leaue that name, that name my selfe shall leaue:
And yet me thinks amaz'd thou should'st not stand,
Nor seeme so much appalled at my hand;
For my misfortunes haue inur'd thine eye,
(Long before this) to sights of miserie.
No, no, reade on, tis I, the very same,
All thou canst reade, is but to reade my shame:
Be not dismay'd, nor let my name affright,
The worst it can, is but t'offend thy sight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull spell, nor Magike charme;
If she that sent it, loue Duke *Humfrey* so,
Is't possible her name should be his foe?
Yes, I am *El'nor*, I am very shee,
Who brought for dower a virgins bed to thee;
Though enuious *Beuford* slander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humfreyes* wanton Paramoure.
And though indeed I can it not denie,
To Magike once I did my selfe apply,
I wonne thee not, as there be many thinke,
With poys'ning *Philters*, and bewitching drinke;
Nor on thy person did I euer proue
Those wicked potions, so procuring loue.
I cannot boast to be rich *Hollands* heire,
Nor of the bloud and greatnesse of *Bancire*;
Yet *El'nor* brought no forren Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*;
Nor clamorous husband followed me that fled,
Exclaiming *Humfrey* to defile his bed;
Nor wast thou forc'd the slander to suppresse,

To ſend me backe as an adultereſſe;
Brabant, nor Burgoyne, claymed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome, to haſten my diuorce;
Nor Belgia's pompe, defac'd with Belgia's fire,
The iuſt reward of her vniuſt deſire;
Nor *Bedfords* ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter *Anne*,
That Princely-iſſued great Burgonian,
Should ſtand with me, to moue a womans ſtrife,
To yeeld the place to the Protectors wife.
If *Cobhams* name my birth can dignifie,
Or *Sterborough* renowne my familie;
Where's Greenwich now, thy *Eleners* Court of late,
Where ſhe with *Humfrey* held a Princely ſtate?
That pleaſant Kent, when I abroad ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure laid forth all her pride;
The Thames, by water when I tooke the ayre,
Danc'd with my Barge, in lanching from the ſtayre;
The anch'ring ſhips, that when I paſs'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequ'red tops abroad;
How long it be thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pompe, ſo Goddeſſe-like to land,
Should after ſee me mayl'd vp in a ſheete,
Doe ſhamefull penance three times in the ſtreete?
Rung with a Bell, a Taper in my hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a Beadles wand;
That little babes, not hauing vſe of tongue,
Stood pointing at me as I came along.
Where's *Humfreys* power, where was his great cõmand,
Waſt thou not Lord Protector of the Land?
Or for thy iuſtice, who can thee denie,
To The title of the good Duke *Humfrey*?

What bloud extract from famous *Edwards* Line,
Can boast it selfe to be so pure as thine?
Who else next *Henry* should the Realme preferre,
If it allow of famous *Lancaster*?
But *Rayners* daughter must from France be fet,
And with a vengeance on our Throne be set;
Mauns, Maine, and Aniou, on that begger cast,
To bring her home to England in such haste.
And what for *Henry* thou hadst laboured there,
To ioyne the King with *Armiñackes* rich heire,
Must all be dash'd, as no such thing had beene,
Poole needs must haue his darling made a Queene;
How should he with our Princes else be plac'd,
To haue his Earlesship with a Dukedome grac'd?
And raise the off-spring of his bloud so hie,
As Lords of vs and our posteritie?
O, that by Sea, when he to France was sent,
The ship had sunke, wherein the Traytor went;
Or that the Sands had swallowed her, before
She e're set foot vpon the English shore!
But all is well, nay we haue store to giue,
What neede we more, we by her lookes can liue:
All that great *Henry* by his conquests heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glorie kept,
Be giuen backe to *Rayner* all in post,
And by this meanes rich Normandie be lost;
Those which haue come as Mistresses of ours,
Haue into England brought their goodly dowers,
Which to our Coffers yeerely tribute brings,
The life of subiects, and the strength of Kings;
The meanes whereby faire England euer might

Raise

Raiſe power in France, to backe our ancient right;
But ſhe brings ruine heere to make aboad,
And cancels all our lawfull claime abroad,
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my ſhame,
And giue a thouſand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all deſpite that may a woman ſpot:
O that I were a Witch but for her ſake!
Yfaith her Queeneſhip little reſt ſhould take;
I would ſcratch that face that may not feele the ayre,
And knit whole ropes of Witch-knots in her haire;
O I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breſt ſit like a lumpe of lead,
And like a Fairy pinch that daintie skin,
Her wanton bloud is now ſo cocker'd in,
Or take me ſome ſuch knowne Familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my vengeance neuer ſhould eſcape;
Were I a garment, none ſhould need the more
To ſprinkle me with *Neſſus* poiſ'ned gore,
It were enough if ſhe once put me on,
To teare both fleſh and ſinewes from the bone;
Were I a flower that might her ſmell delight,
Though I were not the poiſ'ning Aconite,
I would ſend ſuch a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now;
They ſay the Druides once liu'd in this Ile,
This fatall Man, the place of my exile, (wrought,
Whoſe powerfull charmes, ſuch dreadfull wonders
Which in the Gotiſh Iſland tongue were taught;
O that their ſpels to me they had reſign'd,
Wherewith they raiſ'd and calm'd both ſea and winde,

And made the Moone pawſe in her paled Spheare,
Whilſt her grim Dragons drew them through the ayre,
Their helliſh power to kill the Plow-mans ſeede,
Or to fore-ſpeake the flockes as they did feede,
To nurſe a damned ſpirit with humane bloud,
To carrie them through earth, ayre, fire, and flood;
Had I this skill, that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghoſt.
O pardon, pardon my miſ-gouern'd tong,
A womans ſtrength cannot endure my wrong.
Did not the heauens her comming in withſtand,
As though affrighted when ſhe came to land?
The earth did quake, her comming to abide,
The goodly Thames did twice keepe backe her tide;
Pauls ſhooke with tempeſts, and that mounting ſpire,
With lightning ſent from heauen, was ſet on fire;
Our ſtately buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſignes were ſhowne;
More fearefull viſions on the Engliſh earth,
Then euer were at any death or birth.
Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, if I ſhould not ſpeake,
My breſt would ſplit, my very heart would breake.
I that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now then with a clap-diſh in my hand;
A ſimple mantle couering me withall,
A very Leper of Cares Hoſpitall,
That from my ſtate a Preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennell in a pad of ſtraw;
And like an Owle by night to goe abroad,
Rooſted all day within an Iuie tod,
Among the Sea-cliffes, in the dampie Caues,

In

In charnell houſes, fit to dwell in graues:
Saw ſt thou thoſe eyes, in whoſe ſweet cheerefull looke,
Duke *Humfrey* once ſuch ioy and pleaſure tooke;
Sorrow hath ſo diſpoyl'd me of all grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my *El'nors* face;
Like a ſoule Gorgon, whoſe diſheuel'd haire,
With euery blaſt flies glaring in the aire;
Some ſtanding vp like hornes vpon my head,
Euen like thoſe women that in *Coos* are bred:
My lanke breſts hang like bladders left vnblowne,
My skin with loathſome Iaundize ouer-growne;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Ruines true picture, onely looke on mee:
Sometime, in thinking of what I haue had,
Euen in a ſuddaine extaſie am mad;
Then like a Bedlam, forth thy *El'nor* runnes,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging franticke Nunnes,
Or like a Tartar, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd vnto a diſmall ſacrifice.
That Prelate *Benford*, a foule ill befall him;
Prelate ſaid I! nay diuell I ſhould call him;
Ah God forgiue me, if I thinke amiſſe,
His very name me thinkes my poyſon is;
Ah that vile *Iudas*, our profeſſed foe,
My curſe purſue him where ſoe're he goe;
That to my iudgement when I did appeare,
Laid to my charge thoſe things that neuer were;
I ſhould partake with *Bullingbrookes* intents,
The hallowing of his Magike inſtruments;
That I procured *Southwell* to aſſiſt,
Which was by order conſecrate a Prieſt,

In That

That it was I ſhould couer all they did,
That but for him had to this day beene hid.
Ah that vile baſtard, that himſelfe dare vaunt,
To be the ſonne of thy braue Grandſire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but father'd of meere charitie,
To rid his mother of that infamie,
Who if report of elder times be true,
Vnto this day his father neuer knew.
He that by murthers blacke and odious crime,
To *Henries* Throne attempted once to clime,
Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall hand his Soueraigne to haue ſlaine;
Whom to his chamber cloſely he conuay'd,
And for that purpoſe fitly there had laide,
Vpon whoſe ſword that famous Prince had dy'd,
If by a dogge he had not beene diſcry'd.
But now the Queene, her Minion *Poole* and he,
As it pleaſe them, ſo now muſt all things be;
England's no place for any one beſide,
All is too little to maintaine their pride:
What of a King hath *Henry* but the name,
And now ſcarce that, ſo publike his defame?
And I pray God, I doe not liue the day
To ſee thy ruine, and the Realmes decay;
And yet as ſure as *Humfrey* ſeemes to ſtand,
He be preſeru'd from that vile Traytors hand;
From *Gloſters* ſeat I would thou were eſtrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedomes name were chang'd;
For it portents no goodneſſe vnto vs,
Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, it is ominous:
Yet rather then thy hap ſo hard ſhould be,

I would thou wert here banished with me:
Humfrey, adiew, farewell, true noble Lord,
My wish is all thy *Elnor* can affoord.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

To Magike once I did my selfe apply.

Elinor Cobham was accused by some that sought to withstand, and misliked her marriage with Duke *Humfrey*, that she practised to giue him Philters, and such poysoning potions, to make him loue her, as she was slandered by Cardinall *Beuford*, to haue liued as the Dukes Lemman, against the which Cardinall she exclaimeth in this Epistle in the verse before.

Though enuious Beuford *slandered me before.*

Noting the extreme hate he euer bore her.

Nor Elnor *brought no forraine Armies in,*
To fetch her backe, as did thy Iacomin.

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly hee married *Jacomin*, or as some call her, *Iaquet*, daughter and heire to *William Bauer*, Duke of Holland, before married, and lawfull wife to *Iohn* Duke of Brabant, then liuing: which after, as it is shewed in this verse following,

Brabant nor Burgoine claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome, to hasten my diuorce.

Caused great warres, by reason that the Duke of Burgoine tooke part with Brabant against the Duke of Glocester; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Ladie was adiudged to be deliuered backe to her former husband.

Nor Bedfords *spouse, your noble sister* [illegible],
That Princely issued great Burgonian.

Iohn Duke of Bedford, that scourge of France, and the glorie of

of the Engliſhmen, married *Anne* ſiſter to the Duke of Burgundie, a vertuous and beautifull Ladie: by which marriage, as alſo by his victories attained in France, he brought great ſtrength to the Engliſh Nation.

Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nors *Court of late?*

That faire and goodly Palace of Greenwich was firſt builded by that famous Duke, whoſe rich and pleaſant ſituation might remaine an aſſured monument of his wiſedome, if there were no other memorie of the ſame.

They ſay the Druides once lined in this Ile.

It ſhould ſeeme, that there were two Iſlands, both of them called *Mona*, though now diſtinguiſhed, the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Angleſey, both which were full of manie infernall ceremonies, as may appeare by *Agricolaes* voyage, made into the hithermoſt Man, deſcribed by his ſonne in law *Cornelius Tacitus*. And as Superſtition, the daughter of Barbariſme and Ignorance: ſo amongſt thoſe Northerly Nations, like as in America, Magike was moſt eſteemed. *Druidæ* were the publike Miniſters of their Religion, as thoroughly taught in all rites thereof: their doctrine concerned the immortalitie of the Soule, the contempt of Death, and all other points, which may conduce to reſolution, fortitude, and magnanimitie: their abode was in Groues and Woods, whereupon they haue their name: their power extended it ſelfe to maſter the ſoules of men deceaſed, and to conferre with ghoſts and other ſpirits, about the ſucceſſe of things. *Plutarch* in his profound and learned diſcourſe of the defect of Oracles, reporteth, that the outmoſt Britiſh Iles were the priſon of I wot not what Demigods; but it ſhall not needs to ſpeake any farther of the *Druids*, then that which *Lucan* doth:

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremq́, ſiniſtrum
Sacrorum, Druidæ poſitis repetiſtis ab armis.

Did not the heauens her comming in withſtand?

Noting the prodigious and feareſull ſignes that were ſeene in England, a little before her comming in: which *Elinor* expreſſeth in this Epiſtle, as fore-ſhewing the dangers which ſhould enſue vpon this vnluckie marriage.

The

The hallowing of the Magike inſtruments.

The inſtruments which *Bullingbrooke* vſed in his coniurations, according to the diuelliſh ceremonies and cuſtomes of theſe vnlawfull Arts, were dedicated at a Maſſe in the Lodge in Harnſey Parke, by *Southwell* Prieſt of Weſtminſter.

Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine.

This was one of the articles that Duke *Humfrey* vrged againſt the Cardinall *Beuford*, that he conſpired the death of *Henry* the fift, by conueying a villaine into his chamber, which in the night ſhould haue murthered him: but what ground of truth hee had for the ſame, I leaue to diſpute.

Duke HVMFREY to ELINOR COBHAM.

ME thinks thou ſhould'ſt not doubt, I could forget
Her, whom ſo many doe remember yet;
No, no, our ioyes away like ſhadowes ſlide,
But ſorrowes firme, in memorie abide;
Nay, I durſt anſwere thou do'ſt nothing leſſe,
But mou'd with paſſion, vrg'd by thy diſtreſſe:
No *El'nor*, no, thy woes, thy griefe, thy wrong,
Haue in my breſt beene reſident too long.
Oh, when report in euery place hath ſpred,
My *El'nor* was to Sanctuarie fled,
With curſed *Onley*, and the Witch of Eye,
As guiltie of their vile conſpiracie;
The dreadfull ſpirits when they did inuocate,

For

For the ſucceſſion, and the Realmes eſtate;
When *Henries* Image they in Waxe had wrought,
By which he ſhould vnto his death be brought;
That as his picture did conſume away,
His perſon ſo by ſickneſſe ſhould decay;
Griefe, that before could ne're my thoughts controule,
That inſtant tooke poſſeſſion of my ſoule.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine owne, let that inflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold.
Forget it, ſaid I? would to God I could.
Of any woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my heart:
I haue no need of others cares to borrow,
For all I haue, is nothing elſe but ſorrow.
No, my ſweet *Nell*, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy woes doe ſtay:
Though from thy husband thou wert forc'd to go,
Thoſe ſtill remaine, they will not leaue me ſo;
No eye bewailes my ill, moanes thy diſtreſſe,
Our griefe is more, but yet our debt the leſſe;
We owe no teares, no mourning dayes are kept
For thoſe that yet for vs haue neuer wept;
We hold no Obijts, no ſad Exequies,
Vpon the death-dayes of vnweeping eyes.
Alas, good *Nell*, what ſhould thy patience moue,
T'vpbraid thy kinde Lord with a forren loue?
Thou might'ſt haue bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the old, we haue ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit, thy loue to entertaine,
With mutuall griefe to anſwere griefe againe?

Or

Or think'ſt thou I vnkindly did forbeare,
To bandie woe for woe, and teare for teare?
Did I omit, or careleſſely neglect
Thoſe ſhewes of loue, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournefull blacke was I not ſeene to goe?
By outward ſhewes to tell my inward woe:
Nor drearie words were waſted in lament,
Nor cloudie brow bewray'd my diſcontent:
Is this the cauſe? if this be it, know then,
One griefe conceal'd, more grieuous is then ten:
If in my breſt thoſe ſorrowes ſometimes were,
And neuer vttered, ſtill they muſt be there;
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time encreaſing they muſt needes be more;
England to me, can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt vp, what is receiu'd, what ſpent,
If I her owne, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but proue a ſtepdame vnto me?
That if I ſhould with that proud Baſtard ſtriue;
To plead my birth-right and prerogatiue;
If birth allow, I ſhould not needs to feare it,
For then my true Nobilitie ſhould beare it;
If counſell aide, that France will tell (I know)
Whoſe Townes lie waſte before the Engliſh foe;
When thrice we gaue the conquer'd French the foile
At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoile;
If faith auaile, theſe Armes did *Henry* hold,
To claime his Crowne, yet ſcarcely nine mon'ths old.
If Countries care haue leaue to ſpeake for me,
Gray haires in youth, my witneſſe then may be.
If peoples tongues giue ſplendor to my fame,

They

They adde a title to Duke *Humfreyes* name;
If toyle at home, French treaſon, Engliſh hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the State,
If forren trauell my ſucceſſe may trie,
In Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundie,
That robe of Rome proud *Beuford* now doth weare,
In euery place ſuch ſway ſhould neuer beare:
The Croſier ſtaffe in his Imperious hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the land;
That home to *England* Diſpenſations drawes,
Which are of power to abrogate our lawes,
And for thoſe ſummes the wealthie Church ſhould pay,
Vpon the needie Comm'naltie to lay;
His ghoſtly counſels onely doe aduiſe,
The meanes how *Langlies* Progenie may riſe,
Pathing young *Henries* vnaduiſed waies,
A Duke of *Yorke* from *Cambridge* houſe to raiſe,
Which after may our Title vndermine,
Grafted ſince *Edward* in *Gaunts* famous Line:
Vs of ſucceſſion falſely to depriue,
Which they from *Clarence* fainedly deriue,
Knowing the will old *Cambridge* euer bore,
To catch the wreath that famous *Henry* wore
With *Gray* and *Scroope*, when firſt he laid the plot,
From vs and ours, the garland to haue got:
As from the *March*-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
Whoſe title *Glendour* ſtoutly did maintaine,
When the proud *Percies*, haughtie *March*, and hee,
Had ſhar'd the Land by equall parts in three.
His Prieſthood now ſterne *Mowbray* doth reſtore,
To ſtirre the fire that kindled was before;

Againſt

Against the *Yorkists* shall their claime aduance,
To steele the point of *Norfolkes* sturdie lance,
Vpon the brest of *Herfords* issue bent,
In iust reuenge of ancient banishment.
He doth aduise to let our pris'ner goe,
And doth enlarge the faithlesse Scottish foe,
Giuing our Heires in marriage, that their dowres
May bring inuasion vpon vs and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolke* to the helme doth guide,
With *Beaufords* damned policie supply'd;
He, and the Queene, in counsell still conferre,
How to raise him who hath aduanced her.
But my deare heart, how vainely doe I dreame,
And flee from thee, whose sorrowes are my theame?
My loue to thee, and England thus diuided,
Which the most part how hard to be decided?
Or thee, or that, to whether I am loth,
So neere are you: so deare vnto me both,
Twixt that and thee, for equall loue I finde
England ingratefull, and my *El'nor* kinde.
But though my Countrey iustly I reproue,
For Countries sake vnkinde vnto my Loue,
Yet is thy *Humfrey* to his *El'nor*, now,
As when fresh beautie triumph'd on thy brow.
As when thy graces I admired most,
Or of thy fauours might the frankli'st boast,
Those beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore.
Of which, though time hath taken some againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remaine.
Be patient, gentle heart, in thy distresse,

Thou art a Princeſſe, not a whit leſſe.
Whilſt in theſe breſts we beare about this life,
I am thy Husband, and thou art my Wife;
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But looke on thoſe caſt downe as low as we;
For ſome of them which proudly pearch ſo hie,
Ere long, ſhall come as low as thou, or I.
They weepe for ioy, and let vs laugh in woe,
We ſhall exchange, when Heauen will haue it ſo.
We mourne, and they in after-time may mourne,
Woe paſt may once laugh preſent woe to ſcorne,
And worſe then hath beene we can neuer taſte,
Worſe cannot come then is already paſt.
In all extremes, the onely depth of ill,
Is that, which comforts the afflicted ſtill:
Ah, would to God thou couldſt thy griefes denie,
And on my backe let all the burthen lie!
Or, if thou canſt reſigne, make thine mine owne,
Both in one carriage to be vnder-gone,
Till we againe our former hopes recouer,
And proſp'rous times blow theſe misfortunes ouer,
For, in the thought of thoſe fore-paſſed yeeres,
Some new reſemblance of old ioy appeares.
Mutuall our care, ſo mutuall be our loue,
That our affliction neuer can remoue;
So reſt in peace, where peace hath hope to liue,
Wiſhing thee more then I my ſelfe can giue.

¶ Notes

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoyle.

THE three famous battels, fought by the Englishmen in France: Agincourt by *Henry* the fifth, against the whole power of France: Crauant fought by *Mountacute*, Earle of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoyne, against the Dolphine of France, and *William Stuart*, Constable of Scotland: Vernoyle, fought by *Iohn* Duke of Bedford, against the Duke of Alanson, and with him most of the Nobilitie of France, Duke *Humfrey* an especiall Counsellour in all these expeditions.

In Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundie.

Heere remembring the ancient amitie which in his Ambassies he concluded betwixt the King of England, and *Sigismund* Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the same leaque, giuing himselfe as an hostage for the Duke of Saint *Omers*, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the league. With his many other employments to forraine Kingdomes.

That Crosier staffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beuford, Cardinall of Winchester, that proud and haughtie Prelate, receiued the Cardinals Hat at Calice by the Popes Legate, which dignitie *Henry* the fift his Nephew, forbad him to take vpon him, knowing his haughtie and malicious spirit, vnfit for that robe and calling.

The meanes how Langleis *progenie may rise.*

As willing to shew the house of Cambridge to be descended of *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke, a yonger brother to *Iohn* of *Gaunt* his Grand-father (as much as in him lay) to smother the title that the Yorkists made to the Crowne (from *Lionel* of Clarence, *Gaunts* elder brother) by the daughter of *Mortimer*.

His Priesthood now scorne Mowbray doth restore.

Making the ancient pledge betweene the house of Lancaster and Norfolke, euer since *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke was banished forcere acculation of *Henry* Duke of Herford, (after that, King of England, father to Duke *Humfrey*) which acculation he came as a Combarant, to haue made good in the Lists of Coventry.

And giues our Heires in marriage, that their dowers.

James Stewart King of Scots, hauing beene long prisoner in England, was released, and tooke to wife the daughter of *Iohn*, Duke of Somerset, sister to *Iohn*, Duke of Somerset, Neece to the Cardinall, and the Duke of Exceester, and cousin-germane remooued to the King: this King broke the oath hee had taken, and became after a great enemie to England.

FINIS.

To

To my honoured Mistris, Mistris *Elizabeth Tanfield*, the sole daughter, and Heire of that famous and learned Lawyer, *Laurence Tanfield* Esquire.

FAire and vertuous Mistris, since first it was my good fortune to be a witnesse of the many rare perfections, wherewith nature and education haue adorned you; I haue beene forced since that time, to attribute more admiration to your sexe, then euer PETRARCH *could before perswade me to buy the praises of his* LAVRA. *Sweet is the French tongue, more sweete the Italian; but most sweet are they both, if spoken by your admired selfe. If Poesie were praise-lesse, your vertues alone were a subiect sufficient to make it esteemed, though among the barbarous Getes: by how much the more your tender yeeres giue scarcely warrant for your more then woman-like wisdome, by so much is your iudgement and reading the more to be wondred at. The Graces shall haue one more sister by your selfe, and England to her selfe shall adde one Muse more to the Muses. I rest the humble denoted seruant, to my deare and modest Mistris, to whom I wish the happiest fortunes I can deuise,*

MICH. DRAYTON.

William de-la-Poole Duke of Suffolke, to Queene Margaret.

The Argvment.

William de-la-Poole, first Marquesse, and after created Duke of Suffolke, being sent into France by King Henry the sixt, concluded a marriage betweene the King his Master, and Margaret, Daughter to Rayner, Duke of Anion, who onely had the title of the King of Cicilie & Ierusalem. This marriage being made, contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counsell of the Realme (by reason of the yeelding up of Anion & Maine, into the Dukes handes, which shortly after proued the losse of all Aquitaine), they euer after continually hated the Duke, and after (by meanes of the Commons) banished him at the Parliament at Berrie, where, after he had the iudgement of his Exile, being then readie to depart, hee writeth backe to the Queene this Epistle.

In my disgrace (deare Queene) rest thy content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolkes* banishment,
Not one day seemes fiue yeeres exile to me,
But, that so soone I must depart from thee;
Where thou not present, it is euer night,
All be exil'd that liue not in thy sight.
Those sauages which worship the Sunnes rise,
Would hate their God, if they beheld thine eyes;
The worlds great light, might'st thou be seene abroad,
Would at our noone-stead euer make aboad;

And

And force the poore *Antipodes* to mourne,
Fearing lest he would neuer more returne,
Were't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
To liue within this Sea-inuiron'd Ile.
Pooles courage brookes not limiting in bands,
By that (great Queene) thy Soueraignty commands:
Our Falcons kinde cannot the Cage endure,
Nor Buzzard-like doth stoope to euery lure;
Their mounting brood in open ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue;
We all doe breathe vpon this earthly Ball,
Likewise one Heauen encompasseth vs all:
No banishment can be to him assign'd,
Who doth reraine a true resolued minde.
Man, in himselfe a little world doth beare,
His soule the Monarch, euer ruling there
Where euer then his bodie doth remaine,
He is a King that in himselfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth Fortunes hot'st alarmes,
That beares against her *Patience* for his Armes.
This was the meane proud *Warwicke* did inuent,
To my disgrace at Leister Parliament.
That onely I, by yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the losse of fertile Aquitaine,
With the base vulgar sort to winne him fame,
To be the Heire of good Duke *Humfreyes* name?
And so by treason spotting my pure bloud,
Make this a meane to raise the *Neuels* brood.
With *Salsbury* his vile ambitious Sire,
In *Yorkes* sterne breast kindling long hidden fire;
By *Clarence* Title working to supplant

The Eagle ayrie of great *Iohn* of Gaunt,
And to this end did my Exile conclude,
Thereby to please the rascall multitude;
Vrg'd by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death:
That since the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me of force he must be murthered,
If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
Let him call home Dame *Elinor* his wife,
Who with a Taper walked in a sheete,
To light her shame at noone through London streete;
And let her bring her Necromantick booke,
That foule Hag *Iordane*, *Hum*, and *Bolling brooke*;
And let them call the sprits from hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* dy'd, and who shall reigne,
For twenty yeeres, and haue I serv'd in France,
Against great *Charles*, and bastard *Orleance*?
And seene the slaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, and conquered againe;
And haue I seene *Vernoyles* hatefull fields,
Strew'd with ten thousand helms, ten thousand shields,
Where famous *Bedford* did out fortune try,
Or France or England for the victory?
The sad inuesting of so many Townes,
Scor'd on my breast in honourable wounds;
When *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of such name,
Vnder my Ensigne both first wonne their fame,
In heate and cold all fortunes haue endur'd,
To rowze the French, within their walles immur'd;
Through all my life these perils haue I past,
And now to feare a banishment at last?

Thou

Thou know'st how I (thy beautie to aduance)
For thee refus'd the Infant Queene of *Fraunce*,
Brake the Contract, Duke *Humfrey* first did make
Twixt *Henry* and the Princesse *Arminiake*;
Onely (sweet Queene) thy presence I might gaine,
I gaue Duke *Rayner* Aniou, Maunc, and Maine,
Thy peerelesse beautie for a dower to bring,
Being of it selfe sufficient for a King;
And from *Ammerle* with-drew my warlike powers,
And came my selfe in person first to Towers,
Th'Ambassadours for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary, and Spaine,
And to the King relating of thy Storie,
My tongue flow'd with such plenteous Oratorie,
As the report in speaking did exdite,
Begetting still more rauishing delight.
And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
My lookes shew'd more that was Angelicall;
And when I breath'd againe, and pawsed next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the text;
Then comming of thy modestie to tell,
In Musicks numbers my voyce rose and fell;
And when I came to paint thy glorious stile,
My speech in greater Cadences to file,
By true descent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicils and Ierusalem,
And from the Gods thou didst deriue thy birth,
If heauenly kinde could ioyne with brood of earth;
Gracing each title that I did recite,
With some mellifluous pleasing Epethite;
Nor left him not, till he for loue was sicke,

Behol-

Beholding thee in my sweet Rhedolicke.
A fifteenes taxe in France I freely spent
In triumphs at thy nuptiall tournament;
And solemniz'd thy marriage in a Gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy fathers Crowne;
And onely striuing how to honour thee,
Gaue to my King, what thy loue gaue to me.
Iudge, if his kindnesse haue not power to moue,
Who for his Loues sake gaue away his loue.
Had he, which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom old Poets long agoe did sing)
Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe,
Would ouer-boord haue cast his golden sheepe,
As too vnworthy ballast to be thought,
To pester roome with such perfection fraught.
The brynie Seas which saw the Ship enfold thee,
Would vault vp to the Hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themselues in thronging smother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another;
When the proud Barke, for ioy thy steps to feele,
Scorn'd the salt waues should kisse her furrowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flags, her selfe she braues,
Capring for ioy vpon the siluer waues;
When like a Bull from the Phenician strand,
Ioue with *Europa* tripping from the land;
Vpon the bosome of the Maine doth scud,
And with his Swannish breft cleauing the floud,
Towr'd the faire fields vpon the other side,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicia's* pride.
All beau'nly beauties ioyne themselues in one,
To shew their glorie in thine eye alone;

Which

Which when it turneth that celeſtiall Ball,
A thouſand ſweet Starres riſe, a thouſand fall,
Who iuſtly ſaith, mine baniſhment to be,
When onely France for my recourſe is free?
To view the Plaines where I haue ſeene ſo oft,
Englands victorious Engines rais'd aloft,
When this ſhall be a comfort in my way,
To ſee the place where I may boldly ſay,
Here mighty *Bedford* forth the vaward led,
Heere *Talbot* charg'd, and heere the French-men fled,
Heere with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie,
Heere ſtood the Tents of famous *Willoughbie*;
Heere *Mountacute* rang'd his vnconquer'd band,
Heere forth we march'd, and heere we make a ſtand.
What ſhould we ſtand to mourne and grieue all day
For that, which time doth eaſily take away?
What fortune hurts, let patience onely heale,
No wiſedome with extremities to deale.
To know our ſelues to come of humane birth,
Theſe ſad afflictions croſſe vs heere on earth.
A taxe impos'd by heauens eternall Law,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
In vaine we prize that at ſo deare a rate,
Whoſe beſt aſſurance is a fickle ſtate;
And we examine vainely our intent,
When not our care can Heauens decree preuent;
When we our fals fore-ſeeing cannot ſhunne,
That which before with deſtinie doth runne,
Henry hath power, and may my life depoſe,
Mine honour mine, that none hath power to loſe;
Then be as cheerefull (beauteous royall Queene)

As in the Court of *Heaven* we erſt haue beene;
As when arriu'd in Dorcheſters faire road,
(Where, for our comming *Henry* made abood)
When in mine armes I brought thee ſafe to land,
And gaue my loue to *Henries* royall hand:
The happy houres we paſſed with the King,
At faire South-hampton long in banquetting,
With ſuch content as lodg'd in *Henries* breſt,
When he to London brought thee from the Weſt,
Through golden Cheape, when he in pompe did ride
To Weſtminſter, to entertaine his Bride.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Our Falcons hinde cannot the Cage endure.

HEe alludes in theſe verſes to the Falcon, which was the ancient deuice of the *Pooles*, comparing the greatneſſe and hauneſſe of his ſpirit, to the nature of this bird.

This was the meane proud Warwicks *did inuent,*
To my diſgrace, &c.

The Commons at this Parliament, through *Warwicks* meanes, accuſed *Suffolke* of treaſon, and vrged the accuſation ſo vehemently, that the King was forced to exile him for fiue yeeres.

That onely I by yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the loſſe of fertile Aquitaine.

The Duke of Suffolke being ſent into France, to conclude a peace, choſe Duke *Reyners* Daughter, the Ladie *Margaret*, whom he eſpouſed for *Henry* the ſixt, deliuering for her to her father the Countries of Aniou and Maine, and the Citie of Mans. Whereupon the Earle of Arminach (whoſe Daughter was before promiſed to the King) ſeeing himſelfe to be deluded, cauſed all the Engliſhmen to be expulſed Aquitaine, Gaſcoine, and Guyne.

With the base vulgar sort to winne him fame,
To be the Heire of good Duke Humfreyes name.

This *Richard* that was called the great Earle of Warwicke, when Duke *Humfrey* was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.

With Salisburie *his vile ambitious Sire,*
In Yorkes *sterne breast, kindling long hidden fire,*
By Clarence *title, working to supplant*
The Eagle-Airie of great Iohn *of* Gaunt.

Richard Plantaginet, Duke of Yorke, in the time of *Henry* the sixt, claimed the Crowne (being assisted by this *Richard Nevell*, Earle of Salisburie, and Father to the great Earle of Warwicke, who fauoured exceedingly the house of Yorke) in open Parliament, as Heire to *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of *Edward* the third, making his title by *Anne* his mother, wife to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, sonne to *Edmund* of Langley, Duke of Yorke: which *Anne*, was Daughter to *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March, which *Roger* was sonne and Heire to *Edmund Mortimer*, that married the Lady *Philip*, Daughter and Heire to *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of King *Edward*, to whom the Crowne, after King *Richard* the seconds death, lineally descended, he dying without issue: And not to the Heires of the Duke of Lancaster, that was yonger brother to the Duke of Clarence. *Hall. cap.* 1. *Tit. Yor. & Lanc.*

Vrg'd by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death.

Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, and Lord Protector, in the fiue and twentieth yeere of *Henry* the sixt, by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolke, was arrested by the Lord *Beaumond*, at the Parliament, holden at Berrie, and the same night after, murthered in his bed.

If they would know who rob'd him, &c. To this verse.
To know how Humfrey *died, and who shall raigne.*

In these verses he iests at the Protectors wife, who (being accused and conuicted of treason, because with *Iohn Hun* a Priest, *Roger Bullingbrooke*, a Necromancer, & *Margery Iordan*, called the Witch of *Eye*, she had consulted by sorcerie to kill the King) was adiudged to perpetuall prison in the Ile of *Man*, and to doe penance openly in three publike places in London.

For

For twentie yeeres and haue I seru'd in France.

In the first yeere of *Henry* the fift, the Duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieutenant Generall, and Regent of France; the Duke of Suffolke was promoted to that dignitie, hauing the Lord *Talbot*, Lord *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute*, to assist him.

Against great Charles, *and bastard* Orleance?

This was *Charles* the seuenth, and after the death of *Henry* the fifth, obtained the Crowne of France, and recouered againe much of that his father had lost. Bastard *Orleance* was sonne to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lord *Coonies* wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because hee being a most valiant Captaine, was a continuall enemie to the Englishmen, daily infesting them with diuers incursions.

And haue I seene Vernoyle's *batefull fields.*

Vernoyle is that noted place in France, where the great battell was fought, in the beginning of *Henry* the sixt his reigne, where the most of the French Chiualrie were ouercome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.

Aumerle is that strong-defenced Towne in France, which the Duke of Suffolke got, after twentie foure great assaults giuen vnto it.

And came my selfe in person first to Towers,
Th' Embassadours for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungarie and Spaine.

Towers is a Citie in France, built by *Brutus* as hee came into Britaine, where, in the one and twentieth yeere of the reigne of *Henry* the sixt, was appointed a great Diet to be kept, whither came Embassadours of the Empire, Spaine, Hungarie, and Denmarke, to entreate for a perpetuall peace, to bee made betweene the two Kings of England and France.

By true descent to weare the Diadem
Of Naples, Cicily, and Ierusalem.

Rayner Duke of *Anion*, father to Queene *Margaret*, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicily and Ierusalem, hauing the title alone of the King of those Countries.

A fifteenth Yeare in France I freely spent.

The Duke of Suffolke, after the marriage concluded betweene King *Henry* and *Margaret*, Daughter to Duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole fifteenth, to fetch her into England.

Scene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe.

Deepe is a towne in France, bordering vpon the sea, where the Duke of Suffolke with Queene *Margaret*, tooke ship for England.

As when arriu'd in Porchester faire Roade.

Porchester a hauen Towne in the South-west part of England, where the King tarried, expecting the Queenes arriuall, whom from thence he conueyed to South-hampton.

Queene MARGARET to WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE, Duke of *Suffolke.*

WHat newes (sweet *Poole*) look'st thou my lines should tell,
But like the tolling of the dolefull Bell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue?
Expect from me no other newes to haue;
My breft, which once was Mirths imperiall throne,
A vast and desart wildernesse is growne:
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,
On whose breeme Seas the Icie Mountaines flote,

Where

Where those poore creatures banish'd from the light,
Doe liue imprisned in continuall night.
No obiect greetes my soules intellectuall eyes,
But diuinations of sad Tragedies,
And Care taker vp her solitarie Inne,
Where youth and ioy their Court did once beginne.
As in September when our yeere relignes
The glorious Sunne vnto the watry signes,
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in scorne,
The little bird, yet to salute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches sits her foot,
The leaues now lying on the mossie root;
And there a silly chirping dish keepes,
As though she fayne would sing, yet fayne would weepe,
Praising faire Summer that too soone is gone,
Or sad for Winter too fast comming on:
In this strange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.
Now to our aide, who stirres the neighbouring Kings?
Or, who from France a puissant Armie brings?
Who moues the *Norman* to abet our warre?
Or stirres vp *Burgoyne* to aide *Lancaster*?
Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To winne vs credit with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret griefes impart?
Whose breast I made the closet of my heart.
The ancient *Heroes* fame thou didst reuiue,
And didst from them thy memorie deriue,
Nature by thee, both gaue, and taketh all,
Alone in *Poets* she was too prodigall;

O

Of so diuine and rich a temper wrought,
As heauen for him perfections depth hath sought;
Well knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
When he chose thee to be his Orator;
Whose Angell-eye by powerfull influence,
Doth vtter more then humane eloquence,
That when *Ioue* would his youthfull sports haue tri'd,
But in thy shape himselfe would neuer hide;
Which in his loue had beene of greater power,
Then was his Nimph, his flame, his swan, his flower;
To that allegeance *Yorke* was bound by oath
To *Henries* Heires, and safetie of vs both.
No longer now he meanes record shall beare it,
He will dispense with Heauen, and will vnsweare it.
He that's in all the worlds blacke sinnes forlorne,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworne;
And now of late his title hath set downe,
By which he makes his claime vnto the Crowne,
And now I heare his hatefull Dutches chats,
And rippes vp their discent vnto her brats;
And blesseth them as Englands lawfull Heires,
And tels them that our Diademe is theirs,
And if such haps her Goddesse Fortune bring,
If three sonnes faile, shee'll make the fourth a King.
He that's so like his Damme, her yongest *Dicke*,
That foule ill-fauour'd, crook-back'd stigmaticke,
That like a carcasse stolne out of a tombe,
Came the wrong way out of his mothers wombe;
With teeth in's head, his passage to haue torne,
As though begot an age e're he was borne.
Who now will curbe proud *Yorke* when he shall rise?

Or armes our right against his enterprize,
To crop that bastard weed which daily growes,
To ouer-shadow our vermilian Rose?
Or who will muzzell that vnruly Beare,
Whose presence strikes our peoples hearts with feare?
Whilst on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To saue them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
Where like a mounting Cedar he should beare
His plumed top aloft into the aire;
And let these shrubs sit vnderneath his shrowds,
Whilst in his armes he doth embrace the clowds;
O that he should his fathers right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mightie spirit!
How were those powers dispers'd, or whither gone,
Should sympathize in generation,
Or what opposed influence had force,
So much t'abuse and alter Natures course?
All other creatures follow after kinde,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Daisie-flower, which erst perfum'd the aire,
Which for my fauours Princes once did weare,
Now in the dust lies troden on the ground,
And with *Yorkes* garlands euery one is crown'd.
When now his rising waites on our decline,
And in our setting he begins to shine,
Now in the skies that dreadfull Comet waues,
And who be starres but *Warwicks* bearded staues?
And all those knees which bended once so low,
Grow stiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none like them pursue me with despite,
Which most haue cry'd, God saue Queene *Margarite*.

Wh

When Fame shall bruite thy banishment abroad,
The Yorkish faction then will lay vs load,
And when it comes once to our Westerne coast,
O how that Hag, Dame *Elinor*, will boast,
And labour straight by all the meanes she can,
To be call'd home out of the Ile of Man?
To which I know great *Warwicke* will consent
To haue it done by act of Parliament,
That to my teeth my birth she may defie,
Slandering Duke *Rayner* with base beggerie;
The onely way she could deuise to grieue me,
Wanting sweet *Suffolke*, which shouldst most relieue me.
And from that stocke doth sprout another bloome,
A Kentish Rebell, a base vpstart groome;
And this is he the White-Rose must preferre,
By *Clarence* daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*;
Thus by *Yorkes* meanes, this Rascall Pesant *Cade*,
Must in all haste *Plantaginet* be made;
Thus that ambitious Duke sets all on worke,
To sound what friends affect the claime of *Yorke*;
Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,
And makes vs weake by strengthening *Ireland*,
More his owne power still seeking to encrease,
Then for King *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
Great *Winchester* vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes should be encreas'd:
Beuford, whose shoulders proudly bare vp all,
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall,
The Commons (bent to mischiefe) neuer let,
With France t'vpbraid that valiant *Sommerset*,
Rayling in tumults on his Souldiers losse.

Thus all goes backward, crosse comes after crosse,
And now of late Duke *Humfreyes* old allies,
With banish'd *Eleuors* base accomplicies,
Attending their reuenge, grow wondrous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house;
And I alone the wofull remnant am,
T'endure these stormes with wofull *Buckingham*,
I pray thee *Poole*, haue care how thou dost passe.
Neuer the Sea yet halfe so dangerous was;
And one foretold by *Water* thou should'st die,
(Ah! foule befall that foule tongues prophecie)
And I by night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe see thee toss'd in dangerous streames;
And oft-times ship-wrack'd, cast vpon the land,
And lying breathlesse on the queachy sand;
And oft in visions see thee in the night,
Where thou at Sea maintain'st a dangerous fight,
And with thy proued Target and thy Sword,
Beat'st backe the Pyrate, which would come aboord.
Yet be not angry that I warne thee thus,
The truest loue is most suspitious;
Sorrow doth vtter what vs still doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs sorrow to beleeue;
And in my counsell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amisse:
Then liue in hope in triumph to returne,
When clearer dayes shall leaue in clouds to mourne;
But so hath sorrow girt my soule about,
That that word *Hope* (me thinkes) comes slowly out;
The reason is, I know it heere would rest,
Where it would still behold thee in my breast.

Fare-

Farewell, sweet *Poole*, faine more I would indite,
But that my teares doe blot as I doe write.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Or brings in Burgoyne to ayde Lancaster.

Philip Duke of Burgoyne, and his son, were alwayes great favorites of the house of Lancaster, howbeit they often dissembled both with Lancaster and Yorke.

Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credit with our valiant friends.

The chiefe Lords of the North parts, in the time of *Henry* the sixt, withstood the Duke of Yorke at his rising, giuing him two great ouerthrowes.

To that allegeance Yorke was bound by oath
To Henries *heires, and safetie of vs both,*
No longer now he meanes Records shall beare it,
He will dispence with Heauen, and will vnsweare it.

The Duke of Yorke, at the death of *Henry* the fift, and at this Kings Coronation, tooke his oath to bee true subiect to him and his heires for euer: but afterward dispensing therewith, claimed the Crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

If three sonnes faile, shee'll make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke had foure sonnes, *Edward* Earle of March, that afterward was Duke of Yorke, and King of England, when he had deposed *Henry* the sixt, and *Edmund* Earle of Rutland, slaine by the Lord *Clifford*, at the battell at Wakefield, and *George* Duke of Clarence, that was murthered in the Tower: and *Richard* Duke of Gloceſter, who was (after he had murthered his brothers sons) King, by the name of *Richard* the third.

He that's so like his Damme, her yongest Dicke,
That foule ill-fauoured crook-back'd stigmaticke, &c.

Till this Verse, *As though begot in age, &c.*

This *Richard* (whom ironically shee heere cals *Dicke*) that by treason

treason after, his Nephewes murthered, obtained the Crowne, was a man low of stature, crooke-backed, the left shoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and sowre countenance: his mother could not be deliuered of him, hee was borne tooth'd, and with his feet forward, contrary to the course of nature.

To ouer-shadow our vermilian Rose.

The red Rose was the badge of the house of *Lancaster*, and the white Rose of *Yorke*, which by the marriage of *Henry* the seuenth, with *Elizabeth* indubitate heire of the house of *Yorke*, was happily vnited.

Who will maruell that vnruly Beare?

The Earle of Warwicke, the setter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his armes the white Beare rampant, and the ragged staffe.

My Daisie flower, which erst perfum'd the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes once did weare, &c.

The Daisie in French is called *Margaret*, which was Queene *Margarets* badge, wherewith all the Nobilitie and Chiualrie of the land, at her first arriuall were so delighted, that they wore it in their Hats in token of honour.

And who be staues but Warwicks bearded slaues?

The ragged or beardell staffe, was a part of the armes belonging to the Earledome of Warwicke.

Slumbring Duke Rayner with base beggerie.

Rayner Duke of Anjou, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ierulalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from those parts, and was not able at the marriage of the Queene, of his owne charges to send her into England, though hee gaue no dower with her: which by the Dutchesse of Glocester was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

A Kentish Rebell, a base vpstart groome.

This was *Iacke Cade*, which caused the Kentish men to rebell in the 28. yeere of King *Henry* the sixt.

And this is he the white Rose must prefer,
By Clarence *daughter match'd to* Mortimer.

This *Iacke Cade* instructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to be descended from *Mortimer*, which married Ladie *Philip*, daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

And

And makes vs weake by strengthening Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke being made Deputie of Ireland, first there began to practise his long-pretended purpose, strengthening himselfe by all meanes possible, that he might at his returne into England by open warre, claime that which so long he had priuily gone about to obtaine.

Great Winchester *vntimely is deceas'd.*

Henry Beuford, Bishop and Cardinall of Winchester, sonne to *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, fauouring mightily the Queene and the Duke of Suffolke, continually heaping vp innumerable treasure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himselfe on his death-bed confessed.

With France t'vpbraid the valiant Somerset.

Edmund Duke of Somerset, in the 24. yere of *Henry* the sixth, was made Regent of France, and sent into Normandie, to defend the English territories against the French inuasions, but in short time he lost all that King *Henry* the fift wonne, for which cause the Nobles and Commons euer after hated him.

T'endure these stormes with wofull Buckingham.

Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, was a great fauourite of the Queenes faction, in the time of *Henry* the sixt.

And one foretold by Water thou shouldst die.

The Witch of Eye receiued answere from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolke should take heed of Water, which the Queene forewarnes him of, as remembring the Witches prophecie, which afterwards came to passe.

To the right VVorſhipfull, Sir *Thomas Munſon* Knight.

SIR, amongſt many which moſt deſeruedly loue you, though I the leaſt, yet am loth to be the laſt, whoſe endeuours may make knowne, how highly they eſteeme of your noble and kinde diſpoſition. Let this Epiſtle Sir (I beſeech you) which vnworthily weares the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the reſt (though much leſſe deſeruing) which for your ſake, doe honour the houſe of the MVNSONS. *I know, true generoſity accepteth what is zealouſly offered, though not euer deſeruingly excellent, yet for loue of the Art, from whence it receiueth reſemblance. The light Phrygian harmonie ſtirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth paſsion; both haue their motion in the ſpirit, as the liking of the ſoule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, ſhall giue ſome life to my Muſe, which yet houers in the vncertainty of the generall cenſure.*

MICH. DRAYTON.

EDWARD the fourth to SHORES Wife.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Miſtris SHORE, *King* EDVVARD *the fourths beauteous Paramour, was ſo called of her husband a Gold-ſmith, dwelling in Lombard-ſtreete.* EDWARD *the fourth, ſon to* RICHARD *Duke of Yorke, after hee had obtained the Crowne, by depoſing* HENRY *the ſixth, (which* HENRY *was after murthered in the Tower by* RICHARD CROOK-BACK*) and after the battell fought at Barnet, where the famous Earle of Warwicke was ſlaine, and that King* EDWARD *quietly poſſeſſed the Crowne, hearing (by report of many) the rare & wonderfull beautie of the afore-ſaide* SHORES *wife, commeth himſelfe diſguiſed to London to ſee her; where after he had once beheld her, hee was ſo ſurpriſed with her admirable beautie, as not long after hee robbed her husband of his deareſt iewel; but firſt by this Epiſtle he writeth vnto her.*

VNto the fair'ſt that euer breath'd this aire,
From Engliſh *Edward*, to that faireſt faire,
Ah would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
To countermand a Monarchs high deſire,
And barre mine eyes of what they moſt admire!
O why ſhould Fortune make the Citie proud,
To giue that more then is the Court allow'd?

Where

Where they like (wretches) hoord it vp to ſpare,
And doe engroſſe it as they doe their ware.
When fame firſt blaz'd thy beautie here in Court,
Mine eares repuls'd it as a light report:
But when mine eyes ſaw what mine eare had heard,
They thought report too niggardly had ſpar'd;
And ſtrucken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Concerning more then ſhe had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is poſſeſt,
When I enuie that *Shore* ſhould be ſo bleſt;
When much abundance makes the needie mad,
And hauing all, yet knowes not what is had.
Into fooles boſomes this good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in whilſt the baſe Miſer ſleepes.
If now thy beautie be of ſuch eſteeme,
Which all of ſo rare excellencie deeme,
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a Kingly ſtate?
Which being now but in ſo meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in Lead,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized Ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamiling;
We ſee the beautie of the ſtone is ſpilt,
Wanting the gracious ornament of gilt.
When firſt attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to ſee thee in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
Paſſing thy ſhop, thy husband call'd me backe,
Demanding what rare iewell I did lacke:
I want (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And one (I feare) thou wilt not let me haue;
He cals for Caskets forth, and ſhewes me ſtore,

But

But yet I knew he had one Iewell more;
And deadly curst him that he did deny it,
That I might not for loue or money buy it.
O might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but such a lustre as thine eye!
Would not my treasure serue, my Crowne should goe,
If any iewell could be prized so;
An Agat, branched with thy blushing straines,
A Saphir but so azur'd as thy veines;
My Kingly Scepter onely should redeeme it,
At such a price if iudgement could esteeme it.
How fond and senseleſſe be thoſe ſtrangers then,
Who bring in toyes to pleaſe the Engliſhmen?
I ſmile to thinke how fond th'Italians are,
To iudge their artificiall gardeus rare,
When London in thy cheekes can ſhew them heere,
Roſes and Lillies growing all the yeere:
The Portugal that onely hopes to win,
By bringing ſtones from fartheſt India in,
When happy *Shore* can bring them forth a girle,
Whoſe lippes be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
How ſilly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Cryſtall from the frozen Maine?
When thy cleare skins tranſparence doth ſurpaſſe
Their Cryſtal, as the Diamond doth glaſſe.
The fooliſh French which bring in traſh and toyes,
To turne our women men, our girles to boyes,
When with what tire thou doeſt thy ſelfe adorne,
That for a faſhion onely ſhall be worne;
Which though it were a garment but of haire,
More rich then Robe that euer Empreſſe ware.

Me thinkes thy husband takes his marke awry,
To ſet his plate to ſale when thou art by;
When they which doe thy Angel-lockes behold,
Like baſeſt droſſe doe but reſpect his gold,
And wiſh one haire before that maſſie heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape;
And for no cauſe elſe, hold we gold ſo deare,
But that it is ſo like vnto thy haire:
And ſure I thinke *Shore* cannot chuſe but flout
Such as would finde the great Elixar out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchymiſts that choke
Themſelues with fumes, & waſte their wealth in ſmoke,
When if thy hand but touch the groſſeſt mold,
It is conuerted to refined gold,
When theirs is chaffred at an eaſie rate,
Well knowne to all to be adulterate;
And is no more when it by thine is ſet,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized Ieat.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnmeete,
If there were none, thou could'ſt make all things ſweet,
Thou comfort'ſt ſenſe, and yet all ſenſe doſt waſte,
To heare, to ſee, to ſmell, to feele, to taſte;
Like a rich ſhip, whoſe very refuſe ware,
Aromaticks, and precious odors are;
If thou but pleaſe to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whiteneſſe of the ſame would'ſt proue,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy gloue;
And thoſe which buy, as the beholders ſtand,
Will take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand;
A thouſand eyes, clos'd vp by enuious night,

Doe wiſh for day, but to enioy thy ſight;
And when they once haue bleſt their eyes with thee,
Scorne euery obiect elſe what ere they ſee.
So like a Goddeſſe beauty ſtill controules,
And hath ſuch powerfull working in our ſoules.
The Merchant which in traffique ſpends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a daintie Wife;
The blunt-ſpoke Cynicke poring on his booke,
Sometimes (aſide) at beautie loues to looke;
The Church-man, by whoſe teaching we are led,
Allowes what keepes loue in the marriage bed;
The bloudie Souldier ſpent in armes and broyles,
With beautie, yet content to ſhare his ſpoyles;
The buſie Lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth that Beautie giues his labour eaſe;
The toyling Trades-man, and the ſweating Clowne,
Would haue his Wench faire, though his bread bee browne:
So much is Beautie pleaſing vnto all,
That Prince and Peaſant equally doth call;
Nor neuer yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too deare, and that he could not prize it,
Vnlearn'd is learning, artleſſe be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praiſe thy ſeuerall parts;
Poore plodding Schoole-men, they are farre too low,
Which by probations, rules, and axiomes goe;
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the Skies,
Which notes the reuolutions of thine eyes;
And by that skill which meaſures ſea and land,
See beauties *All*, thy waſte, thy foot, thy hand,
Where he may finde, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights as are both ſtrange and new;

And

And other worlds of beautie more and more,
Which neuer were diſcouered before;
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vſing alone Arithmeticks ſtrong ground,
Numbring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when theſe all haue done what they can doe,
For thy perfections all too litle too.
When from the Eaſt the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to ſeeke thee all the world about,
Within thy chamber hath ſhee fixt her light,
Where but that place the world hath all beene night;
Then is it fit that euery vulgar eye,
Should ſee Loue banquet in her Maieſtie?
We deeme thoſe things our ſight doth moſt frequent,
To be but meane, although moſt excellent;
For ſtrangers ſtill the ſtreets are ſweet and ſtrow'd,
Few looke on ſuch as dayly come abroad;
Things much reſtrain'd, doe make vs much deſire them,
And beauties ſeldome ſeene, make vs admire them.
Nor is it fit a Citie-ſhop ſhould hide
The worlds delight, and Natures onely pride,
But in a Princes ſumptuous gallery,
Hung all with tiſſue, ſtor'd with tapeſtry,
Where thou ſhalt ſit, and from thy ſtate ſhalt ſee
The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou liſt to proue)
Betwixt a vulgar, and a Kingly loue;
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt the troth,
Be thou thy ſelfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
Where hearts be knit, what helpes if not enioy?

Delaye

Delayes breed doubts, no cunning to be coy,
Whilst lazie Time his turne by tariance serues,
Loue still growes sickly, and hope daily sterues;
Meane while receiue that warrant by these lines,
Which Princely rule and soueraignetie resignes:
Till when these papers by their Lords command,
By me shall kisse thy sweet and dainty hand.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

THis Epistle of *Edward* to *Shores* Wife, and of hers to him, being of vnlawfull affection, ministreth small occasion of historicall notes: for had hee mentioned the many Battels betwixt the Lancastrian Faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had beene more like to *Plautus* boasting Souldier, then a Kingly Courrier. Notwithstanding, it shall not be amisse to annex a line or two.

From English Edward *to the fairest faire.*

Edward the Fourth was by nature very Chiualrous, and verie Amorous, applying his sweet and amiable aspect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather, which was so well knowne to *Lewes* the French King, who at their interuiew inuited him to Paris, that as *Comineus* reports, being taken at his word, hee notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing, the Parisian Dames with their wittie conuersation, would detaine him longer then should be for his benefit, by which meanes *Edward* was disappointed of his iourney: and albeit Princes whilest they liue, haue nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the Court in those times: for certaine it is, that his shape was excellent, his haire drew neere to a blacke, making his faces tauour to seeme more delectable. Though the smalnesse of his eyes full of a shining moisture, as it tooke away some comelinesse; so it argued much sharpenesse of vnderstanding, and crueltie mingled together. And indeed *George Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him and o-

ther

ther Princes of those times, with affection of tyrannie, as *Richard* the third manifestly did.

When first attracted by thy heauenly eyes.

Edwards intemperate desires, with which hee was wholly ouercome, how tragically they in his off-spring were punished, is vniuersally knowne. A mirrour representing their ouer-sight, that rather leaue their children what to possesse, then what to imitate.

How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Cristall from the frozen maine?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine Cristall to bee a kinde of Ice, and therefore it is likely, they who come from the frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to bee congealed with extreme cold. Whether Crystall be Ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute; yet by the examples of Amber and Corall, there may bee such an induration: for *Solinus* out of *Pliny* mentioneth, that in the Northerly Region, a yellow ielly is taken vp out of the Sea at low tides, which hee calls *Succinum*, we Amber: so likewise out of the Liguslicke Deepe, a part of the Mediterranean Sea, a greenish stalke is gathered, which hardened in the aire, comes to bee Corall, either white, or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to droppe out of trees, as appeares by *Martials* Epigram.

Et latet, & lucet, Phaetontide *condita gutta,*
Vt videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

To behold a Bee enclosed in *Electrum*, is not so rare, as that a boyes throat should be cut with the fall of an Ice-sicle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. lib. 4. He cals it *Phaetontis Gutta*, because of that fable which *Ouid* reheatseth, concerning the *Heliades* or *Phaetons* sisters, metamorphosed into those trees, whose Gum is Amber, where Flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently imprisoned.

The Epistle of SHORES Wife to *King* EDWARD *the* FOVRTH.

AS the weake childe, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his Masters curious liftning eare;
Whose trembling hand, at euery straine bewrayes,
In what doubt he his new set lesson playes:
As this poore childe, so sit I to indite,
At euery word still quaking as I write.
Would I had led an humble shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife,
And liu'd with them in Country-fields that range,
Nor seene the golden Cheape, nor glittering Change,
To stand a Comet gaz'd at in the skyes,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes;
Oft haue I heard my beautie prais'd of many,
But neuer yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-eye to finde out that,
Which vulgar sights doe seldome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the obiect some thing exquisite.
To housed beautie seldome stoop's report,
Fame must attend on that which liues in Court.
What Swan of great *Apollo's* brood doth sing,

To vulgar loue, in courtly Sonetting?
Or what immortall Poets ſugred pen,
Attends the glorie of a Citizen?-
Oft haue I wondred what ſhould blinde your eye,
Or what ſo farre ſeduced Maieſtie,
That hauing choiſe of beauties ſō diuine,
Amongſt the moſt to chuſe this leaſt of mine?
More glorious Sunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beſide:
That who t'account their multitudes would wiſh,
Might number *Rumneyes* flowers, or *Iſis* fiſh;
Who doth frequent our Temples, walkes, and ſtreets,
Noting the ſundrie beauties that he meets,
Thinkes not that Nature left the wide world poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her ſtore?
As heauen and earth were lately falne at iarres,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping ſtarres.
That if but ſome one beautie ſhould incite,
Some ſacred Muſe, ſome rauiſh'd ſpirit to write,
Here might he fetch that true *Promethian* fire,
As after-ages ſhould his Lines admire;
Gathering the honny from the choiſeſt flowers,
Scorning the wither'd weedes in Country bowers.
Here in this Garden (onely) ſprings the Roſe,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes:
Nor are we ſo turn'd *Neapolitan*,
That might incite ſome foule-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iuſt cauſe to raile vpon our ſexe;
To pranke old wrinkles vp in new attyre,
To alter Natures courſe, proue Time a lyer,

Abuſing

Abuſing Fate, and heauens iuſt doome reuerſe,
On beauties graue to ſet a crimſon hearſe,
With a deceitfull foile to lay a ground,
To make a glaſſe to ſeeme a Diamond:
Nor cannot without hazzard of our name,
In faſhion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantaſticke French to imitate,
Attyr'd halfe Spaniſh, halfe Italionate;
Nor waſte, nor curle, body, nor brow adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boaſts how witleſſe fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignitie?
And what though marryed when I was but yong,
Before I knew what did to loue belong,
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the roome,
Crop'd beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away inriched with the ſtore,
Whilſt others gleane, where he hath reap'd before;
And he dares ſweare that I am true and iuſt,
And ſhall I then deceiue his honeſt truſt?
Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to aſſaile,
Where ſtrongeſt batterie neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke that I repuls'd the reſt,
To leaue a King the conqueſt of my breſt,
Or haue thus long preſeru'd my ſelfe from all,
A Monarch now ſhould glorie in my fall.
Yet rather let me die the vildeſt death,
Then liue to draw that ſinne-polluted breath;
But our kinde hearts mens teares cannot abide,
And we leaſt angrie oft, when moſt we chide;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,

And Nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to ſpeake, to ſue, and to forbeare
By ſignes, by ſighes, by motions, & by teares. (praiers,
Whenvowes ſhould ſerue, when oaths, when ſmiles, whē
What one delight our humours moſt doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nouriſh loue.
If any naturall blemiſh blot our face,
You doe proteſt it giues our beautie grace,
And what attire we moſt are vs'd to weare,
That of all other excellent'ſt you ſweare.
And if we walke, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one Deitie.
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That are you euer ſounding in our eare;
And yet ſo ſhameleſſe when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on Beautie and on vs.
Romes wanton *Ouid* did thoſe rules impart,
O that your nature ſhould be help'd with Art.
Who would haue thought, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforc'd by loue, ſo Poet-like ſhould faine?
To ſay that Beautie, Times ſterne rage to ſhunne,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the Sunne;
And when ſhee meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her Eaſt, and here ſhee broke her day,
And ſweare that Summer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;
As though the fayr'ſt ere ſince the world began,
To me a Sunne-burnt baſe Egyptian;
But yet I know more then I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well.)

That

That women oft their moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publikely, not flattering their owne praiſe.
Our churliſh husbands which our youth enioy'd,
Who with our dainties haue their ſtomackes cloy'd,
Doe loathe our ſmooth hands with their lippes to feele,
T'enrich our fauours, by our beds to kneele;
At our command to waite, to ſend, to goe,
As euery houre our amorous ſeruants doe;
Which makes a ſtolne kiſſe often we beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good we owe;
When he all day torments vs with a frowne.
Yet ſports with *Venus* in a bed of Downe;
Whoſe rude embracement, but too ill beſeemes
Her ſpan-broad waſte, her white and dainty limmes,
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of meate,
When he himſelfe of euery diſh will eate.
Blame you our husbands then if they denie
Our publique walking, or looſe libertie?
If with exception ſtill they vs debarre,
The circuite of the publique Theater;
To heare the Poet in a comicke ſtraine,
Able t'infect with his laſciuious Scene,
And the yong wanton wits, when they applaud
The ſlie perſwaſions of ſome ſubtile Bawd,
Or paſſionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-ſicke paſſion on the Stage:
When though abroad reſtraining vs to come,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward griefe,
Knowing rich prizes ſooneſt tempt a thiefe.
What ſports haue we whereon our mindes to ſet?

Our Dogge, our Parrat, or our Murmuzet,
Or once a weeke to walke into the field,
Small is the pleasure that those toyes doe yeeld:
But to this griefe a medicine you apply,
To cure restraint with that sweet libertie;
And Soueraignetie (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promise of a King;
And more, that honor which doth most intice
The holi'st Nunne, and shee that's ne're so nice.
Thus still we striue, yet ouercome at length,
For men want mercy, and poore women strength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause *Shore* pleaseth not my sight,
That his embraces giue me no delight;
Thou art the cause I to my selfe am strange,
Thy comming is my Full, thy Set my Change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou heere,
Short minutes if thou absent, be a yeere.
And thus by strength thou art become my fate,
And mak'st me loue euen in the midst of hate.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores *admired wife.*

TWo or three Poemes written by sundrie men, hauing magnified this womans beautie; whom, that ornament of England and Londons more particular glorie, Sir *Thomas Moore*, very highly hath praised for her beautie, shee being aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her stature was meane, her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony

harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her body fat, white, and smoothe, her countenance cheerefull, and like to her condition. That picture which I haue seene of hers, was such as shee rose out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich Mantle, cast vnder one arme ouer her shoulder, and sitting in a chayre, on which her naked arme did lie. What her Fathers name was, or where shee was borne, is not certainely knowne: but *Shore*, a yong man of right good parentage, wealth, and behauiour, abandoned her bed after the King had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the Third causing her to doe open penance in *Paules* Church-yard, commanded that no man should releeue her, which the Tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his Brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible Treason the more cunningly.

May number Rumneyes *flowers, or* Isis *fish.*

Rumney is that famous Marsh in Kent, at whose side *Rie* a Hauen Towne doth stand. Hereof the excellent English Antiquarie Master *Camden*, and Master *Lambert* in his Perambulation doe make mention. And Marishes are commonly called those low grounds which abutt vpon the Sea, and from the Latine word are so denominated. *Isis* is here vsed for *Thamesis* by a Synecdochicall kinde of speech, or by a Poeticall libertie, in vsing one for another: for it is said that *Thamesis* is compounded of *Tame* and *Isis*, making when they are met, that renowned Water running by London, a Citie much more renowned then that Water: which being plentifull of Fish, is the cause also why all things elsse are plentiful therein. Moreouer, I am perswaded, that there is no Riuer in the World, beholds more stately buildings on either side cleane through, then the Thames. Much is reported of the Grand Canale in Venice, for that the fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

That might intice some foule-mouth'd Mantuan.

Mantuan a pastorall Poet, in one of his *Eglogs* bitterly inueyeth against woman-kinde, some of the which by the way of an Appendix, might be here inserted, seeing the fantasticke and insolent humours of many of that Sexe deserue much sharper Physicke, were it not that they are growne wiser then to amend, for

ſuch an Idle Poets ſpeech as *Mantuan*, yea, or for *Euripides* himſelfe, or *Seneca's* inflexible *Hippolitus*.

The circuit of the publique Theater.

Ouid, a moſt fit Author for ſo diſſolute a Sectarie, calls that place Chaſtities ſhipwracke, for though *Shores* wife wantonly plead for libertie, which is the true humour of a Curtizan, yet much more is the praiſe of modeſtie, then of ſuch libertie. Howbeit the Veſtall Nunnes had ſeates aſſigned them in the Romane Theater, whereby it ſhould appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modeſtie: though they offending therein, were buried quicke: a ſharpe Law for them, who may ſay as *Shores* wife doth.

When though abroad reſtrayning vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home.

FINIS.

To the right Worſhipfull, Sir HENRY GOODERE of Powlſworth, KNIGHT.

SIR, this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at London, in May laſt, brought at length to perfection (emboldened by your wonted fauours) I aduenture to make you Patrone of. Thus Sir, you ſee I haue aduentured to the world, with what like or diſlike, I know not: if it pleaſe (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I ſhall eſteeme not my leaſt good; if diſlike, it ſhall leſſen ſome part of my griefe, if it pleaſe you to allow but of my loue: howſoeuer, I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which though without many proteſtations, yet (I aſſure you) with much deſire of your Honor. Thus vntill ſuch time as I may in ſome more larger meaſure, make knowne my loue to the happy and generous familie of the GOODERES *(to which I confeſſe my ſelfe to be beholding, for the moſt part of my education) I wiſh you all happineſſe.*

MICH. DRAYTON.

MARY the French Queene, to CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of Suffolke.

THE ARGVMENT.

MARY, *the Daughter of that renowned Prince King* HENRIE *the Seuenth, being very yong at her Fathers death, after by her Brother King* HENRIE *the Eight, was giuen in marriage to* LEWES *King of France, being a man old and decrepit: this faire and beautifull Lady, long afore had placed her affection on* CHARLES BRANDON, *Duke of Suffolke, a braue and couragious yong Gentleman, and an especiall Fauorite of the King her Brother, and a man rayſed vp by him. King* LEWES *the Husband of this beautifull Queene, liued not long after he was married; and* CHARLES BRANDON *hauing Commiſſion from the King to bring her backe into England, but being delayed by ſome ſiniſter meanes, the French Queene writeth this Epiſtle, to haſten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to France.*

SVch health from heauen my ſelfe may wiſh to mee,
Such health from France Queen *Mary* ſends to thee,
Brandon how long mak'ſt thou excuſe to ſtay,
And know'ſt how ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore Channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkinde) what would an Ocean doe?

Leander

Leander had an *Helleſpont* to ſwim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;
His Barke (poore ſoule) his breſt; his armes, his Oares;
But thou a ſhip, to land thee on our ſhores;
And oppoſite to famous Kent doth lie,
The pleaſant fields of flowrie Picardie,
Whereon our faire Callice wall'd in her ſands,
In kenning of the cliffie Douer ſtands.
Here is no Beldam Nurſe to powt or lowre,
When wantoning, we reuell in my Towre;
Nor neede I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to me as thou ſwim'ſt by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe ſo kinde,
Thy ſighes ſhould ſtuffe thy ſailes, though wãting wind:
But thy breſt is becalm'd, thy ſighes be ſlacke,
And mine too ſtiffe, and blow thy broad ſailes backe.
But thou wilt ſay that I ſhould blame the flood,
Becauſe the winde ſo full againſt thee ſtood.
Nay, blame it not, it did ſo roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou waſt ſo ſlow;
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainely let'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt haue wafted hither with the Tide.
If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angrie brow,
Blame me not, *Brandon*, thou haſt broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dombe,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come:
Nay, come ſweet *Charles*, haue care thy ſhip to guide,
Come, my ſweet heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my Brother and his louely Queene,

In

In ſad attire for my depart were ſeene,
The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I from Douer did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuff'red for thy ſake,
How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'ſt with what a heauie heart,
I tooke my farewell when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd, gaue ſignall with my hand,
Vp to the cliffe where I did ſee thee ſtand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples view,
But cryed to thee, Sweet *Charles* adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little Infant that hath loſt,
The thing wherewith it is delighted moſt,
Wearie with ſeeking to ſome corner creepes,
And there (poore ſoule) it fits it downe and weepes;
And when the Nurſe would faine content the minde,
Yet ſtill it mournes for that it cannot finde:
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lie,
When as the Ship out of the Road did flie.
Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When yong *Caſtile* to England ſu'd for me?
Be iudge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
When I refuſ'd an Empire for my dower.
To Englands Court when once report did bring,
How thou in France didſt reuell with the King,
When he in triumph of his victorie,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canopie,
Entred proud *Tournay*, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercie at his conquering hand;
To heare of his enderements, how I ioy'd?
But ſee, this calme was ſuddenly deſtroy'd.

Whe

When *Charles* of Caſtile there to banquet came,
With him his Siſter, that ambitious Dame,
Sauoyes proud Dutches, knowing how long ſhe,
By her loue ſought to winne my loue from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
When in King *Henries* Tent of cloth of gold,
She often did thee in her armes enfold;
Where you were feaſted more deliciouſly,
Then *Cleopatra* did *Marke Anthonie*,
Where ſports all day did entertaine your ſight,
And then in Maskes you paſs'd away the night.
But thou wilt ſay, T'is proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealous:
I muſt confeſſe t'is oft found in our ſexe,
But who not loue, not any thing ſuſpects:
True loue doth looke with pale ſuſpitious eye,
Take away loue, if you loue iealouſie.
Turwin and *Turney* when King *Henry* tooke,
For this great change who then did euer looke?
When *Maximilian* to thoſe warres addreſt,
Ware Englands Croſſe on his Imperiall breſt,
And in our armie let his Eagle flie,
That view'd our Enſignes with a wondring eye,
Little thought I when Bullen firſt was wonne,
Wedlocke ſhould end, what angry warre begunne,
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
But this alone by *Wolſeyes* wit was wrought,
To his aduice the King gaue free conſent;
That will I, nill I, I muſt be content.
My Virgins right, thy ſtate could not aduance,

But

But now enriched with the dower of France;
Then, but poore *Suffolkes* Dutches had I beene,
Now the great Dowager, the moſt Chriſtian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy griefe doth lie,
Lewes of France had my virginitie;
He had indeed, but ſhall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me, *Brandon*, he had ſcarcely that:
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,
But age muſt needes haue ſomething that is warme;
Smal drops (God knowes) do quench that heatleſſe fire,
When all the ſtrength is onely in deſire.
And I could tell (if modeſtie might tell)
There's ſomewhat elſe that pleaſeth Louers well,
To reſt his cheeke vpon my ſofter cheeke,
Was all he had, and more he did not ſeeke.
So might the little Baby clip the nurſe,
And it content, ſhe neuer a whit the worſe;
Then thinke this, *Brandon*, if that makes thee frowne,
For mayden-head he gaue my head a Crowne,
Who would exchange a Kingdome for a kiſſe?
Hard were the heart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe ſo ſwiftly doth not paſſe,
Not full fiue months yet elder then I was,
When thou to France conducted waſt by Fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries came,
Inſtalled at Saint *Dennis* in my Throne,
Where *Lewes* held my coronation;
Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour ſake,
Choſe thee at Tilt his Princely part to take;
When as the ſtaues vpon thy caske did light,
Grieued therewith, I turn'd away my ſight;

And

And ſpake alowd, when I my ſelfe forgot,
'Tis my ſweet *Charles* my *Brandon*, hurt him not:
But when I fear'd the King perceiued this,
Good ſilly man, I pleas'd him with a kiſſe;
And to extoll his valiant ſonne began,
That *Europe* neuer bred a brauer man;
And when (poore King) he ſimply praiſed thee,
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhouldſt bee?
Thus I with him diſſembled for thy ſake,
Open confeſſion now amends muſt make.
Whilſt this old King vpon a Pallet lyes,
And onely holds a combat with mine eyes;
Mine eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtolne away,
Which might too well their Miſtris thought bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud vnconquered Lance,
To beare the prize from all the flower of France,
To ſee what pleaſure did my ſoule embrace,
Might eaſily be diſcerned in my face.
Looke as the dew vpon a damaske Roſe,
How through that liquid pearle his bluſhing ſhowes,
And when the ſoft ayre breathes vpon his top,
From the ſweet leaues falls eaſily drop by drop;
Thus by my cheeke, diſtilling from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, another roome ſupplyes.
Before mine eye (like touch) thy ſhape did proue,
My eye condemn'd my too too partiall loue;
But ſince by others I the ſame doe trie,
My loue condemnes my too too partiall eye.
The precious ſtone moſt beautifull and rare,
When with it ſelfe we onely doe compare,
We deeme all other of that kinde to be,

As

As excellent as that we onely ſee;
But when we iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our eye,
Which then appeares more orient and more bright,
As from their dimneſſe borrowing greater light.
Alanſoon, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withall;
Vandon good carriage, and a pleaſing eye,
Yet hath not *Suffolkes* Princely Maieſtie;
Couragious *Burbon* a ſweet manly face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Proud *Longauile*, our Court iudg'd hath no Peere,
A man ſcarce made (was thought) whilſt thou waſt here:
Countie Saint *Paul*, brau'ſt man at armes in France,
Would yeeld himſelfe a Squire to beare thy Lance;
Galleas and *Bonnearme*, matchleſſe for their might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue cowch'd in fight.
If with our loue, my brother angrie bee,
I'le ſay to pleaſe him, I firſt fancied thee,
And but to frame my liking to his minde,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kinde.
Worthy my loue the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian:
Nor thinke that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the Line of great *Plantaginet*.
I paſſe not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make haſte and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angrie for awhile,
But at thy preſence I muſt needſly ſmile,

When last of me his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
He sware an oath, (and made my lips the booke)
He would make haste, which now thou dost denie,
Thou art forsworne, O wilfull periurie.
Sooner would I with greater sinnes dispence,
Then by intreatie pardon this offence.
But yet I thinke, if I should come to shriue thee;
Great were the fault that I should not forgiue thee;
Yet wert thou heere, I should reuenged be,
But it should be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou shalt feare at saste,
I pray thee *Brandon* come, sweet *Charles*, make haste.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

The vtmost date expired of my stay,
When I for Douer did depart away.

KIng Henry the eight, with the Queenes and Nobles, in the sixt yeere of his raigne, in the moneth of September brought this Ladie to Douer, where she tooke shipping for France.

Think'st thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When young Castile *to England su'd for me?*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt *Henry* the seuenth, and *Philip* King of Castile, sonne to *Maximilian* the Emperour, that *Charles*, eldest sonne of the said *Philip*, should marrie the Ladie *Marie*, daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age; which agreement was afterward in the eight yeere of *Henry* the eight annihilated.

When he in triumph of his victorie,
Vnder a rich imbroydred Canopie,
Entred proud Turney, which did trembling stand, &c.

Henry the Eight, after the long siege of *Turney*, which was deliuered to him vpon composition, entred the Citie in triumph, vnder a Canopie of Cloth of Gold, born by foure of the Chiefe and most Noble Citizens; the King himselfe mounted vpon a Gallant Courser barbed with the Armes of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*.

When Charles *of* Castile *there to banquet came,*
With him his Sister, that ambitious Dame,
Sauoyes *proud Dutches.*

The King being at *Turney*, there came to him the Prince of *Castile*, and the Ladie *Margaret*, Dutches of *Sauoy* his Sister, to whom King *Henry* gaue great entertainment.

Sauoyes *proud Dutches knowing how long shee,*
By her loue sought to winne my Loue from mee.

At this time there was speech of a Marriage to be concluded betweene *Charles Brandon*, then Lord *Lisle*, and the Dutches of *Sauoy*, the Lord *Lisle* being highly fauoured, and exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

When in King Henries *Tent of Cloth of Gold.*

The King caused a rich Tent of Cloth of Gold to bee erected, where he feasted the Prince of *Castile*, and the Dutches, and entertained them with sumptuous Maskes and Banquets during their abode.

When Maximillian *to those Warres addrest,*
Wore Englands *Crosse on his Imperiall brest.*

Maximillian the Emperour with all his Souldiers, which serued vnder King *Henry*, wore the Crosse of Saint *George*, with the Rose on their brests.

And in our Armie let his Eagle flye.

The blacke Eagle is the Badge Imperiall, which heere is vsed for the displaying of his Ensigne or Standard.

And had his pay from Henries *Treasurie.*

Henry the Eight at his Warres in *France*, retained the Emperour and all his Souldiers, in wages, which serued vnder him, during those Warres.

But this alone by Wolseyes *wit was wrought.*

Thomas Wolsey, the Kings Almoner, then Bishop of *Lincolne*, a man of great authoritie with the King, and afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cause that this Lady *Mary* was married to the olde

French

French King, with whom the French had dealt vnder-hand, to befriend him in that match.

When the proud Dolphin, *for thy valor sake,*
Chose thee at Tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis, Duke of *Valoys*, and *Dolphin* of *France*, at the Marriage of the Lady *Mary*, in honour thereof, proclaimed Iusts, where he chose the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Marqueſſe *Dorset* for his aides, at all Martiall Exercises.

Galeas *and* Bounarme, *matchlesse for their might.*

This Countie *Galeas*, at the Iusts ranne a course with a Speare, which was at the head fiue inches square on euery side, and at the Butte nine inches square, whereby hee shewed his wondrous force and strength. This *Bounarme* a Gentleman of *France*, at the same time came into the Field armed at all points, with tenne Speares about him: In each Stirrop three, vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, and one in his hand, and putting his Horse to the Careere, neuer stopped him, till he had broken euery Staffe. *Hall.*

CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of *Suffolke*, to MARY the *French Queene.*

BVT that my faith commands me to forbeare,
The fault thine owne, if I impatient were;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time thy louing lines to read:
Heere in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, onely feed on ayre,
All day I waite, and all the night I watch,
And starue mine eares to heare of my dispatch;
If *Doner* were th' *Abydos* of my rest,

Or pleasant Callice were my *Maries* Ceast,
Thou should'st not need, faire Queene, to blame me so,
Did not the distance to desire say no:
No tedious night from trauell should be free,
Till through the waues, with swimming vnto thee,
A snowie path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that *Nectar*-stained way,
The restlesse Sunne by trauelling doth weare,
Passing his course to finish vp the yeere.
But *Paris* lockes my loue within the maine,
And London yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine,
Of thy firme loue thou put'st me still in minde,
But of my faith, not one word can I finde.
When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affide,
And thou by him wast made King *Lewis* bride,
How oft I wish'd that thou a prize might'st bee,
That I in armes might combate him for thee,
And in the madnesse of my loue distraught,
A thousand times his murther haue fore-thought!
But that th'all-seeing Powers which sit aboue,
Regard not mad-mens oathes, nor faults in loue,
And haue confirm'd it by the grant of heauen,
That louers sinnes on earth should be forgiuen;
For neuer man is halfe so much distress'd,
As he that loues to see his Loue possess'd,
Comming to *Richmond* after thy depart,
(*Richmond* where first thou stol'st away my heart)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne and desolate,
In whose faire walkes thou often hast beene seene,
To sport with *Katharine*, *Henries* beauteous Queene,

Astonishing sad Winter with thy sight,
As for thy sake the day hath put backe night;
That the' small birds, as in the pleasant Spring,
Forgot themselues, and haue begun to sing!
So oft I goe by Thames, so oft returne,
Me thinkes for thee the Riuer yet doth mourne,
Whom I haue seene to let his streame at large,
Which like a hand-maide waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'st against the floud to row,
Which way it eb'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops vpon thy labouring oares,
For ioy that it had got thee from the shoares.
The Swans with musicke that the Rootiers make,
Ruffing their plumes, come gliding on the Lake,
As the fleete Dolphins by *Arions* strings,
Were brought to land with their sweet rauishings;
The flockes and heardes that pasture neere the flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food,
And sat downe sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to swim,
When as the Post to Englands royall Court,
Of thy hard passage brought the true report,
How in a storme thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou thy selfe in danger to be lost,
I knew 'twas *Venus* loath'd that aged bed,
Where beautie so should be dishonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but seene, their Goddesse should forsake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view the Nauie now in launching out,
Her ayrie mantle loosely doth vnbinde,

Which fanning forth a rougher gale of winde.
Wasted thy sayles with speed vnto the land,
And runnes thy ship on Bullins harboring strand.
How should I ioy of thy arriue to heare!
But as a poore Sea-faring passenger,
After long trauaile, tempest-torne and wrack'd,
By some vnpitty'ng Pyrat that is sack'd;
Heares the false robber that hath stolne his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the inualuable store,
For which he long had trauailed before.
VVhen thou to Abuile held'st th'appointed day,
VVe heard how *Lewis* met thee on the way;
VVhere thou in glittering Tissue strangely dight,
Appeard'st vnto him like the Queene of light,
In cloth of siluer all thy Virgin traine,
In beautie sumptuous as the Northerne waine;
And thou alone the foremost glorious star,
VVhich lead'st the teame of that great *Wagoner*.
VVhat could thy thought be, but as I doe thinke,
VVhen thine eyes tasted what mine eares did drinke?
A creeple King laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy comming creep'd out of the dore;
'Twas well he rid, he had no legs to goe,
But this thy beautie forc't his body to;
For whom a cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene,
To vse thy beautie as the miser gold,
VVhich hoords it vp but onely to behold,
Still looking on it with a iealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vsurie.

O Sacriledge (if beautie be Diuine)
The prophane hand should touch the hallowed Shrine!
To sunset sickneſſe on the sound mans diet,
To rob content, yet still to liue vnquiet;
And hauing all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet still longing like a little child.
When Marqueſſe *Dorſet*, and the valiant *Grayes*,
To purchaſe fame first croſt the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my aſſociates went,
In honour of thy nuptiall Tournament;
Think'ſt thou I ioy'd not in thy beauties pride,
When thou in triumph didſt through *Paris* ride?
Where all the ſtreets as thou didſt pace along,
With Arras, Biſſe, and Tapeſtrie were hung;
Ten thouſand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy Princely ſelfe to guard;
Next them, three thouſand choiſe Religious men,
In golden Veſtments followed on agen;
And in Proceſſion as they came along,
With *Hymeneus* ſang thy Marriage Song.
Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall,
To each of theſe a Princely Cardinall,
Then thou on thy Imperiall Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich impearled Coronet,
Whilſt the *Pariſian* Dames, as thy traine paſt,
Their precious Incenſe in abundance caſt.
As *Cinthia* from the waue-embatteld ſhrowds, (clowds,
Opening the Weſt, comes ſtreaming through the
With ſhining troupes of ſiluer-treſſed Starres,
Attending on her as her Torch-bearers;
And all the leſſer Lights about her Throne,

With admiration ſtand as lookers on:
Whilſt ſhe alone is height of all her pride,
The Queene of light, along her ſpheare doth glide.
When on the Tilt my horſe like thunder came,
No other ſignall had I but thy name:
Thy voyce my trumpet, and my guilde shine eye,
And but thy beauty, I eſteem'd no prize.
That large limm'd Alcaine of the Giants race,
Which bare ſtrength on his breſt, feare in his face,
Whoſe ſinewed armes, with his ſteele-temper'd blade,
Through plate and male ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe might the French-mens glorie lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou ſaw'ſt thy *Brandon* beat him on his knee,
Offring his ſhield a conquered ſpoyle to thee.
But thou wilt ſay perhaps, I vainely boaſt,
And tell thee that which thou already know'ſt.
No, ſacred Queene, my valour I denie,
It was thy beautie, not my chiualrie;
One of thy treſſed curles which falling downe,
As loth to be impriſoned in thy crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft ayre ſportiuely to take it,
To diuers ſhapes and ſundrie formes to make it,
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twiſting it, and then vntwiſt againe;
Then make the threeds to dallie with thine eye,
A ſunnie candle for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
Which falling downe as though a ſtarre had ſhot,
My vp-turn'd eye purſues it with my ſight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.

'Tis

'Tis but in vaine of my descent to boast,
When heauens lampe shines, all other lights be lost,
Faulcons gaze not, the Eagle sitting by,
VVhose brood suruayes the Sunne with open eye;
Else might my bloud finde issue from his force,
In Bosworth plaine beate *Richard* from his horse,
VVhose puissant armes, great *Richmond* chose to weild,
His glorious colours in that conquering field;
And with his sword in his deare Soueraignes right,
To his last breath, stood fast in *Henries* right:
Then beauteous Empresse, thinke this safe delay
Shall be the Euen to a ioyfull day;
Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lie,
VVise-men must giue place to necessitie;
To put backe ill, our good we must forbeare:
Better first feare, then after still to feare.
'Twere ouer-sight, in that at which we aime,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
VVith patience then let vs our hopes attend,
And till I come, receiue these lines I send.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

When Longauile *to* Mary *was affi'd.*

THe Duke of Longauile, which was prisoner in England vpon the peace to be concluded betweene England and France, was deliuered, and married the Princesse *Marie*, for *Lewis* the French King his Master.

How in a storme thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the Queene sailed for France, a mightie storme arose at sea, so that the Nauie was in great danger, and was seuered, some driuen vpon the coast of Flanders, some on Britaine: the Ship wherein

wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the Hauen at *Rullet*, with very great danger.

When thou to Abuile beldest th' appointed day.

King *Lewis* met her by *Abuile*, neere to the Forrest of *Arden*, and brought her into *Abuile* with great solemnitie.

Appeard'st vnto him like the Queene of Light.

Expressing the sumptuous attyre of the Queene and her traine, attended by the chiefe of the Nobilitie of *England*, with sixe and thirtie Ladies, all in Cloth of Siluer, their Horses trapped with Crimson Veluet.

A Cripple-King laid bed-rid long before.

King *Lewis* was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the Gowt, so that he had long time before little vse of his legges.

When Marquesse Dorset, and the valiant Grayes.

The Duke of *Suffolke*, when the Proclamation came into *England*, of Iust, to be holden in *France* at *Paris*, hee for the Queenes sake his Mistris, obtained of the King to goe thither: with whom went the Marquesse *Dorset*, and his foure Brothers, the Lord *Clinton*, Sir *Edward Neuil*, Sir *Giles Capel*, *Thomas Chiney*, which went all ouer with the Duke as his assistants.

When thou in Triumph didst through Paris rode.

A true description of the Queenes entring into *Paris*, after her Coronation performed at Saint *Denis*.

Then fiue great Dukes, as did their places fall.

The Dukes of *Alanson*, *Burbon*, *Vandome*, *Longauile*, *Suffolke*, with fiue Cardinals.

That large limm'd Almaine *of the Giants race.*

Francis Valois, the *Dolphin* of *France*, enuying the glory that the *Englishmen* had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an *Almaine* secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which encountred *Charles Brandon* at the *Barriers*, but the Duke grappling with him, so beate him about the head with the pummell of his Sword, that the bloud came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my bloud find issue from his force,
In Bosworth, *&c.*

Sir *William Brandon*, Standard-bearer to the Earle of *Richmond*, (after *Henry* the Seuenth) at *Bosworth* Field, a braue and gallant Gentleman, who was slaine by *Richard* there; this was Father to this *Charles Brandon*, Duke of *Suffolke*.

FINIS.

To my most deare friend, Master HENRY LVCAS, *Soune to* EDWARD LVCAS, Esquire.

SIR, to none haue I beene more beholding, then to your kinde Parents, farre (I must truely confesse) aboue the measure of my deserts. Many there be in England, of whom for some particularity I might iustly challenge greater merit, had I not beene borne in so euill an houre, as to be poysoned with that gall of ingratitude: to your selfe am I ingaged for many more courtesies then I imagined could euer haue beene found in one of so fewe yeeres: nothing doe I more desire, then that those hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may proue so pure in the fruit, as they are faire in the bloome. Long may you liue to their comfort that loue you most, and may I euer wish you the increase of all good fortunes.

Yours euer,

Michael Drayton.

Henry Howard Earle of Surrey to Geraldine.

The Argvment.

Henry Howard *that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in love with* Geraldine, *descended of the noble familie of the* Fitze-Geralds *of Ireland, a faire and modest Ladie, and one of the honorable maidens to Queen* Katherine Dowager, *eternizeth her praises in many excellent Poems, of rare and sundry inventions: and after some few years being determined to see that famous Italie, the fource and* Helicon *of all excellent arts; first visiteth that renowned Florence, fro whence the* Geraldi *challenge their descent, from the ancient Familie of the* Geraldi; *there in honour of his Mistresse he aduanceth her picture, and challengeth to maintaine her beautie by deedes of armes, against all that durst appeare in the lists; where after the proofe of his brane and incomparable valor, whose arme crowned her beautie with eternall memorie, he writeth this Epistle to his deerest Mistresse.*

FRom learned Florence (long time richin fame)
From whence thy race thy noble Grandsires came,
To famous England that kinde Nurse of mine,
Thy *Surrey* sends to heauenly *Geraldine*;
Yet let not *Thuscan* thinke I doe her wrong,

That

That I from thence write in my native tongue,
That in these harsh-tun'd cadences I sing,
Sitting so neere the Muses sacred spring;
But rather thinke her selfe adorn'd thereby,
That England reades the praise of Italy.
Though to the *Thuscans*, I the smoothnesse grant,
Our dialect no Maiestie doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a key,
As France, or Spaine, or Germany, or they.
That day I quit the Fore-land of faire Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,
Yet thinke I with how many a heauy looke,
My leaue of England and of thee I tooke,
And did entreate the tide (if it might be)
But to conuey me one sigh backe to thee.
Vp to the decke a billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and downe againe it slips.
Into the gulfe it selfe it headlong throwes,
And as a Post to England-ward it goes.
As I sit wondring how the rough seas stir'd,
I might farre off perceiue a little Bird,
Which, as she faine from shore to shore would flie,
Had lost her selfe in the broad vastie skie,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceiue her,
The seas of life still gaping to bereaue her;
Vnto the ship she makes, which she discouers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers,
And when at length her flagging pinion failes,
Panting she hangs vpon the rattling sailes,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, she straight lights on againe,

And tos'd with flawes, with stormes, with wind with weather,
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither:
Now with the Poope, now with the Prow doth beare,
Now on this side, now that, now heere, now there.
Me thinkes these stormes should be my sad depart,
The silly helplesse Bird is my poore heart;
The Ship, to which for succour it repaires,
That is your selfe, regardlesse of my cares.
Of euery surge doth fall, or waue doth rise,
To some one thing I sit and moralize.
When for thy Loue I left the *Belgicke* shore,
Diuine *Erasmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
Whose happy presence gaue me such delight,
As made a minute of a Winters night;
With whom awhile I staid at *Roterdame*,
Now so renowned by *Erasmus* name.
Yet euery houre did seeme a world of time,
Till I had seene that soule-reuiuing clime,
And thought the foggie Netherlands vnfit,
A watry soyle to clogge a fiery wit;
And as that wealthie *Germanie* I past,
Comming vnto the Emperours Court at last,
Great learn'd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art,
Who the infernall secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a Glasse my *Geraldine* did show,
Sicke in thy bed, and for thou could'st not sleepe,
By a wax Taper set thee, light to keepe;
I doe remember thou did'st reade that Ode,
Sent backe whil'st I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where as thou cam'st vnto the word of Loue,

Euen in thine eyes I saw how passion strouue;
That snowie Lawne which couered thy hed,
Me thought look'd white, to see thy cheeke so red,
Thy rosie cheeke oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the Lawne so white:
The little Taper which should giue thee light,
Me thought wax'd dimme, to see thy eye so bright,
Thine eye againe supplies the Tapers turne,
And with his beames more brightly makes it burne,
The shrugging ayre about thy Temples hurles,
And wraps thy breath in little clouded curles,
And as it doth ascend, it straight doth seyze it,
And as it sinkes, it presently doth rayse it;
Canst thou by sickneſſe banish beautie so?
Which if put from thee, knowes not where to goe,
To make her shift, and for her succour seeke,
To euery riuel'd face, each bankrupt cheeke;
If health preseru'd, thou beautie still do'st cherish,
If that neglected, beautie soone doth perish.
Care drawes on care, woe comforts woe againe,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one griefe brings forth twaine;
If liue or dye, as thou do'st, so doe I,
If liue, I liue, and if thou dye, I dye,
One heart, one loue, one ioy, one griefe, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.
If *Howards* bloud, thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or not esteem'st of *Norfolkes* Princely stile,
If *Scotlands* Coat no marke of Fame can lend,
That Lyon plac'd in our bright siluer-bend,
Which as a Trophy beautifies our shield,
Since *Scottish* bloud discoloured *Floden*-Field;

When

VVhen the proud *Cheuies* our braue Enfigne bare,
As a rich Iewell in a Ladies haire,
And did faire *Braineflow* neighbouring vallies choke,
VVith clouds of Canons, fire-disgorged smoke;
Or *Surreyes* Barledome insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollos* heires,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
By Princes my immortall lines are sung,
My flowing verses grac'd with euery tongue;
The little children when they learne to go,
By painfull mothers dadded to and fro,
Are taught my sugred numbers to rehearse,
And haue their sweet lips season'd with my verse:
VVhen heauen would striue to doe the best it can,
And put an Angels spirit into a man,
The vtmost power in that great worke doth spend,
VVhen to the world a Poet it doth intend,
That little difference 'twixt the Gods and vs,
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd onely thus;
VVhom they, in birth, ordaine to happie dayes,
The Gods commit their glorie to our praise;
To eternall life when they dissolue their breath,
VVe likewise share a second power by death:
VVhen time shall turne those Amber lockes to gray,
My verse againe shall gild, and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted curles anew,
And in the Autumne giue a Summers hiew;
That sacred power, that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put fresh bloud into thy wither'd veines,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whitenesse dead,

Shall

Shall ſet a white, more white, a red more red;
When thy dimme ſight thy Glaſſe cannot deſcry
Thy crazed mirrour, nor diſcerne thine eye;
My Verſe to tell th'one what the other was,
Shall repreſent them both, thine eye and Glaſſe,
Where both thy mirrour, and thine eye ſhall ſee,
What once thou ſaw'ſt in that, that ſaw in thee,
And to them both ſhall tell the ſimple truth,
What that in pureneſſe was, what thou in youth.
If Florence once ſhould loſe her olde renowne,
As famous Athens, now a fiſher-Towne,
My lines for thee a Florence ſhall erect,
Which great *Apollo* euer ſhall protect,
And with the numbers from my Pen that fals,
Bring Marble Mines to re-erect thoſe wals;
Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report,
To be the glorie of the Engliſh Court,
Shall by our Nation be ſo much admir'd,
If euer *Surrey* truely were inſpir'd.
And famous *Wyat* who in numbers ſings,
To that enchanting Thracian Harpers ſtrings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets god) did drinke
A bowle of *Nectar* fill'd vnto the brinke:
And ſweet-tongu'd *Bryan*, (whom the Muſes kept,
And in his cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept,)
In ſacred Verſes (ſo diuinely pend)
Vpon thy prayſes euer ſhall attend.
What time I came vnto this famous Towne,
And made the cauſe of my arriuall knowne,
Great *Medices* a liſt (for Triumphs) built,
Within the which vpon a tree of gilt,

(With thouſand ſundry rare deuices ſet,)
I did erect thy louely counterfet,
To anſwere thoſe Italian Dames deſire,
Which daily came thy beautie to admire.
By which my Lion in his gaping iawes,
Holdeth my Lance, and in his dreadfull pawes,
Reacheth my Gauntlet vnto him that dare
A beautie with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which when each manly valiant arme aſſayes,
After ſo many braue triumphant dayes,
The glorious Prize vpon my Lance I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaim'd to be thy ſhare;
The ſhiuered ſtaues heere for thy beautie broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at euery ſhocke,
When ſtormie courſes anſwered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting proud Beuers with the counter-buffe,
Vpon an Altar burnt with holy flame,
And ſacrific'd as Incenſe to thy fame.
Where, as the *Phœnix* from her ſpiced fume,
Renewes her ſelfe in that ſhe doth conſume;
So from theſe ſacred aſhes liue we both,
Euen as that one Arabian wonder doth.
When to my Chamber I my ſelfe retire,
Burnt with the ſparkes that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England which my hope containes,
The happie Ile where *Geraldine* remaines,
Of *Hunſdon*, where thoſe ſweet celeſtiall eyne,
At firſt did pierce this tender breſt of mine;
Of Hampton Court, and Windſor, where abound
All pleaſures that in Paradiſe were found;
Neere that faire Caſtle is a little Groue,

With

With hanging rockes all couered from aboue,
Which on the banke of louely Thames doth ſtand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
Whoſe buſhie top doth bid the Sunne forbeare,
And checkes thoſe proud beames that would enter there,
Whoſe leaues ſtill muttering as the ayre doth breathe,
With the ſweet bubbling of the ſtreame beneath,
Doth rocke the ſenſes (whil'ſt the ſmall Birds ſing,)
Lulled aſleepe with gentle murmuring,
Where light-foot Fayries ſport at priſon baſe,
No doubt there is ſome power frequents the place,
There the ſoft Poplar and ſmooth Beech doe beare
Our names together carued euery where,
And Gordian knots doe curiouſly entwine
The names of *Henry* and of *Geraldine*.
O let this Grone in happy time to come,
Be call'd, *The Louers bleſs'd Elizium*!
Whither my Miſtris woonted to reſort,
In Summers heat in pleaſant ſhades to ſport,
A thouſand ſundry names I haue it giuen,
And call'd it Wonder-hider, Couer-heauen,
The roofe where beautie her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder whoſe compaſſe all the Starres doe ſleepe,
There is one Tree which now I call to minde,
Doth beare theſe verſes carued in his rinde:
When Geraldine *ſhall ſit in thy faire ſhade,*
Fanne her ſweet treſſes with perfumed aire,
Let thy large boughes a Canopie be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire,
And when thy ſpredding branched armes be ſunke,
And thou no ſap nor pith ſhalt more retaine,

En'n from the dust of thy vnweldy Trunke,
I will renew thee Phœnix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed root will bring,
A new-borne Stemme, another Æsons spring.
I find no cause, nor iudge I reason why
My Country should giue place to *Lombardy*;
As goodly flowres on *Thamesis* doe grow,
As beautifie the bankes of wanton *Po*;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* strand,
By siluer *Sabrina* tripping hand in hand;
Our shades as sweet, though not to vs so deare,
Because the Sunne hath greater power heere.
This distant place doth giue me greater woe,
Farre off, my sighes the farther haue to goe.
Ah absence! why thus should'st thou seeme so long?
Or wherefore should'st thou offer Time such wrong?
Summer so soone, should steale on Winters cold,
Or Winters blasts, so soone make Summer old?
Loue did vs both with one selfe arrow strike,
Our wounds both one, our cure should be the like,
Except thou hast found out some meane by Art,
Some powerfull med'cine to withdraw the Dart;
But mine is fixt, and absents Physicke prooued,
It stickes too fast, it cannot be remooued.
Adiew, adiew, from Florence when I goe,
By my next Letters *Geraldine* shall know,
Which if good fortune shall by course direct,
From Venice by some Messenger expect:
Till when, I leaue thee to thy hearts desire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

Now

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

From learned Florence, *long time rich in fame.*

FLorence a Citie of Tuſcan, ſtanding vpon the Riuer Arnus (celebrated by *Dante*, *Petrarch*, and other the moſt Noble wits of Italie) was the originall of the Family, out of which this *Geraldine* did ſpring, as Ireland the place of her Birth, which is intimated by theſe Verſes of the Earle of *Surrey*.

From Tuſcan *came my Ladies worthy Race,*
Faire Florence *was ſometimes her ancient ſeat,*
The Weſterne Ile, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face,
Wilde Cambers *Cliffes did giue her liuely heat,*
Great learn'd Agrippa, *ſo profound in Art.*

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time ſo famous for Magicke (which the Bookes publiſhed by him, concerning that argument, doe partly prooue) as in this place needes no further remembrance. Howbeit, as thoſe abſtruſe and gloomie Artes are but illuſions: ſo in the honour of ſo rare a Gentleman as this Earle (and therewithall ſo Noble a Poet) (a qualitie, by which his other Titles receiue their greateſt luſtre) inuention may make ſomewhat more bold with *Agrippa* aboue the barren truth.

That Lion ſet in our bright ſiluer bend.

The Blazon of the *Howards* Honourable Armour, was *Gules betweene ſixe Croſſelets, Fitchy, a bend Argent*, to which afterwardes was added by atchieuement, *In the Canton point of the bend, an Eſcutcheon*, or *within the Scottiſh treſſure, a Demi-lion-rampant Gules*, *&c.* as Maſter *Camden*, now *Clarenceaux*, from authoritie noteth. Neuer ſhall Time or bitter Enuie bee able to obſcure the brightneſſe of ſo great a victorie as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Hiſtorian of Scotland, *George Buchanan*, reporteth, that the Earle of *Surrey* gaue for his Badge a *Siluer Lion*, which from Antiquitie belonged to that name, tearing in pieces *A Lion proſtrate Gules*; and withall, that this which hee termes inſolence, was puniſhed in Him and his Poſteritie, as if it were fatall to the Con-

querour, to doe his Soueraigne such loyall seruice as a thousand such seuere Censurers were neuer able to performe.

Since Scottish *bloud discoloured* Floden *Field.*

The Battell was fought at Bramston neere Floden Hill, being a part of the Cheuiot, a Mountaine that exceedeth all the Mountaines in the North of England for bigneſſe, in which the wilfull periurie of *Iames* the Fifth was punished from Heauen by the Earle of Surrey, being left by King *Henry* the Eight (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of his Realme.

Nor beateous Stanhope, *whom all tongues report*
To be the glory, &c.

Of the beautie of that Ladie, he himselfe testifies in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to dance with him, which he seemeth to allegorize vnder a Lion and a Wolfe. And of himselfe hee, sayth:

A Lion saw I late, as white as any Snow.

And of her

I might perceiue a Wolfe, as white as a Whales bone,
A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her lookes were coy, and froward was her grace.
And famous Wyat, *who in numbers sings.*

Sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witnesse, besides certaine Encomions, written by the Earle of Surrey, vpon some of *Dauids* Psalmes, by him translated.

What holy graue, what worthy Sepulchre,
To Wyats *Psalmes shall Christians purchase then?*

And afterward vpon his death the said Earle writeth thus:

What vertues rare were tempred in thy breſt?
Honour that England such a Iewell bred,
And kisse the ground whereas thy corps did rest.
At Hunsdon, where those sweet celestiall eyne.

It is manifest by a Sonnet, written by this Noble Earle, that the first time he beheld his Ladie was at Hunsdon.

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a description of his loue, I doe alleage in diuers places of this Gloſſe, as proofes of what I write.

Of Hampton Court, and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures, &c.

That he enioyed the presence of his faire and vertuous Mistris, in those two places, by reason of Queene *Katharines* vsuall aboad there (on whom this Lady *Geraldine* was attending) I proove by these Verses of his;

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
Windsor, alasse, doth chase me from her sight.

And in another Sonnet following:

When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arme,
My hand, my chinne, to ease my restlesse head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windsor to Paradise, an Elegie may proove, where hee remembreth his passed pleasures in that place.

With a Kings sonne my childish yeeres I pass'd,
In greater feasts then Priams sonne of Troy.

And againe in the same Elegie:

Those large greene Courts where we were woont to roue,
With eyes cast vp vnto the maidens Towre,
With easie sighes, such as men draw in loue.

And againe in the same:

The stately seates, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweet delight.

And for the pleasantnesse of the place, these Verses of his may testifie in the same Elegie before recited.

The secret Groues which we haue made resound,
With siluer drops the Meads yet spread for ruth.
As goodly flowres from Thamesis bed grow, &c.

I had thought in this place not to haue spoken of Thames, being so oft remembred by mee before in sundry other places on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which as I iudge, either to be done by the said Earle, or Sir *Francis Brian*, for the worthinesse thereof I will heere insert, which, as it seemes to mee, was compiled at the Authors being in Spaine.

Tagus *farewell, which Weſtward with thy ſtreames,*
Turn'ſt vp the grauies of Gold alreadie tride,
For I with ſpurre and ſayle goe ſeeke the Thames,
Againſt the Sunne that ſhewes his wealthy pride,
And to the Towne that Brutus *ſought by Dreames,*
Like bended Moone that leaues his luſtie ſide,
To ſeeke my Country now, for whom I liue,
O mightie Ioue, *for this the windes mee giue.*

FINIS.

GERALDINE, to HENRY HOWARD, *Earle of* Surrey.

SVch greeting as the Noble *Surrey* ſends,
The ſame to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A Maydens thoughts doe checke my trembling hand,
On other termes, or complements to ſtand,
Which (might my ſpeech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in farre richer words;
But all is one, my faith as firme ſhall proue,
As hers that makes the greateſt ſhew of loue.
In *Cupids* Schoole I neuer read thoſe Bookes,
Whoſe Lectures oft we practiſe in our lookes,
Nor euer did ſuſpicious riuall eie,
Yet lye in wait my fauours to eſpie,
My Virgine thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaſte bluſhes ſitting on my cheeke:

As

As in a Feuer I doe ſhiuer yet,
Since firſt my Pen was to the Paper ſet.
If I doe erre, you know my ſexe is weake,
Feare prooues a fault, where Maids are forc'tto ſpeake;
Doe I not ill? Ah, ſooth me not herein:
O, if I doe, reprooue me of my ſin,
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach my ſelfe, my ſelfe to chide,
Nay, Noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſſe ſhould returne my guilt;
For that ſhould be euen from our ſelues conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our thoughts reueal'd,
For the leaſt motion, more the ſmalleſt breath,
That may impeach our modeſtie, is Death;
The Page that brought thy Letters to my hand,
(Me thinkes) ſhould maruaile at my ſtrange demand,
For till hee bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie
The nakedneſſe of my immodeſtie,
Which in my face he greater might haue ſeene,
But that my Fanne I quickly put betweene;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
Feare ſeeing all, feares it of all eſpide:
Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
Now wanting matter to maintaine his light,
The blaze aſcending forced by the ſmoke,
Liuing by that which ſeekes the ſame to choke;
The flame ſtill hanging in the ayre, doth burne,
Vntill drawne downe, it backe againe returne;
Then cleere, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſſe loſeth,
As well the beſt diſcerning eye may doubt,

As Whe-

Whether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheeke my ſundry paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhie pale, and now againe it glow'd;
If in your Verſe there be a power to moue,
It 's you alone, who are the cauſe I loue,
It 's you bewitch my boſome by mine eare,
Vnto that end I did not place you there.
Ayres to aſſwage the bloudie Souldiers mind,
Poore women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'le thinke that I theſe termes enforce.
For that in Court this kindneſſe is of courſe;
Or that it is that hony-ſteeped gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our Loues withall,
That in one eye we carrie ſtrong deſire,
The other drops, which quickly quench that fire.
Ah, what ſo falſe can Enuie ſpeake of vs,
But ſhall find ſome too vainly credulous?
I doe not ſo, and to adde proofe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith, ſweet Lord, I doe;
Nor let the enuie of enuenom'd tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poore Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breſt diſaſterly poſſeſſe,
By any doubt to make my loue the leſſe;
My houſe from Florence I doe not pretend,
Nor from *Geraldi* claime I to deſcend,
Nor hold thoſe honours inſufficient are,
That I receiue from Deſmond or Kildare;
Nor adde I greater worth vnto my bloud,
Then Iriſh-Milke to giue me Infant food,
Nor better ayre will euer boaſt to breathe,
Then that of Lemſter, Munſter, or of Meath,

Nor

Nor craue I other forraine farre Allies,
Then Windsor or *Fitz-geralds* Families.
It is enough to leaue vnto my Heires,
If they but please t' acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place euer did the Court remoue,
But that the house giues matter to my loue?
At Windsor still I see thee sit and walke,
There mount thy Courser, there deuise, there talke:
The Robes, the Garter, and the State of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatnesse brings;
None-such, the name imports (me thinkes) so much,
None such as it, nor as my Lord, none such.
In Hamptons great magnificence I find
The liuely Image of thy Princely mind;
Faire Richmonds Towres, like goodly pillars stand,
Rear'd by the power of thy victorious hand;
White-hals triumphing Galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich deuices of thy wit;
In Greenewich yet, as in a Glasse I view,
Where last thou bad'st thy *Geraldine* adiew:
With euery little gentle breath that blowes,
How are my thoughts confus'd with ioyes and woes!
As through a gate, so through my longing eares,
Passe to my heart whole multitudes of feares;
O in a Map that I might see thee show
The place where now in danger thou doost goe!
Whil'st we discourse to trauaile with our eye,
Romania, Tuscaine, and faire Lumbardie,
Or with thy Pen exactly to set downe,
The modell of that Temple, or that Towne,
And to relate at large where thou hast beene,

And there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeene:
Or to deſcribe by figure of thy hand,
There Naples lyes, and there doth Florence ſtand;
Or as the Grecians finger dip'd in Wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little Line,
And with a drop, a Gulfe to figure out,
To modell Venice moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfeit a Sea,
And draw the front of ſtately Genoa.
Theſe from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now doe ſound like *Mandrakes* dreadfull grones.
Some trauell hence t'enrich their minds with skill,
Leaue here their good, and bring home others ill:
Which ſeeme to like all Couutries but their owne,
Affecting moſt where they the leaſt are knowne.
Their leg, their thigh, their backe, their necke, their head,
As they had beene in ſeuerall Countries bred;
In their attire, their geſture, and their gate,
Found in each one, in all Italionate.
So well in all deformitie in faſhion,
Borrowing a limbe of euery ſeuerall Nation,
And nothing more then England hold in ſcorne:
So liue as ſtrangers whereas they were borne.
But thy returne in this I doe not reade,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeede.
O God forbid that *Howards* Noble Line,
From ancient vertue ſhould ſo farre decline!
The Muſes traine (whereof your ſelfe are chiefe)
Onely with me participate their griefe:
To ſooth their humours, I doe lend them eares,
He giues a Poet, that his Verſes heares,

Till

Till thy returne, by hope they only liue;
Yet had they all, they all away would giue:
The World and they, ſo ill according bee,
That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
The Muſes friends are euery where ſo rare;
Some prayſe thy worth (that it did neuer know,)
Onely becauſe the better ſort doe ſo,
Whoſe iudgement neuer further doth extend,
Then it doth pleaſe the greateſt to commend;
So great an ill vpon deſert doth chance,
When it doth paſſe by beaſtly ignorance.
Why art thou ſlacke, whil'ſt no man puts his hand
To rayſe the Mount where *Surreyes* Towres muſt ſtand?
Or who the groundſill of that worke doth lay,
Whil'ſt like a wand'rer thou abroad do'ſt ſtray?
Clip'd in the armes of ſome laſciuious Dame,
When thou ſhould'ſt reare an *Ilion* to thy name.
When ſhall the Muſes by faire *Norwich* dwell,
To be the Citie of the learned Well?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with Incenſe heapt,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebs* kept?
Or when ſhall that faire hoofe-plow'd ſpring diſtill
From great *Mount-Surrey*, out of *Leonards* Hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchange
For ſome poore Cottage, or ſome Country Grange,
Where, to our Diſtaues as we ſit and ſpin,
My Maide and I will tell of things haue bin,
Our Lutes vnſtrung ſhall hang vpon the wall,
Our Leſſons ſerue to wrap our Towe withall,
And paſſe the night, whiles Winter Tales we tell,

Of

Of many things that long agoe befell;
Or tune ſuch homely Carrols as were ſung
In Country ſports, when we our ſelues were young,
In prettie Riddles to bewray our loues,
In queſtions, purpoſe, or in drawing Gloues.
The nobleſt ſpirits to vertue moſt enclin'd,
Theſe heere in Court thy greateſt want doe find.
Other there be, on which we feed our eie,
Like Arras worke, or ſuch like Imagerie;
Many of vs deſire Queene *Katherines* ſtate,
But very few her vertues imitate;
Then, as *Vlyſſes* wife write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy ſelfe to mee.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Thee Windſors *or* Fitz-geralds *Families.*

THe coſt of many Kings, which from time to time haue adorned the Caſtle at Windſor with their Princely magnificence, hath made it more noble, then that it need to bee ſpoken of now, as though obſcure; and I held it more meet to referre you to our vulgar Monuments for the Founders and Finiſhers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing neere the purpoſe. As for the Family of the *Fitz-geralds*, of whence this excellent Ladie was lineally deſcended, the originall was Engliſh, though the branches did ſpread themſelues into diſtant places, and names nothing conſonant, as in former times it was vſuall to denominate themſelues of their Mannors or Fore-names: as may partly appeare in that which enſueth, the light whereof proceeded from my learned and verie worthy friend, Maſter *Francis Thinne*. *Walter* of Windſor, the ſonne of *Oterus*, had to iſſue *William*, of whom *Henry*, now Lord *Windſor* is deſcended, and *Robert* of Windſor, of whom *Robert* the now Earle

of

of Eſſex, and *Gerald* of Windſor, his third ſonne, who married the Daughter of *Rees* the great Prince of Wales, of whom came *Neſta*, Paramour to *Henry* the Firſt. Which *Gerald* had iſſue *Maurice Fitz-gerald*, Anceſtor to *Thomas Fitz-Maurice*, Iuſtice of Ireland, buried at Trayly; leauing iſſue *John* his eldeſt ſonne, firſt Earle of Kildare, Anceſtor to *Geraldine*, and *Maurice* his ſecond ſonne, firſt Earle of Deſmond.

To rayſe the Mount where Surreys *Towres muſt ſtand.*

Alluding to the ſumptuous Houſe which was afterward builded by him vpon *Leonards* Hill right againſt Norwich, which in the Rebellion of Norfolke vnder *Ket*, in King *Edward* the Sixts time, was much defaced by that impure Rabble. Betwixt the Hill and the Citie, as *Alexander Neuel* deſcribes it, the Riuer of Yarmouth runnes, hauing Weſt and South thereof a Wood, and a little Village called *Thrope*, and on the North the paſtures of Mouſholl, which containes about ſixe miles in length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatneſſe of *Mount-Surrey*, which was the Houſes name, the proſpect and ſight thereof was paſſing pleaſant and commodious; and no where elſe did that encreaſing cuill of the Norfolke Furie enkennell it ſelfe then but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent, to debaſe all high things, and to prophane all holy.

Like Arras worke, or other Imagerie.

Such was he whom *Iuuenal* taxeth in this manner:

———truncoque ſimillimus Herme
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua viuit imago.

Being to bee borne for nothing elſe but apparell, and the outward appearance, intituled Complement, with whom the ridiculous Fable of the Ape in *Æſope* ſorteth fitly, who comming into a Caruers Houſe, and viewing many Marble workes, tooke vp the head of a man very cunningly wrought, who greatly in prayſing did ſeeme to pitie it, that hauing ſo comely an outſide, it had nothing within; like emptie figures walke and talke in euery place, at whom the Noble *Geraldine* modeſtly glanceth.

FINIS.

To

To the vertuous Ladie, the Ladie FRANCIS GOODERE, Wife to Sir HENRY GOODERE, Knight.

MY very gracious and good Mistris, the loue and dutie I bare vnto your Father whilest hee liued, now after his decease is to you hereditarie; to whom by the blessing of your Birth, he left his Vertues. Who bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you whatsoeuer good is mine, as deuoted to his, he being gone, whom I honoured so much whilest he liued; which you may iustly challenge by all Lawes of thankefulnesse. My selfe hauing beene a witnesse of your excellent Education, and milde disposition (as I may say) euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epistle of this vertuous and godly Ladie to your selfe; so like her in all perfection, both of Wisdome and Learning, which I pray you accept, till time shall enable me to leaue you some greater Monument of my loue.

MICH. DRAYTON.

The Lady IANE GRAY, to the Lord GILFORD DVDLEY.

THE ARGVMENT.

After the death of that vertuous yong Prince, King EDWARD *the Sixt, the Sonne of that famous King* HENRY *the Eighth,* IANE, *the Daughter of* HENRY GRAY, *Duke of Suffolke, by the consent of* IOHN DVDLEY, *Duke of Northumberland, was proclaymed Queene of England, being married to* GILFORD DVDLEY, *the fourth Sonne of the foresaid Duke of Northumberland, which match was concluded by their ambitious Fathers, who went about by this meanes, to bring the Crowne vnto their Children, and to dispossesse the Princesse* MARY, *eldest Daughter to King* HENRY *the Eighth, Heire to King* EDWARD *her Brother. Queene* MARY *rising in Armes to claime her rightfull Crowne, taketh the said* IANE GRAY, *and the Lord* GILFORD *her Husband, being lodged in the Tower for their more safetie, which place being lastly their Palace, by this meanes became their Prison, where being severed in sundry Prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.*

MIne own deare Lord, sith thou art lock'd from mee,
In this disguise my loue must steale to thee,
Since to renue all loues, all kindnesse past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My Keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
Who with thy greeting answeres my desire,
Which my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe stops my words, and I but striue in vaine;
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haste he goes,
When through my lips my heart thrust forth my woes;
But then the doores that make a dolefull sound,
Driue backe my words that in the noyse are drown'd,
Which somewhat hush'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word;
When like an aduerse wind in *Isis* course,
Against the tide bending his boistrous force;
But when the floud hath wrought it selfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thrust it out;
Thus striue my sighes with teares e're they begin,
And breaking out, againe sighes drive them in.
A thousand formes present my troubled thought,
Yet prooue abortiue e're they forth are brought.
The depth of woe with words we hardly sound,
Sorrow is so insensibly profound:
As teares doe fall and rise, sighes come and goe,
So doe these numbers ebbe, so doe they flow.
These brinie teares doe make my Inke looke pale,
My Inke-clothes teares in this sad mourning vale.
The letters Mourners, weepe with my dimme eye,
The paper pale grieu'd at my miserie.
Yet miserable our selues why should wee deeme,
Sith none are so, but in their owne esteeme?
Who in distresse from resolution flies,
Is rightly said, to yeeld to miseries;
They which begot vs, did beget this sinne,

They first begun, what did our griefe beginne,
We tasted not, t'was they which did rebell,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell;
They which a Crowne would to my Lord haue link'd,
All hope of life and libertie extinct;
A subiect borne, a Soueraigne to haue beene,
Hath made mee now, nor subiect, nor a Queene.
Ah, vile Ambition, how do'st thou deceiue vs,
Which shew'st vs Heau'n, and yet in Hell do'st leaue vs?
Seldome vntouch'd doth innocence escape,
When errour commeth in good counsels shape,
A lawfull Title countercheckes proud might,
The weakest things become strong props to right.
Then my deare Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our spotlesse innocence relieue vs:
Death but an acted passion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage, and the conscience cleare;
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I beare part of whatsoe're is thine;
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our Kingdome was our deare embraces;
At Durham-Palace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
Whose buildings with our Nuptiall Musicke rang?
When *Prothalamions* prays'd that happy day,
Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with Noble *Gray*,
When they deuis'd to linke by wedlocke band,
The House of *Suffolke* to *Northumberland*;
Our fatall Dukedome to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this building on so weake a ground.
For what auailes a lawlesse vsurpation,
Which giues a Scepter, but not rules a Nation?

Onely the ſurfet of a vaine opinion.
What giues content, giues what exceeds dominion.
When firſt mine eares were pierced with the fame
Of *Iane* proclaimed by a Princes name,
A ſudden fright my trembling heart appals,
The feare of conſcience entreth iron wals.
Thrice happie for our Fathers had it beene,
If what we fear'd, they wiſely had fore-ſeene,
And kept a meane gate, in an humble path,
To haue eſcap'd the Heauens impetuous wrath:
The true-bred Eagle ſtrongly beares the wind,
And not each Bird that's neere vnto their kind,
And like a King, doth from the Clouds command
The fearefull Fowle that mooue but neere the Land.
Though *Mary* be from Mightie Kings deſcended,
My bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My Grandſire *Brandon* did our Houſe aduance,
By Princely *Mary*, Dowager of France;
The fruit of that faire Stocke which did combine,
And *Yorkes* ſweet branch with *Lancaſters* entwine;
And in one ſtalke did happily vnite
The pure vermilion Roſe, and purer white;
I, the vntimely ſlip of that rich Stem,
Whoſe golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh, forgiue me, Lord, it is not I,
Nor doe I boaſt of this, but learne to die.
Whil'ſt we were as our ſelues enioyned then,
Nature to nature, now an Alien.
The pureſt bloud polluted is in bloud,
Neereneſſe contemn'd, if Soueraigntie withſtood;
A Diadem once dazeling the eye,

The day too darke to see Affinitie;
And where the arme is stretch'd to reach a Crowne,
Friendship is broke, the deerest thing throwne downe;
For what Great *Henry* most stroue to auoide,
The Heauens haue built, where Earth would haue de-
And seating *Edward* on his Regall Throne, (stroide,
He giues to *Mary* all that was his owne,
By death assuring what by life is theirs,
The lawfull clayme of *Henries* lawfull Heires.
By mortall Lawes, the bond may be diuorc'd,
But Heauens decree by no meanes can be forc'd:
That rules the case, when men haue all decreed,
Who tooke him hence, foresaw who should succeed,
For we in vaine relye on humane Lawes,
When Heauen stands forth to plead the righteous cause.
Thus rule the Heauens in their continuall course,
That yeelds to fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
But vertue's free from time and fortunes power.
Then, my kind Lord, sweet *Gilford*, be not grieu'd,
The Soule is heauenly, and from Heauen relieu'd;
And as we once haue plighted troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of minds to either;
To thy faire brest take my resolued mind,
Arm'd against blacke despaire, and all her kind,
And to my bosome breathe that Soule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So shall our faith as firmely be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
This life no life, wert thou not deare to mee,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.

Thou my deare Husband, and my Lord before,
But truely learne to dye, thou shalt be more.
Now liue by Prayer, on Heauen fixe all thy thought,
And surely find, what e're by zeale is sought;
For each good motion that the Soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by power of kind,
Formes (like it selfe) an Image in the mind,
And in our faith the operations bee,
Of that diuineneſſe which through that we see;
Which neuer erres, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleshes imbecillity;
By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as these Towres our bodies doe enclose,
Their Prisons, so vnto our Soules suppose,
Our bodies, stopping that celestiall light,
As these doe hinder our exterior sight;
Whereon death seazing, doth discharge the debt,
And vs at blessed libertie doth set.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy heart,
The strongest Fortresse of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On Faith, Repentance, and humilitie;
By which to Heauen, ascending by degrees,
Persist in Prayer vpon your bended knees;
Whereon if you assuredly be stay'd,
You need in perill not to be dismay'd,
Which still shall keepe you that you shall not fall,
For any perill that you can appall;
The Key of Heauen thus with you, you shall beare,

And

And grace you guiding, get you entrance there,
And you of thoſe celeſtiall ioyes poſſeſſe,
Which mortall tongue's vnable to expreſſe.
Then thanke the Heauen, preparing vs this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious Martyrdome,
Before the blacke and diſmall dayes beginne,
The dayes of all Idolatrie and ſinne,
Not ſuffering vs to ſee that wicked age,
When perſecution vehemently ſhall rage,
When tyrannie new tortures ſhall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet Heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe ſhall bring
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King;
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* ſhall leaue it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receiue it;
And on her Temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Root out the dregs, Idolatry hath ſowne;
And *Sions* glory ſhall againe reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſte, and deſolate before;
And from blacke ſinders, and rude heapes of ſtones,
Shall gather vp the Martyrs ſacred bones,
And ſhall extirpe the power of Rome againe,
And caſt aſide the heauie yoke of Spaine.
Farewell ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our home, we are but ſtrangers heere.
Let vs make haſte to goe vnto the bleſt,
Which from theſe wearie worldly labours reſt:
And with theſe lines, my deareſt Lord, I greet thee,
Vntill in Heauen thy *Iane* againe ſhall meet thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

They which beget vs, did beget this sinne.

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whose pride was the cause of the vtter ouerthrow of their Children.

At Durham Palace where sweet Hymen *sang,*
The buildings, &c.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth Sonne to *Iohn Dudley*, Duke of Northumberland, married the Ladie *Iane Gray*, Daughter to the Duke of Suffolke, at Durham House in the Strand.

When first mine eares were pierced with the fame,
Of Iane *proclaimed by a Princesse name.*

Presently vpon the death of King *Edward*, the Ladie *Iane* was taken as Queene, conuayed by water to the Tower of London for her safetie, and after proclaimed in diuers parts of the Realme, as so ordained by King *Edwards* Letters Patents, and his Will.

My Grandsire Brandon *did our House aduance,*
By Princely Mary, *Dowager of France.*

Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolke, married *Francis* the eldest Daughter of *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke, by the French Queene, by which *Francis* hee had this Ladie *Iane*: this *Mary* the French Queene, was Daughter to King *Henry* the Seuenth, by *Elizabeth* his Queene, which happie Marriage conioyned the two Noble Families, of Lancaster and Yorke.

For what Great Henry *most strooe to auoyde.*

Noting the distrust that King *Henry* the Eighth euer had in the Princesse *Mary* his Daughter, fearing shee should alter the state of Religion in the Land, by matching with a Stranger, confessing the right that King *Henries* Issue had to the Crowne.

And vnto faire Elizabeth *shall leaue it.*

A propheſie of Queene *Maries* barrennesse, and of the happie and glorious Raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*, her restoring of Religion, the abolishing the Romish Seruitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spaine.

GILFORD DVDLEY, to IANE GRAY.

AS the Swan ſinging at his dying howre,
So I reply from my impris'ning Towre:
O could there be that power but in my Verſe,
T'expreſſe the griefe my wounded heart doth pierce!
The very wals that ſtraightly thee encloſe,
Would ſurely weepe at reading of my woes;
Let your eyes lend, Ile pay you euery teare,
And giue you int'reſt, if you doe forbeare,
Drop for drop, and if you 'll needs haue lone,
I will repay you frankely, two for one.
Perhaps you 'll thinke (your ſorrowes to appeaſe)
That words of comfort fitter were then theſe.
True, and in you when ſuch perfection liueth,
As in moſt griefe moſt comfort alwayes giueth:
But thinke not (*Iane*) that cowardly I faint,
To begge mans mercie by my ſad complaint,
That death ſo much my courage can controule,
At the departing of my liuing Soule.
For if one life a thouſand liues could bee,
All thoſe too few to conſummate with thee.
When thou this croſſe ſo patiently dooſt beare,
As if thou were incapable of feare,
And dooſt no more this diſſolution flie,
Then if long age conſtrained thee to die:

Yet

Yet it is strange, thou art become my foe,
And onely now add'st most vnto my woe,
Not that I loath that most did me delight,
But that so long depriued of thy sight:
For when I speake and would complaine my wrong,
Straight-waies thy name possesseth all my tongue,
As thou before me euermore didst lye
The present obiect to my longing eye.
No ominous Starre did at thy birth-tide shine,
That might of thy sad destinie diuine;
'T is only I that did thy fall perswade,
And thou by me a Sacrifice art made,
As in those Countries where the louing Wiues
With their kind Husbands end their happy liues,
And crown'd with Garlands in their Brides attire,
Burne with his bodie in the funerall fire;
And shee the worthiest reck'ned is of all,
Whom least the perill seemeth to appall.
I boast not of *Northumberlands* great Name,
Nor of *Ket* conquered, adding to our Fame,
When he to *Norfolke* with his Armies sped,
And thence in Chaines the Rebels captiue led,
And brought safe Peace returning to our dores,
Yet spred his glorie on the Easterne shores;
Nor of my Brothers, from whose naturall grace,
Vertue may spring to beautifie our Race;
Nor of *Grayes* match my Children borne by thee,
Of the great Bloud vndoubtedly to bee;
But of thy vertue onely doe I boast,
That wherein I may iustly glory most:
I crau'd no Kingdomes, though I thee did craue,

It might suffice, thy only selfe to haue;
Yet let mee say how euer it befell,
Mee thinkes a Crowne should haue become thee well:
For sure thy wisedome merited (or none)
To haue beene heard with wonder from a Throne,
When from thy lips the counsell to each deed,
Doth as from some wise Oracle proceed,
And more esteem'd thy vertues were to mee,
Then all that else might euer come by thee;
So chaste thy Loue, so innocent thy life,
As being a Virgine when thou wert a Wife,
So great a gift the Heauen on mee bestow'd,
As giuing that, it nothing could haue ow'd;
Such was the good I did possesse of late,
Ere worldly care disturb'd our quiet State,
Ere trouble did in euerie place abound,
And angrie Warre our former Peace did wound.
This is all that Ambition vs affords,
One Crowne is garded with a thousand Swords,
To meane estates, meane sorrowes are but showne,
But Crownes haue cares, whose workings be vnknowne.
When *Dudley* led his Armies to the East,
Of our whole Forces generally possest,
What then was thought his Enterprize could let,
Whom a graue Councell freely did abet,
That had the iudgement of the powerfull Lawes,
In euery point to iustifie the Cause?
The holy Church a helping hand that laide,
Who would haue thought that these could not haue (swaide?
But what (alasse) can Parlaments auaile,
Where *Maries* right must *Edwards* Acts repeale?

When

When *Suffolkes* power doth *Suffolkes* hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland*;
And they that ſhould our greatneſſe vndergoe,
Vs, and our actions onely ouerthrow.
Ere greatneſſe gain'd we giue it all our heart,
But being once come, could wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
Which ouer-taken puniſheth our haſte;
If any one doe pittie our offence,
Let him be ſure that he be farre from hence:
Heere is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as (once) commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercie vainly ſhould but thinke,
Our timeleſſe teares th' inſatiate Earth doth drinke.
All lamentations vtterly forlorne,
Dying before they fully can be borne.
Mothers that ſhould their wofull Children rue,
Fathers in death too kindly bid adue,
Friends their deare farewell louingly to take,
The faithfull Seruant weeping for our ſake;
Brothers and Siſters waiting on our Beere,
Mourners to tell what wee were liuing heere:
But we (alaſſe) depriued are of all,
So fatall is our miſerable fall.
And where at firſt for ſafetie we were ſhut,
Now in darke priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſwaſion thus I then replie;
Hold on thy courſe reſolued ſtill to die:
And when we ſhall ſo happily be gone,

Leaue

Leaue it to Heauen to giue the rightfull throne.
And with that health regreet I thee againe.
Which I of late did gladly entertaine.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Nor of Ket *conquered adding to our fame.*

IOhn Duke of Northumberland, when before hee was Earle of Warwicke, in his expedition against *Ket*, ouerthrew the Rebels of Norfolke and Suffolke, encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my Brothers, from whose naturall grace.

Gilford Dudley, as remembring in this place the towardnesse of his Brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue raised that House of the *Dudleyes*, of which hee was a fourth Brother, if not suppressed by their Fathers ouerthrow.

Nor of Grayes *match my Children borne by thee.*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Ladie *Iane Gray*, by her Mother, which was *Frances*, the Daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Mary* the French Queene, Daughter to *Henry* the Seuenth, and Sister to *Henry* the Eighth.

To haue beene heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldome hath it euer been knowne of any woman endued with such wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady, both for her wisdome and learning, of whose skill in the Tongues one reporteth by this Epigramme.

Miraris Ianam Graia *fuisse* virum?
Quo primum nata est tempore Graia *fuit.*
When Dudley *led his Armie to the East.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition against the Rebels in Norfolke, and making haste away, appointed the rest of his Forces to meet him at New-market Heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through Shore-ditch, the Lord *Gray* in his Companie, seeing the people in great numbers came to see him, hee said; The people presse to see vs, but none bid, *God speed vs.*

whom

Whom a graue Councell freely did abet.

Iohn Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queene *Mary*, had his Commission sealed for the General-ship of the Armie, by the consent of the whole Councell of the Land; in so much that passing thorow the Councell-Chamber, at his departure, the Earle of Arundell wished that hee might haue gone with him in that Expedition, and to spend his bloud in the Quarrell.

When Suffolkes power doth Suffolkes hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leaue Northumberland.

The Suffolke men were the first that euer resorted to Queene *Mary* in her distresse, repairing to her succours, whilest shee remained both at Keningall, and at Fremingham Castell, still encreasing her aides, vntill the Duke of Northumberland was left forsaken at Cambridge.

FINIS.

The

THe Worlds faire Roſe, and *Henries* froſtie fire,
Iohns tyrannie, and chaſte *Matilda's* wrong,
Th' inraged Queene and furious *Mortimer*,
The ſcourge of France, and his chaſte Loue I ſung,
Depoſed *Richard*, *Iſabel* exil'd,
The gallant *Tudor*, and faire *Katherine*,
Duke *Humfrey*, and olde *Cobhams* hapleſſe child,
Couragious *Poole*, and that braue ſpiritfull Queene,
Edward, and the delicious London-Dame,
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of France,
Surrey, with his faire Paragon of Fame,
Dudleyes miſ-hap, and vertuous *Grayes* miſ-chance;
Their ſeuerall Loues, ſince I before haue ſhowne,
Now, giue mee leaue, at laſt to ſing mine owne.

SONNET. I.

INto these loues who but for passion looke,
At this first sight, heere let him lay them by,
And seeke elsewhere in turning other Bookes.
Which better may his labour satisfie.
No far-fetch'd sigh shall euer wound my brest.
Loue from mine eye, a teare shall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whyning Sonnets dresst,
(A Libertine) fantastickely I sing:
My Verse is the true image of my minde;
Euer in motion, still desiring change,
To choice of all varietie inclin'de,
And in all humours sportiuely I range,
My actiue *Muse* is of the Worlds right straine,
That cannot long one fashion entertaine.

The Second to the Reader.

SONNET. II.

MAny there be excelling in this kind,
Whose wel-trick'd rimes with all inuention swell,
Let each commend as best shall like his mind,
Some SIDNEY, CONSTABLE, some DANIEL.
That thus their names familiarly I sing,
Let none thinke them disparaged to bee:
Poore men with reuerence may speake of a King,
And so may these be spoken of by mee;
My wanton Verse ne're keepes one certaine stay,
But now at hand; then, seekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes astray,
Wilde, madding, iocund, and irregular;
Like me that list, my honest merrie rimes
Nor care for Criticke, nor regard the times.

SONNET.

IDEA.

SONNET. I.

THine eies taught me the Alphabet of loue,
To kon my cros-row, ere I learn'd to ſpell,
For I was apt, a Scholler like to proue,
Gaue me ſweet lookes when as I learned well.
Vowes were my vowels, when I then begun,
At my firſt leſſon in thy ſacred name,
My conſonants the next when I had done,
Words conſonant, and ſounding to thy fame:
My liquids then, were liquid Chriſtall teares,
My cares, my mutes, ſo mute to craue reliefe,
My dolefull dipthongs were my lifes deſpaires,
Redoubling ſighes the Accent of my griefe:
My loues Schoole-miſtreſſe now hath taught me ſo,
That I can reade a ſtory of my woe.

MY heart was slaine, and [illegible]e but you and I.
Who should I think t[illegible]ther should commit?
Since but your selfe there was no creature by,
But onely I, guiltlesse of murthering it.
It slew it selfe; the verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead, and me not accessary;
Well, well, I feare it will be proou'd by you,
The euidence so great a proofe doth carry.
But O see, see, we neede enquire no further,
Vpon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murther,
Your cheekes yet pale since first they gaue the wound.
By this, I see, how euer things be past:
Yet heauen will still haue murther out at last.

SONNET. 3.

TAking my penne, with words to cast my woes,
Duely to count the summe of all my cares,
I finde, my griefe innumerable growes,
The reck'nings rise to millions of despaires,
And thus diuiding of my fatall houres,
The paiments of my loue, I reade, and crosse,
Substracting, set my sweets vnto my sowres,
My ioyes arrerage leades me to my losse;
And thus mine eies a debtor to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their lookes,
My heart hath paid such grieuous vsurie,
That all this wealth lies in thy beauties bookes,
And all is thine which hath beene due to mee,
And I a Bankrups, quite vndone by thee.

SONNET. 4.

BEauty ſometime in all her glory crowned,
Paſſing by that cleare fountaine of thine eye,
Her ſun-ſhine face there chancing to eſpie,
Forgot her ſelfe, deeming ſhee had beene drowned.
And thus whileſt beauty, on her ſhadow gazed,
Who then (yet liuing) thought ſhe had been dying,
And yet in death ſome hope of life eſpying,
With her owne rare perfections ſo amazed,
Twixt ioy and griefe, yet with a ſmiling frowning,
The glorious Sun-beames of her eyes bright ſhining,
And ſhee on her owne deſtiny diuining,
Caſt in her ſelfe, to ſaue her ſelfe by drowning.
The well of Nectar, pau'd with pearle and gold,
Where ſhe remaines for all eyes to behold.

SONNET. 5.

NOthing but no and I, and I and no,
How fals it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell yee (faire) ile not be anſwer'd ſo,
With this affirming no, denying I,
I ſay I loue, you ſleightly anſwere I,
I ſay you loue, you peule me out a no,
I ſay I die, you Eccho me with I.
Saue mee I crie, you ſigh me out a no;
Muſt woe and I, haue nought but no and I?
No I am I, if I no more can haue:
Anſwere no more, with ſilence make reply,
And let me take my ſelfe what I doe craue.
Let no and I, with I and you be ſo,
Then anſwere no and I, and I and no.

SONNET. 6.

LOue once would dance within my Miſtreſſe eye,
And wanting muſicke fitting for the place,
Swore that I ſhould the inſtrument ſupply,
And ſodainely preſents me with her face;
Straitwaies my pulſe playes liuely in my veines,
My ſhort-fetch'd breath doth keepe a meaner time,
My quau'ring artires be the tenours ſtraines,
My trembling ſinewes ſerue the counterchime,
My hollow ſighes the deepeſt baſe do beare,
True diapaſon in diſtincted ſound;
My panting heart the treble makes the aire,
And deskants finely on the Muſicks ground,
Thus like a Lute, or Viall did I lie,
Whil'ſt he proud ſlaue daunc'd galliards in her eye.

SONNET. 7.

LOue in an humor plaid the prodigall,
And bade my ſenſes to a ſolemne feaſt,
Yet more to grace the company withall,
Inuites my heart to be the chiefeſt gueſt;
No other drinke would ſerue this gluttons turne,
But precious teares diſtilling from mine eine,
Which with my ſighes this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing carowſis in this coſtly wine,
Where, in his cups o'recome with foule exceſſe,
Begins to play a ſwaggering ruffians part,
And at the banquet, in his drunkenneſſe
Slew my deare friend his kind and trueſt heart.
A gentle warning, friends, thus may you ſee,
What tis to keepe a drunkard company.

SON-

SONNET. 8.

Phœbe looke downe, and heere behold in mee,
The elements within thy sphere encloſed,
How kindly Nature plac'd them vnder thee,
And in my words ſee how they are diſpoſed;
My hope is earth, the loweſt, cold and dry,
The groſſer mother of deepe melancholy,
Water my teares, cold with humidity,
Wan flegmatike, enclin'd, by Nature wholly;
My ſighes, the aire, hot, moiſt, aſcending higher,
Subtill of ſanguine, dy'd in my hearts dolor,
My thoughts, they be the element of fier,
Hot, drie, and peireing, ſtill enclin'd to choler,
Thine eye the Orbe vpon all theſe, from whence
Proceeds th'effects of powerfull influence.

To Lunacie.

SONNET. 9.

AS other men, ſo I my ſelfe doe muſe,
Why in this ſort I wreſt inuention ſo,
And why theſe giddy metaphors I vſe,
Leauing the path the greater part doe go;
I will reſolue you; I am lunaticke,
And euer this in mad-men you ſhall finde,
What they laſt thought, or when the braine grew ſicke,
In moſt diſtraction keepe that ſtill in minde.
Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
Reaſon and I (you muſt conceiue) are twaine,
Tis nine yeares now ſince firſt I loſt my wit,
Beare with me then though troubled be my braine;
With diet and correction, men diſtraught,
(Not too farre paſt) may to their wits be brought.

Sonnet. 10.

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Then to the ſonne of ſome rich penny-father,
Who hauing now brought on his end with care,
Leaues to his ſonne all he had heap'd together;
This new rich nouice, lauiſh of his cheſt,
To one man giues, and on another ſpends,
Then heere he riots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to lend ſome to one true honeſt friend.
Thy gifts thou in obſcuritie doeſt waſte,
Falſe friends thy kindnes, borne but to deceiue thee;
Thy loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy beautie, which with age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to me was lent,
I giue thee backe, when all the reſt is ſpent.

Sonnet. 11.

YOu not alone, when you are ſtill alone,
O God from you that I could priuate be,
Since you one were, I neuer ſince was one,
Since you in me, my ſelfe ſince out of me,
Tranſported from my ſelfe into your being,
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to either,
Senſeleſſe with too much ioy each other ſeeing,
And onely abſent when we are together.
Giue me my ſelfe, and take your ſelfe againe,
Deuiſe ſome meanes but how I may forſake you,
So much is mine that doth with you remaine,
That taking what is mine, with me I take you;
You doe bewitch me, O that I could flie
From my ſelfe you, or from your owne ſelfe I.

SONNET. 12.

THat Learned Father, which ſo firmely prou'd
The Soule of Man Immortall and Diuine,
And doth the ſeuerall Offices define:
Anima Giues her that name as ſhe the Bodie moues,
Amor Then is ſhe Loue imbracing Charitie,
Animus Mouing a will in vs, it is the Mind.
Mens Retayning Knowledge, ſtill the ſame in kind;
Memoria As Intellectuall it is the Memory,
Ratio In iudging, Reaſon onely is her name,
Senſus In ſpeedy apprehenſion it is Senſe,
Conſcientia In right or wrong, they call her Conſcience,
Spiritus The Spirit, when it to Godward doth in-
Theſe of the Soule the ſeuerall Functions be, (flame,
Which my heart lightned by thy loue doth ſee.

To the Shaddow.

SONNET. 13.

LEtters and Lines we ſee are defac'd,
Metals doe waſte, and fret with Cankers ruſt,
The Diamond ſhall once conſume to duſt,
And freſheſt colours with foule ſtaines diſgrac'd,
Paper and Inke can paint but naked words,
To write with bloud, of force offends the ſight,
And if with teares I find them all too light,
And ſighes and ſignes a ſilly hope affords.
O ſweeteſt ſhaddow how thou ſeru'ſt thy turne,
Which ſtill ſhalt be, as long as there is Sunne,
Nor whil'ſt the World is, neuer ſhall be done,
Whil'ſt Moone ſhall ſhine, or any fire ſhall burne;
That euery thing whence ſhaddow doth proceede,
May in his ſhaddow my Loues Story reade.

IF he from heauen that filch'd that liuing fire,
Condemn'd by *Ioue* to endlesse torment bee,
I greatly maruell how you still goe free,
That farre beyond *Prometheus* did aspire;
The fire he stole, although of heauenly kinde,
Which from aboue he craftily did take,
Of liueleſſe clods vs liuing men to make,
Againe bestow'd in temper of the minde.
But you broke into heauens immortall store,
Where vertue, honour, wit, and beautie lay,
Which taking thence, you haue escap'd away,
Yet stand as free as e're you did before;
Yet old *Prometheus* punisht for his rape.
Thus poore theeues suffer, when the greater scape.

SONNET. 15.

VIewing the glasse of my youths miseries,
I see the face of my deformed cares,
With withered browes, all wrinckled with despaires,
That for times losse the teares fall from mine eyes,
Then in these teares, the mirrors of these eyes,
Thy faireſt youth and beautie doe I see,
Imprinted there by looking still on thee;
Thus midst my woes ten thousand ioyes arise,
Yet in these ioyes the shadowes of my good,
In this faire limmed ground as white as snow,
Painted the blackest image of my woe,
With murth'ring hands imbru'd in mine owne blood;
And in this image his darke cloudie eyes,
My life, and loue, I here anatomize.

SON-

SONNET. 16.

WIthin the compaſſe of this ſpatious round,
Amongſt all birds the Phœnix is alone,
Which but by you could neuer haue beene knowne;
None like to that, none like to you is found;
Heape your owne vertues ſeaſon'd by their ſunne,
On heauenly top of your diuine deſire;
Then with your beautie ſet the ſame on fire,
So by your death, your life ſhall be begunne.
Your ſelfe thus burned in this ſacred flame,
With your owne ſweetneſſe all the heauens perfuming,
Who ſtill encreaſing as you are conſuming,
Shall ſpring againe from th'aſhes of your fame,
And mounting vp ſhall to the heauens aſcend,
So may you liue paſt world, paſt fame, paſt end.

To Time.

SONNET. 17.

STay, ſtay, ſweet Time, behold or e're thou paſſe,
From world to world, thou long haſt ſought to ſee
That wonder now wherein all wonders bee,
Where heauen beholds her in a mortall glaſſe:
Nay, looke thee, Time, in this celeſtiall glaſſe,
And thy youth paſt in this faire Mirrour ſee,
The firſt worlds beautie in the infancie,
What it was then, or thou before it was.
Now paſſe on Time, to after-worlds tell this:
(And yet ſhalt tell) but truely what hath beene,
That they may ſay, what former time hath ſeene,
And heauen may ioy to thinke on paſt worlds bliſ:
Here make a period, Time, and ſay for mee,
She was, whoſe like againe ſhall neuer bee.

SON-

SONNET. 18.

VNto the World, to Learning, and to Heauen,
Three Nines there are, to euery one a Nine,
One Number of the Earth, the other both Diuine,
One Woman now makes three odde Numbers euen;
Nine Orders first of Angels be in Heauen,
Nine *Muses* doe with Learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer Resident;
Nine Worthy Ones vnto the World were giuen:
My Worthy One to these Nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire *Muse*, one *Muse* vnto the Nine,
And my good Angell (in my soule Diuine)
With one more Order, these Nine Orders gladdeth:
My *Muse*, my Worthy, and my Angell then,
Makes euery one of these three Nines a Ten.

To Humour.

SONNET. 19.

YOu cannot loue, my prettie heart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would,
But now againe you will the same deny,
If it might please you, would to God you could;
What, will you hate? nay, that you will not neyther,
Nor loue, nor hate, how then? What will you doe?
What, will you keepe a meane then betwixt either?
Or will you loue me, and yet hate me too?
Yet serues not this, what next, what other shift?
You will, and will not, what a coyle is here?
I see your craft, now I perceiue your drift,
And all this while I was mistaken there:
Your loue and hate is this, I now doe proue you,
Your loue in hate, by hate to make me loue you.

SON-

AN euill spirit your beautie haunts me still,
Wherewith (alas) I haue beene long possest,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,
Nor giues me once but one poore minutes rest:
In me it speakes whether I sleepe or wake,
And when by meanes to driue it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremitie;
Before my face, it layes all my despaires,
And hastes me on vnto a sudden death;
Now tempting me to drowne my selfe in teares,
And then in sighing to giue vp my breath;
Thus am I still prouok'd to euery euill,
By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angell Deuill.

To the Spheres.

SONNET. 21.

THou which do'st guide this little World of Loue,
Thy Planets Mansion heere thou maist behold,
My brow the Sphere where *Saturne* still doth moue,
Wrinkled with cares, age-with'red, dry, and cold;
Mine eyes the Orbe where *Iupiter* doth trace,
Which gently smile because they looke on thee,
Mars in my swartie visage takes his place,
Made leane with loue, where furious conflicts bee:
Sol in my brest with his hot scorching flame,
But in my heart alone doth *Venus* raigne;
Mercury my hands, the Organs of thy fame,
The Moone my wauering and inconstant vaine;
The starry Heauen thy prayse by me expreſt,
Thou the first Mouer, guiding all to rest.

SONNET. 22.

WIth fooles and children good diſcretion beare,
Then honeſt people beare with Loue and Me,
Nor older yet, nor wiſer made by yeeres,
Amongſt the reſt of fooles and children be,
Loue ſtill a Baby, playes with gaudes and toyes,
And like a Wanton ſports with euery feather,
And Ideots ſtill are running after Boyes,
Then fooles and children fitt'ſt to goe together;
He ſtill as yong as when he firſt was borne,
No wiſer I, then when as yong as he,
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to ſcorne,
Giue nature thankes you are not ſuch as wee:
Yet fooles and children ſometimes tell in play,
Some wiſe in ſhew, more fooles indeed then they.

SONNET. 23.

LOue baniſh'd Heauen, in Earth was held in ſcorne,
Wandring abroad in need and beggery;
And wanting friends, though of a Goddeſſe borne,
Yet crau'd the almes of ſuch as paſſed by;
I, like a man, deuote and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wandring gheſt,
With ſighes and teares ſtill furniſhing his table,
With what might make the miſerable bleſt:
But this vngratefull, for my good deſert
Entic'd my thoughts againſt me to conſpire,
Who gaue conſent to ſteale away my heart,
And ſet my breſt his lodging on a fire:
Well, well, my friends, when Beggers grow thus bold,
No maruell then though Charitie grow cold.

SON-

Sonnet. 24.

I Heare some say, this man is not in loue,
Who? can he loue? a likely thing they say;
Reade but this Verse, and it will easly proue;
O iudge not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that faine his sorrowes would beguile:
You now suppose me, all this time in sport,
And please your selfe with this conceit the while,
Yee shallow censures, sometime see yee not,
In greatest perils some men pleasant be,
Where fame by death is onely to be got,
They resolute? so stands the case with me;
Where other me in depth of passion crie,
I laugh at fortune, as in a iest to die.

Sonnet. 25.

O Why should nature niggardly restraine!
The Southerne Nations rellish not our tongue,
Else should my lines glide on the waues of *Rhene*,
And crowne the *Piren's* with my louely Song:
But bounded thus, to *Scotland* get you forth,
Thence take you wing vnto the *Orcades*,
There let my Verse get glory in the North,
Making my sighes to thaw the frozen Seas,
And let the *Bards* within that *Irish* Ile,
To whom my *Muse* with fiery wings shall passe,
Call backe the stiffe-neck'd Rebels from Exile,
And mollifie the slaught'ring *Galliglasse*,
And when my flowing numbers they rehearse,
Let Wolues and Beares be charmed with my Verse.

Son-

SONNET. 26.

I Euer loue, where neuer hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my neuer-hoping care,
And my liues hope would dye but for deſpaire.
My neuer-certaine ioy, breeds euer-certaine feares,
Vncertaine-dread, giues wings vnto my hope;
Yet my hopes wings are laden ſo with feare,
As they cannot aſcend to my hopes ſpheare;
Yet feare giues them more then a heauenly ſcope,
Yet this large roome is bounded with deſpaire,
So my loue is ſtill fett'red with vaine hope,
And libertie depriues him of his ſcope,
And thus am I impriſon'd in the Ayre;
Then ſweet Deſpaire, awhile hold vp thy head,
Or all my hope for ſorrow will be dead.

To Fantaſie.

SONNET. 27.

I Gaue my faith to Loue, Loue his to me,
That he and I ſworne Brothers ſhould remaine,
Thus faith receiu'd, faith giuen backe againe,
Who would imagine bond more ſure could be?
Loue flyes to her, yet holds he my faith taken,
As from my vertue rayſing my offence,
Making me guiltie through my innocence;
And onely bound by being ſo forſaken,
He makes her aske what I before had vow'd,
Giuing her that which he had giuen me,
I bound by him, and he by her made free,
Who euer ſo hard breach of faith allow'd?
Speake you that ſhould of right and wrong diſcuſſe,
Was right ere wrong'd, or wrong ere righted thus?

Son

TO such as say, thy loue I ouer-prize,
And doe not sticke to terme my prayses folly,
Against these folkes that thinke themselues so wise,
I thus oppose my force of reason wholly,
Though I giue more, then well affords my state,
In which expence the most suppose me vaine,
Would yeeld them nothing at the easiest rate,
Yet at this price, returnes me treble gaine,
The value not vnskilfull how to vse,
And I giue much, because I gaine thereby,
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse,
Whether are these deceiued then, or I?
In eu'ry thing I hold this maxime still,
The circumstance doth make it good or ill.

To the Senses.

SONNET. 29.

WHen conqu'ring loue did first my heart assaile,
Vnto mine aide I summon'd euery sense,
Doubting if that proud Tyrant should preuaile,
My heart should suffer for mine eyes offence;
But he with beautie first corrupted sight,
My hearing brib'd with her tongues harmony,
My taste by her sweet lips drawne with delight,
My smelling wonne with her breaths spicery.
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The King of Senses, greater then the rest)
He yeelds Loue vp the keyes vnto my heart,
And tels the other how they should be blest:
And thus by those of whom I hop'd for aide,
To cruell Loue my Soule was first betraide.

To

SONNET. 30.

THoſe Prieſts which firſt the Veſtall fire begunne,
Which might be borrow'd from no earthly flame,
Deuis'd a veſſell to receiue the Sunne,
Being ſtedfaſtly oppoſed to the ſame,
Where, with ſweet wood, laid curiouſly by Art,
On which the Sunne might by reflexion beate,
Receiuing ſtrength from euery ſecret part,
The fuell kindled with celeſtiall heate.
Thy bleſſed eyes, the Sunne which lights this fire:
My holy thoughts, they be the Veſtall flame,
The precious Odours be my chaſte deſires,
My breſts the veſſell which includes the ſame;
Thou art my *Veſta*, thou my Goddeſſe art,
Thy hallowed Temple onely is my heart.

SONNET. 31.

MEE thinkes I ſee ſome crooked *Mimicke* ieere,
And taxe my *Muſe* with this fantaſticke grace,
Turning my Papers, askes, What haue we heere?
Making withall ſome filthy Antike face.
I feare no cenſure, nor what thou canſt ſay,
Nor ſhall my ſpirit one iot of vigour loſe,
Think'ſt thou my wit ſhall keepe the Pack-horſe way,
That eu'ry Dudgen low inuention goes?
Since *Sonnets* thus in bundles are impreſt,
And eu'ry Drudge doth dull our ſatiate eare?
Think'ſt thou my Loue ſhall in thoſe rags be dreſt,
That eu'ry Dowdy, eu'ry Trull doth weare?
Vp-to my pitch no common iudgement flyes,
I ſcorne all earthly Dung-bred Scarabies.

SON-

SONNET. 32.

OVr flouds Queene *Thames*, for Ships and Swans is crowned,
And ſtately *Seuerne* for her ſhoares is praiſed,
The cryſtall *Trent*, for Foords and fiſh renowned,
And *Auons* fame, to *Albians* cliues is raiſed.
Charlegion Cheſter, vaunts her holy *Dee*,
Yorke many wonders of her *Owſe* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Done*, whoſe bankes ſo fertile bee,
And *Kent* will ſay, her *Medway* doth excell.
Cotſwold commends her *Iſis* to the *Tame*,
Our Northerne borders boaſt of *Tweeds* faire floud,
Our Weſterne parts extoll their *Wilis* fame,
And old *Legea* brags of *Daniſh* bloud;
Ardens ſweet *Ankor* let thy glory bee,
That faire *Idea* ſhe doth liue by thee.

To Imagination.

SONNET. 33.

WHilſt yet mine eies doe ſurfet with delight,
My wofull heart impriſon'd in my breſt,
Wiſheth to be transformed in my ſight,
That it like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt,
But whilſt mine eyes thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their obiects ouer-ſoone depart,
Theſe now the others happineſſe doe praiſe,
Wiſhing themſelues that they had beene my heart;
That eies were heart, or that the heart were eies,
As couetous the others vſe to haue;
But finding nature, their requeſt denies,
This to each other mutually they craue;
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That eyes could thinke, of that my heart could ſee.

SONNET. 34.

MAruell not, Loue, though I thy power admire,
Rauiſh'd a world beyond the farthеſt thought,
That knowing more than euer hath beene taught,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not, Loue, though I thy power admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wiſedomes ſelfe to miniſter direction,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not, Loue, though I thy power admire,
Though my conceit I further ſeeme to bend,
Than poſſibly inuention can extend,
And yet am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

To Miracle.

SONNET. 35.

SOme misbeleeuing and prophane in loue,
When I doe ſpeake of miracles by thee,
May ſay that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onely write, my skill in verſe to proue,
See miracles, ye vnbeleeuing, ſee,
A dumb-borne Muſe, made to expreſſe the minde,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kinde,
One by thy name, the other touching thee;
Blinde were mine eyes, till they were ſeene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed bee,
My vices cur'd by vertue ſprung from thee,
My hopes reuiu'd which long in graue had line:
All vncleane thoughts, foule ſpirits caſt out in mee,
Onely by vertue that proceeds from thee.

SON-

Sonnet. 36.

Reading sometime, my sorrowes to beguile,
I finde old Poets, hills, and floods admired;
One, he doth wonder monster-breeding *Nilus*,
Another marvels sulphure *Ætnaes* fire,
Now broad-brimd *Indus*, then of *Pindus* height,
Pelion and *Ossa*, frosty *Caucase* old,
The *Delian Cinthus*, then *Olympus* weight,
Slow *Arrer*, frantique *Gallus*, *Cydnus* cold:
Some *Ganges*, *Ister*, and of *Tagus* tell,
Some whirle-poole *Po*, and sliding *Hypasis*,
Some old *Pernassus* where the Muses dwell,
Some *Helicon*, and some faire *Simois*.
Ah fooles, thinke I, had you *Idea* seene,
Poore brooks and banks had no such wonders beene.

Sonnet. 37.

Deare, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleepe?
Me thinkes this time becommeth Louers best,
Night was ordain'd together friends to keepe;
How happy are all other liuing things,
Which though the day disioyne by seuerall flight,
The quiet Euening yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his Loue at night!
O thou that art so courteous vnto all,
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me onely thus,
That euery creature to his kinde dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost onely seuer vs?
Well could I wish it would be euer day,
If when night comes, you bid me goe away.

Sonnet. 38.

Sitting alone, Loue bids me goe and write,
Reason plucks back, commanding me to stay,
Boasting that she doth still direct the way,
Or else loue were vnable to endite;
Loue growing angry, vexed at the spleene,
And scorning Reasons maimed argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to inuent,
Where she with Loue conuersing hath not beene,
Reason reproched with this coy disdaine,
Despiteth Loue, and laugheth at her folly,
And Loue contemning Reasons reason wholly,
Thought it in waight too light by many a graine;
Reason put backe, doth out of sight remoue,
And Loue alone finds reason in my loue.

Sonnet. 39.

Some, when in time they of their loues doe tell,
With flames and lightnings their exordiums paint,
Some call on heauen, some inuocate on hell,
And Fates and Furies with their woes acquaint.
Elizium is too high a seate for mee,
I will not come in *Styx* or *Phlegeton*,
The thrice three Muses but too wanton bee,
Like they that lust, I care not, I will none.
Spightfull *Erinnis* frights me with her looks,
My man-hood dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Hecat's* charming books,
I still feare bug-beares in *Apollo's* Cell.
I passe not for *Minerua*, nor *Astrea*,
Onely I call vpon diuine *Idea*.

Son-

MY heart the anuile where my thoughts doe beate,
My words the hammers fashioning my desire,
My breast the forge, inclusing all the heate,
Loue is the fewell which maintaines the fire;
My sighes the bellowes which the flame encreaseth,
Filling mine eares with noise and mightely greeuing,
Toiling with paine, my labour neuer ceaseth,
In grieuous passions my woes still bemoning:
My eyes with teares against the fire striuing,
Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth;
But with those drops, the flame againe reuiuing,
Still more and more vnto my torment burneth.
With *Sisiphus* thus doe I role the stone,
And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*.

SONNET. 41.

WHy doe I speake of ioy, or write of loue,
When my heart is a very den of horror,
And in my soule the paines of hell I proue,
With all his torments and infernall terror?
What should I say, what yet remaines to doe?
My braine is drie with weeping all too long,
My sighes be spent in vttring of my woe,
And I want words wherewith to tell my wrong:
But still distracted in Loues lunacie,
And Bedlam-like, thus raging in my griefe,
Now raile vpon her haire, now on her eye,
Now call her Goddesse, then I call her thiefe;
Now I deny her, then I doe confesse her,
Now doe I curse her, then againe I blesse her.

SOme men there be, which like my method well,
And much commend the strangenesse of my vaine,
Some say, I haue a pleasing pleasing straine,
Some say, that in my humor I excell:
Some, who not kindly rellish my conceit,
They say, (as Poets doe) I vse to faine,
And in bare words paint out my passions paine,
Thus sundrie men, their sundrie mindes repeate;
I passe not I, how mee affected bee,
Nor who commends, or discommends my verse,
It pleaseth me, if I my woes rehearse,
And in my lines, if she my loue may see:
Onely my comfort still consists in this,
Writing her praise, I cannot write amisse.

SONNET. 43.

WHy should your faire eyes with such soueraigne (grace,
Disperse their rayes on euery vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darknesse in the selfe-same place,
Get not one glance to recompence my merit?
So doth the plow-man gaze the wandring Starre,
And onely rest contented with the light,
That neuer learn'd what constellations are,
Beyond the bent of his vnknowing sight,
O why should beautie (custome to obey)
To their grosse sense apply her selfe so ill!
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made vnhappy by my skill;
Onely compell'd on this poore good to boast,
Heauens are not kinde to them that know them most.

SON-

Sonnet. 44.

WHilſt thus my pen ſtriues to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Wherein the map of all my miſerie,
Is modeld out the world of my diſgrace,
Whilſt in deſpite of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my world out-wearing rimes,
And murther'ſt Vertue with thy coy diſdaine;
And though in youth, my youth vntimely periſh,
To keepe thee from obliuion and the graue,
Enſuing ages yet my rimes ſhall cheriſh,
When I entomb'd my better part ſhall ſaue;
And though this earthly bodie fade and die,
My name ſhall mount vpon eternitie.

Sonnet. 45.

MVſes which ſadly ſit about my chaire,
Drown'd in the teares extorted by my lines,
With heauie ſighes whilſt thus I breake the ayre,
Painting my paſſions in theſe ſad deſignes,
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happie verſe,
The ſtrong-built Trophies to her louing fame,
Euer hence-forth my boſome be your hearſe,
Wherein the world ſhall now entombe her name;
Encloſe my muſicke, you poore ſenſeleſſe walls,
Sith ſhe is deafe, and will not heare my mones,
Soften your ſelues with euery teare that falls,
Whilſt I like *Orpheus* ſing to trees and ſtones;
Which with my plaint ſeeme yet with pitie moued,
Kinder then ſhe whom I ſo long haue loued.

PLaine-path'd Experience the vnlearneds guide,
Her ſimple followers euidently ſhewes,
Sometimes what Schoole-men ſcarcely can decide,
Nor yet wiſe Reaſon abſolutely knowes;
In making triall of a murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the heinous deede,
Neere the dead bodie happily be brought,
Oft t'ath bin prou'd the breathleſſe coarſe will bleed;
She comming neere that my poore heart hath ſlaine,
Long ſince departed (to the world no more)
The ancient wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding as they did before:
But what of this? ſhould ſhe to death be led,
It ſurthers iuſtice, but helps not the dead.

SONNET. 47.

IN pride of wit, when high deſire of fame
Gaue life and courage to my lab'ring pen,
And firſt the ſound and vertue of my name,
Wan grace and credit in the eares of men:
With thoſe the thronged Theaters that preſſe,
I in the circuit for the Lawrell ſtroue,
Where the firſt praiſe I freely muſt confeſſe,
In heate of bloud a modeſt minde might moue:
With ſhowts and claps at euerie little pauſe,
When the proude round on euery ſide hath rung,
Sadly I ſit vnmou'd with the applauſe,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No publique glorie vainely I purſue,
All that I ſeeke, is to eternize you.

SON-

CVpid, dumb Idoll, peeuiſh Saint of Loue,
No more ſhalt thou nor Saint nor Idoll bee,
No God art thou, Loues Goddeſſe ſhe doth proue,
Of all thine honour ſhe hath robbed thee:
Thy bow old broke, is piec'd with halfe deſire,
Her bow is beautie, with ten thouſand ſtrings,
And euerie one of pureſt golden wire;
The leaſt, of force to conquer hoaſts of Kings:
Thy ſhafts be ſpent, and ſhe (to warre appointed)
Hides in thoſe cryſtall quiuers of her eies,
More arrowes with heart-piercing mettle pointed,
Then there be ſtars at midnight in the skies:
With theſe ſhe ſtealeſ mens hearts for her relieſe,
Yet happie he that's rob'd of ſuch a thieſe.

SONNET. 49.

THou leaden braine, which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſayſt my lines be dull, and doe not moue,
I maruell not, thou feel'ſt not my delight,
Which neuer felt'ſt my fierie touch of loue:
But thou, whoſe pen hath like a Pack-horſe ſeru'd,
Whoſe ſtomack vnto gall hath turn'd thy food,
Whoſe ſenſes like poore pris'ners hunger-ſtaru'd,
Whoſe griefe hath parch'd thy bodie, dri'd thy blood,
Thou which haſt ſcorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, ſober, glad and ſorrie,
Thou which haſt bann'd thy thoughts, & curſt thy birth,
With thouſand plagues more then in Purgatorie:
Thou thus whoſe ſpirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire, applaud my lines.

SON-

Sonnet. 50.

As in some Countries farre remote from hence,
The wretched creature destined to die,
Hauing the iudgement due to his offence,
By Surg'ons begg'd, their Art on him to trie:
Which on the liuing worke without remorse,
First make incision on each mastring vaine,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpierce the coarse,
And with their balmes recure the wounds againe,
Then poyson, and with Physicke him restore,
Not that they feare the hopelesse man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Euen so my Mistresse works vpon my ill,
By curing me, and killing me each howre,
Onely to shew her beauties soueraigne pow'r.

Sonnet. 51.

Calling to minde since first my loue begun,
Th'incertaine times oft varying in their course,
How things still vnexpectedly haue run
As please the Fates, by their resistlesse force:
Lastly, mine eyes amazedly haue seene
Essex great fall, *Tyrone* his peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that long-liuing Queene,
This Kings faire entrance, and our peace with Spaine,
Wee and the Dutch at length our selues to seuer;
Thus the world doth, and euermore shall reele,
Yet to my Goddesse am I constant euer;
How ere blinde Fortune turne her giddie wheele:
Though heauen and earth proue both to me vntrue,
Yet am I still inuiolate to you.

SONNET. 52.

MY heart impriſoned in a hopeleſſe Ile,
Peopled with armies of pale iealous eyes,
The ſhores beſet with thouſand ſecret ſpies,
Muſt paſſe by ayre, or elſe die in exile:
He fram'd him wings with feathers of this thought,
Which by their nature learn'd to mount the skie,
And with the ſame he practiſed to flie,
Till he himſelfe this Eagles Art had taught:
Thus ſoaring ſtill, not looking once below,
So neere thine eyes celeſtiall Sunne aſpired,
That with the rayes his wafting pinions fired:
Thus was the Wanton cauſe of his owne woe,
Downe fell he in thy beauties Ocean drenched;
Yet there he burnes in fire that's neuer quenched.

Another to the Riuer Ankor.

SONNET. 53.

CLeere *Ankor*, on whoſe ſiluer-ſanded ſhore,
My ſoule-ſhrin'd Saint, my faire *Idea* lies,
O bleſſed brooke, whoſe milke-white Swans adore
That Criſtall ſtreame refined by her eyes,
Where ſweete myrrh-breathing *Zephire* in the Spring,
Gently diſtills his Nectar-dropping ſhowers,
Where Nightingales in *Arden* ſit and ſing,
Amongſt the daintie dew-impearled flowers;
Say thus, faire Brooke, when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queene,
Loe heere thy ſhepheard ſpent his wandring yeares;
And in theſe ſhades, deare Nymph, he oft hath beene,
And heere to thee he ſacrific'd his teares:
Faire *Arden*, thou my *Tempe* art alone,
And thou, ſweet *Ankor*, art my *Helicon*.

SON-

YEt reade at last the Story of my woe,
The drery abstracts of my endlesse cares,
With my lifes sorrow enterlined so,
Smok'd with my sighes, and blotted with my teares;
The sad Memorials of my Miseries,
Pen'd in the griefe of mine afflicted Ghost,
My liues complaint in dolefull Elegies,
With so pure loue as time could neuer boast:
Receiue the Incense which I offer heere,
By my strong faith ascending to thy fame,
My Zeale, my Hope, my Vowes, my Prayse, my Prayer,
My Soules Oblations to thy sacred Name:
Which name my *Muse* to highest Heauens shall raise,
By chaste desire, true loue, and vertuous praise.

SONNET. 55.

MY Faire, if thou wilt register my loue,
More then Worlds Volumes shall thereof arise:
Preserue my teares, and thou thy selfe shalt proue
A second floud downe rayning from mine eies:
Note but my sighes, and thine eyes shall behold
The Sun-beames smoth'red with immortall smoke,
And if by thee my Prayers may be enrol'd,
They Heauen and Earth to pitie shall prouoke;
Looke thou into my breast, and thou shalt see
Chaste holy Vowes for my Soules Sacrifice,
That Soule (sweet Maid) which so hath honour'd thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy sacred eyes,
Those eyes to my heart shining euer bright,
When darknesse hath obscur'd each other light.

SON

SONNET. 56.

MY thoughts bred vp with Eagle-birds of Loue,
And for their vertues, I desir'd to know,
Vpon the nest I set them forth to proue
If they were of the Eagles kind, or no.
But they no sooner saw my Sunne appeare,
But on her rayes with gazing eyes they stood,
Which prou'd my Birds delighted in the Ayre,
And that they came of this rare Kingly Brood.
But now their Plumes full fum'd with sweet desire,
To shew their kind, began to clime the Skies:
Doe what I could, my Eaglets would aspire,
Straight mounting vp to thy celestiall eyes.
And thus (my Faire) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my brest into thine eyes bee gone.

SONNET. 57.

YOu best discern'd of my interior eyes,
And yet your Graces outwardly Diuine,
Whose deare remembrance in my bosome lyes,
Too rich a Relique for so poore a Shrine:
You, in whom Nature chose her selfe to view,
When she her owne perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her Excellence on you;
At whose pure eyes Loue lights his hallow'd fire,
Euen as a man that in some trance hath seene,
More then his wondring vttrance can vnfold,
That rapt in spirit in better Worlds hath beene,
So must your prayse distractedly be told;
Most of all short, when I should shew you most,
In your perfections altogether lost.

SON-

IN former times, such as had store of Coyne,
In Wars at home, or when for Conquests bound,
For feare that some their treasure should purloyne,
Gaue it to keepe to spirits within the ground;
And to attend it them so strongly tide,
Till they return'd, home when they neuer came,
Such as by Art to get the same haue tride,
From the strong spirit by no meanes get the same:
Neerer you come, that further flyes away,
Striuing to hold it strongly in the deepe:
Euen as this spirit, so she alone doth play,
With those rich beauties Heauen giues her to keepe:
Pittie so left, to coldnesse of her bloud,
Not to auaile her, nor doe others good.

To Prouerbe.

SONNET. 59.

AS Loue and I, late harbour'd in one Inne,
With *Prouerbs* thus each other entertaine:
In loue there is no lacke, thus I beginne:
Faire words make Fooles, replyeth he againe:
That spares to speake, doth spare to speed (quoth I)
As well (sayth he) too forward as too slow.
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply:
A hasty man (quoth he) ne're wanted woe.
Labour is light, where loue (quoth I) doth pay,
(Saith he) light burthens heauy, if farre borne:
(Quoth I) the maine lost, cast the by away:
You haue spunne a faire Thred, he replyes in scorne.
And hauing thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, so fooles againe we parted.

SON-

Sonnet. 60.

Define my Loue, and tell the ioyes of Heauen,
Expreſſe my woes, and ſhew the paines of Hell,
Declare what Fate vnlucky ſtarres haue giuen,
And aske a World vpon my life to dwell,
Make knowne that faith, vnkindneſſe could not moue,
Compare my worth with others baſe deſert,
Let Vertue be the Touch-ſtone of my Loue,
So may the Heauens reade wonders in my heart;
Behold the Cloudes which haue eclips'd my Sunne,
And view the croſſes which my courſe doe let,
Tell me, if euer ſince the World begunne,
So faire a riſing had ſo foule a ſet:
And by all meanes, let foule vnkindneſſe proue,
And ſhew a ſecond to ſo pure a loue.

Sonnet. 61.

When firſt I ended, then I firſt beganne,
The more I trauell, further from my reſt,
Where moſt I loſt, there moſt of all I wanne,
Pined with hunger, riſing from a Feaſt.
Me thinkes I flye, yet want I legs to goe,
Wiſe in conceit, in act a very ſot,
Rauiſh'd with ioy amid'ſt a Hell of woe,
What moſt I ſeeme, that ſureſt am I not.
I build my hopes a World aboue the Skie,
Yet with the *Mole* I creepe into the Earth,
In plenty am I ſtaru'd with penurie,
And yet I ſurfet in the greateſt dearth:
I haue, I want, deſpaire, and yet deſire,
Burn'd in a Sea of Ice, and drown'd amid'ſt a fire.

Son-

TRuce, gentle Loue, a parly now I craue,
Me thinkes 't is long since first these Wars begunne,
Nor thou nor I the better yet can haue:
Bad is the match where neither party wonne.
I offer free conditions of faire Peace,
My heart for hostage that it shall remaine,
Discharge our forces here, let Malice cease,
So for my pledge thou giue me pledge againe.
Or if nothing but death will serue thy turne,
Still thirsting for subuersion of my state;
Doe what thou canst, raze, massacre, and burne,
Let the World see the vtmost of thy hate:
I send Defiance, since if ouerthrowne,
Thou vanquishing, the Conquest is mine owne.

CER.

CERTAINE OTHER SONNETS TO GREAT AND WORTHY *Personages.*

To the High and Mighty Prince, IAMES *King of* Scots.

SONNET. 61.

THy prudent Counsels, nor thy Subiects loue,
Nor all that famous *Scottish* Royaltie,
Or what thy Soueraigne greatnesse may approue,
Others in vaine doe but historifie,
Why thine owne glory from thy selfe doth spring;
As though thou did'st all meaner prayses scorne:
Of Kings a Poet, and the Poets King,
They Princes, but thou Prophets dooſt adorne;
Whil'st others by their Empires are renown'd,
Thou do'st enrich thy *Scotland* with renowne,
And Kings can but with Diadems be crown'd,
But with thy Laurell thou do'st crowne thy Crowne;
That they whose Pens (euen) life to Kings doe giue,
In Thee a King, shall seeke themselues to liue.

SONNET. 61.

GReat Lady, Essence of my chiefest good,
Of the most pure and finest temp'red spirit,
Adorn'd with gifts, ennobled by thy bloud,
Which by Descent true vertue doost inherit:
That vertue which no fortune can deprive,
Which thou by Birth tak'st from thy Gracious Mother,
Whose Royall minds with equall motion striue,
Which most in honour shall excell the other;
Vnto thy Fame my *Muse* her selfe shall taske,
Which rain'st vpon me thy sweet golden showres,
And but thy selfe no subiect will I aske,
Vpon whose prayse my soule shall spend her pow'rs,
Sweet Lady then, grace this poore *Muse* of mine,
Whose faith, whose zeale, whose life, whose all, is thine.

To the Lady ANNE HARRINGTON.

SONNET. 62.

MAdam, my words cannot expresse my mind,
My zealous kindnesse to make knowne to you,
When your deserts all seuerally I find,
In this attempt of me doe craue their due:
Your Gracious kindnesse first doth claime my heart;
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each doe challenge part,
And leaue me thus the least that is mine owne:
What should commend your modesty and wit,
Is by your wit and modesty commended,
And standeth dumbe, in most admiring it,
And where it should begin, is onely ended;
Returning this, your prayses only due,
And to your selfe, say you are onely you.

SON-

SONNET. 63.

BRight Starre of Beauty, on whose eye-lids sit
A thousand Nymph-like and enamored Graces,
The Goddesses of Memory and Wit,
Which in due order take their seuerall places,
In whose deare bosome, sweet delicious Loue
Layes downe his Quiuer, that he once did beare,
Since he that blessed Paradise did proue,
Forsooke his Mothers lap to sport him there.
Let others striue to entertaine with words,
My soule is of another temper made;
I hold it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring Time my faith shall not inuade:
Still let my prayse bee honour'd thus by you,
Be you most worthy, whil'st I be most true.

To Sir ANTHONY COOKE.

SONNET. 64.

VOuchsafe to grace these rude vnpolisht Rimes,
Which but for you had slept in sable Night,
And come abroad now in these glorious Times,
Can hardly brooke the pureness of the Light,
But sith you see their destiny is such,
That in the World their fortune they must try,
Perhaps the better shall abide the touch,
Wearing your Name their Gracious Liuery,
Yet these mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor traffique farther then this happy Clime,
Nor filch from *Portes*, nor from *Petrarchs* Pen,
A fault too common in this latter time.
Diuine, Sir *Philip*, I auouch thy writ,
I am no Pick-purse of anothers wit.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF ROBERT, Duke of *Normandy*.

WHat time ſoft night had ſilently begunne,
To ſteale my minutes on the long-liu'd dayes,
The furious Dogge purſuing of the Sunne,
(Whoſe noyſome breath addes feruour to his rayes)
That to the Earth ſends many a ſad Diſeaſe:
Which then inflam'd with his intemp'rate fires,
Her ſelfe in light habiliments attires.

When the raw morning newly but awake,
Scarce with freſh beauty burniſhed her browes,
Her ſelfe beholding in the generall Lake,
(To which ſhe payes her neuer-ceaſing Vowes,)
With the new day me willingly to rowze;
Downe to faire *Thames* I ſoftly tooke my way,
Where the milde winds continually doe play.

Striuing to fancy his chaſte breſt to moue,
Whereas all pleaſures plentifully flow,
When him along the wanton tyde doth ſhoue,
And to keepe backe they eaſily doe blow,
Still meet him comming, thinking him too ſlow:
He forcing waues to checke their hot imbrace,
They fanning breath vpon his Cryſtall face.

Still

Still forward ſallying from his bounteous ſource,
Along the ſhores laſciuiouſly doth ſtraine,
And oftentimes retreating in his courſe,
As to his Fountaine he would backe againe,
Or turn'd to looke vpon his ſiluer traine;
With coy regards the goodly ſoyle he greets,
Till with faire *Medway* happily he meets.

Steering my Compaſſe by the wandring ſtreame,
Whoſe flight might teach me times ne're-turning houres,
Delighted thus as in a pretty dreame,
Where pleaſure wholly had poſſeſt my pow'rs;
Yet looking backe on *Londons* climing Towres,
So *Troy*, thought I, her ſtately head did reare,
Whoſe crazed ribs the ſurrowing Plough doth eare.

Weary, at length a Willow-tree I found,
Which on the Banke of this great Torrent ſtood,
Whoſe roote, with rich graſſe greatly did abound,
(Forc'd by the moyſture of the ſurging flood)
Ordain'd it ſeem'd to ſport her Nymphiſh brood;
Whoſe curled top deni'd the Heauens great eye,
To view the ſtocke it was maintained by.

The Larke that owes obſeruance to the Sunne,
Quauers her cleere notes in the quiet Ayre,
That on the Riuers murm'ring baſe doth runne,
And the pleas'd Heauens, the fayreſt liuory ware,
The place ſuch pleaſure gently doth prepare;
The flowres my ſent, the floud my taſte to ſteepe,
Each ſenſe thus ſeated lulled mee aſleepe.

When in a Dreame it ſeemed vnto me,
Triumphall Muſicke from the floud aroſe,
As when the Soueraigne we embarg'd doe ſee,
And by faire *London* for his pleaſure rowes,
Whoſe tender welcome the glad Citie ſhowes;
The people ſwarming thicke vpon the ſhoares,
And the curl'd water ouer-ſpred with Oares.

A troope of Nymphes came ſuddenly on Land,
In the full end of this Triumphall ſound,
And me incompaſt, taking hand in hand,
Caſting themſelues about me in a round,
And ſo downe ſet them on the eaſie ground;
Their ſober eyes caſt with a modeſt grace,
Vpon my ſwarth and melancholy face.

Next, twixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from ſome diſtreſſefull place,
To mee who ſeemed ſome right worthy wight,
Though his attire were miſerable baſe,
Many deepe furrowes in his manly face;
And though cold age had froſted his faire haires,
It rather ſeem'd with ſorrow then with yeeres.

The one a Lady of a Princely Port,
Leading this ſad Lord, ſcarcely that could ſtand,
The other fleering in diſdainfull ſort,
With ſcornefull geſtures drew him by the hand,
Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a band;
Which (I perceiued neerer as they came)
That this was Fortune, that more conſtant Fame.

Fame

Fame on the right hand in a Robe of Gold,
Whose traine olde Time obsequiously did beare,
Whereon in rich Embraudry was enroll'd,
The Acts of all the Worthies euer were,
Which all might reade depainted liuely there,
Set downe in loftie well-composed Verse,
First, the great Deeds of *Heroes* to reherse.

On her faire breast she two broad Tablets wore,
Of Cristall th' one, the other Ebony,
Where were ingrauen all the names of yore,
In the large Toombe of lasting Memory,
Or the blacke Booke of endlesse obloquy;
The first with Poets and with Conquerors pil'd,
That with base worldlings euery where defil'd.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her present force and after-during might,
Which softly spoke, farre off were heard to thunder,
About the World that quickly tooke her flight,
And brought the most obscurest things to light:
That still the farther off, the greater still,
Did sound our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blinde as he whom she did leade,
Her feature often changing in an howre,
Fantastically carrying her head,
Soone would she smile, and suddenly would lowre,
And with one breath, her words both sweet and sowre,
Vpon her foes she amorously would glance,
And on her followers coily looke a-skance.

About her necke in manner of a Chaine,
Torne Diadems and broken Scepters hung,
If any on her ſtedfaſtly did leane,
Them to the ground diſdainfully ſhe flung;
And in this order as ſhe paſt along,
Great bags of Gold out of her boſome drew,
Which to th' vnworthieſt euermore ſhe threw,

A duskie vaile which hid her ſightleſſe eyes,
Like Cloudes that couer our vncertaine liues,
Wherein were portrai'd direfull Tragedies,
Fooles wearing Crownes, & wiſemen clogg'd in Gyues,
All things how ſhe prepoſt'rouſly contriues;
That as a Map her Regency diſcouers,
In Camps, in Courts, and in the fate of Louers.

An eaſie Banke neere to this place there was,
A Seat faire *Flora* vs'd to ſit vpon,
Curling her haire-lockes in this liquid Glaſſe,
Putting her rich Gemmes and attirings on,
Fitter then this about vs there was none;
Here ſet they downe that poore diſtreſſed man,
And in this ſort proud Fortune thus began.

Behold this Duke of *Normandy*, quoth ſhe,
The Heire of *William*, Conqu'rour of this Ile,
Appealing to be iuſtifi'd by thee,
(Whoſe Tragedie this Poet muſt compile)
He of all other that I hold moſt vile,
His Birth being mark'd with my vnlucky brand,
For whom I ſee thou com'ſt prepar'd to ſtand.

What

What art thou but a tumor of the mind,
A bubble blowne vp with deceitfull breath,
Which neuer yet exactly wert defin'd,
In whom no wiſeman e're repoſed faith,
Speaking of few well, vntill after death,
That from looſe humour haſt thy timeleſſe Birth,
Vnknowne to Heauen, and leſſe eſteem'd on Earth?

Firſt in opinion had'ſt thou thy Creation,
One whom thou ſtill dooſt ſeruilly attend,
Like whom thou long retain'ſt not any faſhion,
But with the World, vncertainly dooſt wend,
Which as a Poſte doth vp and downe thee ſend;
Without prophane tongues thou could'ſt neuer riſe,
Nor be vpholden, were it not with lies.

In euery corner prying like a Thiefe,
And through each cranny ſubtilly dooſt creepe,
Apt to report, and eaſie of beleefe:
What 's he whoſe counſell thou did'ſt euer keepe,
That into Cloſſets ſawcily dar'ſt peepe?
Telling for truth, what thou canſt but ſuppoſe,
And that divulging, thou ſhould'ſt not diſcloſe.

With extreme toyle and labour thou art ſought,
The way is danger leadeth to thy Cell,
Onely with bloud thy fauour muſt be bought,
And who would haue thee, fetcheth thee from Hell,
Where thou impal'd with fire and ſword dooſt dwell;
And when thou art in all this perill found,
What art thou only but a tinkling ſound?

Such

Such as the World holds (of all other) baſe,
And of the reſt reprochfully doth ſcorne,
That amongſt men ſit in the ſeruil'ſt place,
Theſe be the creatures which thou dooſt ſuborne,
Thoſe wait on fame, whoſe weeds be necrely worne:
Yet theſe poore wretches come not vnto thee,
Vnleſſe preferr'd and dignified by mee.

Thy Trumpe ſuch men ſuppoſed to aduance,
Is but as thoſe fantaſtically deeme,
Whom folly, youth, or vanity intrance,
Onely to ſound ſufficing but to ſeeme,
(Which the wiſe ſort a dotage but eſteeme;)
And with this toy the humorous abuſing,
Their wilfull error, and thy fault excuſing.

Except in perill thou dooſt not appeare,
And yet not then, but with entreates and wooing,
Flying oft-times when thou art very neere,
At hand diminiſht and augmented going,
On ſlighteſt things the greateſt coſt beſtowing,
In promiſing their loſſes to repaire,
VVhen the performance is but onely Ayre.

On balefull Hearſes as the fitteſt grounds,
(VVritten with bloud) thy ſad Memorials lye,
VVhoſe Letters are immedicable wounds,
Onely fit obiects for the weeping eye,
And from the duſt thou worth doſt onely try;
And what ſometime thou falſly didſt depraue,
Thou dooſt acknowledge onely in the Graue.

The mighty Orbe is witneſſe of my power,
And how I raigne with the eternall fates,
VVith whom I ſit in counſell euery houre,
On th'alterations of all times and ſtate,
Them ſetting downe their changes and their dates,
In fore-appointing euery thing to come,
Vntill the great and vniuerſall doome.

The Starres to me an euerlaſting booke,
In that eternall regiſter the skie,
VVhoſe mightie volumes I doe ouer-looke,
Still turning ore the leaues of deſtinie;
VVhich man, I to inuiolate denie,
And his fraile will imperiouſly controle,
By ſuch ſtrong clauſes as I there enrole.

Predeſtination giuing me a being,
Whoſe depth mans wit could neuer throughly ſound,
Into thoſe ſecrets haue I onely ſeene,
VVherein wiſe Reaſon doth her ſelfe confound,
Searching where doubts doe more and more abound;
Where ſacred texts vnlocke the way to mee,
To lighten thoſe that will my glorie ſee.

What names old Poets to their gods did giue,
Were onely figures to expreſſe my might,
To ſhew the vertues that in me doe liue,
And my great power in this all-mouing wight,
And all their Altars vnto me were dight;
Which alterations euermore did bring
Matter whereon continually they ſing.

Still

Still moſt vncertaine, varying in my courſe,
Yet in all changes ayme on certaine end,
Croſſing mans fore-caſt (he may know my force)
Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend,
To him leaſt thought of, ſooneſt I doe ſend;
That all ſhould finde I worthily beſtow,
Nor reaſon vrg'd, but that I hold it ſo.

Forth of my lap I powre abundant bliſſe,
All good proceeds from my all-giuing hand,
By me, man happie, or vnhappie is,
For whom I ſticke, or whom I doe withſtand,
And it is I am friendſhips onely band;
And vpon which, all greedily take hold,
Which being broke, loue ſuddenly growes cold.

Pawſing, ſhe frownes, when ſuddenly withall,
A fearefull noiſe ariſeth from the flood,
As when a tempeſt furiouſly doth fall,
Within the thicke waſte of ſome ancient wood,
That in amazement euery mortall ſtood;
As though her words ſuch powerfulneſſe did beare,
That euery thing her menaces did feare.

When fame yet ſmiling, mildly thus replies,
Alas, quoth ſhe, what labour thou haſt loſt,
What wond'rous miſts thou caſt'ſt before our eyes?
Yet will the gaine not counteruaile the coſt;
What would'ſt thou ſay, if thou had'ſt cauſe to boaſt,
Which ſett'ſt thy ſtate forth in ſuch wond'rous ſort,
Which but thy ſelfe, none euer could report?

A thing conſtrained onely by euent,
Breeding in ſome a tranſitory terror,
And what men will, that comes by accident,
And onely named to excuſe this error.
What then is fortune? or who doth prefer her?
Or who to thee ſo fooliſh is to leane,
Which weake tradition onely doth maintaine?

A toy whereon the doting world doth dreame,
Soothed by that vncertaine obſeruation
Of all attempts, that being the extreme,
Faſtneth thereby on weake imagination:
Yet notwithſtanding all this vſurpation,
Vnto thy ſelfe art incidently loathing,
Moſt whē thou wouldſt be, thou art rightly nothing.

That ſlightly by inſinuating thus,
And vnder ſo allowable pretence,
Cloſely encroacheſt on mans *Genius*,
In good and euill taking reſidence,
And hauing got ſome ſmall preeminence,
Vnto thy ſelfe a being that wouldſt frame,
Find'ſt in concluſion onely but a name.

Thoſe ignorant which made a god of nature,
And natures God diuinely neuer knew,
Where thoſe to Fortune did direct a ſtatue,
From whom thy worſhip ignorantly grew,
Which being adored fooliſhly by few,
Grounded thy looſer and vncertaine lawes,
Vpon ſo weake and indigent a cauſe.

Firſt,

Firſt, ſloth did beare thee in her ſleepy Cell,
And thee with eaſe diſhonourably fed,
Deliu'ring thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with baſe thoughts continually thee bred,
By ſuperſtition idely being led:
A lewd impoſture after did thee make,
Whom for a goddeſſe fooles doe onely take.

And as thy followers, nothing dooſt forecaſt,
And as thou art improuident, as light,
And this the chiefeſt property thou haſt,
That againſt vertue thou bend'ſt all thy might,
With whom thou wageſt a continuall fight;
The yeelding ſpirit in fetters thou dooſt binde,
But weake and ſlauiſh to the conſtant minde.

Such is thy froward and malignant kinde,
That thou dooſt all things croſſely in deſpight,
Thou art inamor'd of the barb'rous hinde,
Whom thou doſt make thy onely fauorite,
None but the baſe in baſeneſſe doe delight;
For wert thou heauenly, thou in loue would'ſt bee
With that which neereſt doth reſemble thee.

But I alone the Herauld am of Heauen,
Whoſe ſpacious kingdome ſtretcheth far and wide
To euery coaſt, as ſwift as lightning driuen,
And on the Sun-beames glorioufly I ride,
Now mount I vp, now downe againe I ſlide;
I regiſter the worlds eternall houres,
That know the hid will of th'immortall pow'rs.

Men to the ſtarres (me guiding them) doe clime,
That all dimenſions perfectly expreſſe,
And I alone the vanquiſher of time,
Bearing that ſweet that cures deaths bitterneſſe,
That doe all labour plentifully bleſſe,
That all abſtruſe profundities impart,
Leading man through the tedious waies of Art.

My palace placed betwixt earth and skies,
Which many a Tower ambitiouſly vp-beares,
Whereof the windowes are compos'd of eyes,
The walls as ſtrongly edifi'd of eares,
Where euery thing in heauen and earth appeares,
Nothing ſo ſoftly whiſp'red in the round,
But through my palace preſently doth ſound.

And vnder foote floor'd all about with Drummes,
The cafters Trumpets admirably cleere,
Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,
The crannies tongues, and talking euery where,
And all things paſt doe in remembrance beare;
The doores vnlock with euery little breath,
And open wide with euery word man ſaith.

And throughout hung with armes and conquer'd ſpoils,
The poſts whereof the goodly roofe doth ſtand,
Are Pillars grauen with *Herculean* toyles,
Th'atchieu'ments great of many a warlike hand;
Both in the chriſten'd and in heathen land;
Done by thoſe Nobles that are moſt renown'd,
Which there by me immortally are crown'd.

Herein

Hence in the bodies likeneſſe whilſt it liues,
Appeare the thoughts proceeding from the minde,
To which the place a glorious habite giues,
When vnto me they freely are reſign'd,
To be preſeru'd there, by my power refin'd,
That when the body by pale death doth periſh,
Then doth this place the minds true Image cheriſh.

My beauty neuer fades, but as new borne,
As yeeres increaſe, ſo euer waxing yong,
My ſtrength is not diminiſhed, nor worne,
What weakneth all things, makes me onely ſtrong,
Nor am I ſubiect vnto worldly wrong,
The rape of time I careleſly defie,
Nor am I aw'd by all his tyranny.

The brow of heauen my monuments containe,
And is the mighty regiſter of Fame,
Which there in fiery characters remaine,
The gorgeous fieling of th'immortall frame,
The Conſtellations publiſhing my name,
Where my memorials euermore abide,
In thoſe pure bodies highly glorifi'd.

Fame hauing ended, Fortune next began
Further to vrge what ſhe before had ſaid,
When loe (quoth ſhe) Duke *Robert* is the man,
Which as my pris'ner, I in bonds doe leade,
For whom thou com'ſt againſt me heere to pleade,
Whom I alone depriued of his Crowne.
Who can raiſe him that Fortune will haue downe?

A fitter inſtance (Fame replying) none
Then is Duke *Robert*, Fortune doe thy worſt,
Greater on man thy might was neuer ſhowne,
Doing to him what euer Fortune durſt;
And ſince thy turne allotted is the firſt,
Proceed, ſee which the Norman Duke ſhall haue,
VVhether that Fame, or Fortune and the graue.

Quoth Fortune then, I found th'vnſtedfaſt ſtarre,
VVhoſe luckleſſe working limited his fate,
That mark'd his ſad natiuitie with warre,
And brothers moſt vnnaturall debate,
Publique ſedition and with priuate hate,
And on that good his father him begunne,
Grounded the wracke and downefall of this ſonne.

VVhat bounteous nature frankly did beſtow,
In him that her beſt ſtrained her to trie,
Thereby himſelfe I made him ouerthrow;
Aboue you both ſo powerfull am I,
His breſt to all ſo openly did lie,
Iudg'd from his faſhion differing ſo farre,
For peace too milde, too mercifull for warre.

And yet the courage that he did inherit,
And from the greatneſſe of his bloud did take,
Though ſhrowded in ſo peaceable a ſpirit,
VVhen now his wrong ſo roughly did awake,
Forthwith ſuch furie violently brake,
As made the world impartially to ſee,
All humane actions managed by mee.

That till reuenge was wholly him bereft,
Oppos'd against so absolute a power,
For him to leane on nothing being left,
When danger most him threatned to deuoure,
Vnto the period of the vtmost houre;
Him flatt'ring still with promise of my loue,
Did make him all extremitie to proue,

That whilst his father with the Norman sword,
On fruitfull *England* prosp'rous entrance made,
I cast the proiect that this youthfull Lord
In the meane time should *Normandy* inuade;
And with as prow'd and powerfull a blade,
Him I perswade (constantly by this)
To make his owne yet doubtfull to be his.

That *Robert* daily in disgrace might runne,
As still the Conqueror towards his end did grow,
Who well in yeeres thus vexed by his sonne,
(Which now his will so openly did show;)
His state deuised wisely to bestow,
For his owne safetie, that his dayes to close,
He might himselfe more quietly repose.

And that lest time might coole his weakned blood,
This luckless warre by lingring I suppli'd,
That whilst Duke *Robert* iustly censured stood
Vnder the weight of his vnnaturall pride;
In heate of all, this Conqueror *William* dy'd,
Setting yong *Rufus* on th'vnrightfull throne,
Leauing his eldest struggling for his owne.

Which

Which in ſmall time ſo many miſchiefes bred,
As ſundry plagues on *Williams* of-ſpring ſent,
Attaining to ſo violent a head,
Which policie not after could preuent;
When to deſtruction all things head-long went,
And in the end, as conſummating all,
Was *Robert's* irrecouerable fall.

VVhen none could proſp'rous Normandy diſſwade,
From ſending Enſignes to the Engliſh field,
Brother oppos'd the brother to inuade,
Sword againſt ſword, ſhield menaced to ſhield,
Whoſe equall worth to other ſcorne to yeeld;
One arme t'afront the others furious ſtroke,
Scepter with Scepter violently broke.

Theſe ſundry ſoiles, in both of which was ſowne,
(By ſo approu'd and fortunate a hand)
That ſeed to both might proſp'rouſly haue growne,
By their conioyning in a mutuall band;
Now when theſe Princes oppoſite doe ſtand,
What them ſhould foſter greater wounds then lent,
Then the proud'ſt pow'r that *Europe* could haue ſent.

Hauing my ſelfe wonne *William* in his life,
This conquered Realme to *Rufus* that did giue,
Getting by ſtrength what he did leaue in ſtrife,
Thoſe to moleſt that after him ſhould liue;
By this aduantage cunningly I driue,
T'afflict his iſſue with a generall ill,
Yet the extreme in *Robert* to fulfill.

As when ſtout *Odo* (that with *William* held)
Daily prick't forward by proud *Lanfraneks* ſpight,
Both powerfull Prelates rigorouſly compel'd,
Ruſus to leaue abetting *Roberts* right,
Drawing both *Mortaines* and *Mongameries* might,
Mangling the Ile with many a grieuous ſcarre,
Scarcely yet cured of the former warre.

That being ſet in ſo direct a way,
Strong friends at hand his enterprize to backe,
Readie before him when his entrance lay,
Of all ſuppli'd that he did lately lacke,
Him I perſwade the remedie to ſlacke,
Stopping the courſe which he did lately runne,
All to vndoe that he had euer done.

Thus did I ſtirre vp that vnkindly rage,
That did ſo farre preuaile vpon his blood,
And at my pleaſure did againe aſſwage,
When now this heate in ſtead might him haue ſtood;
Thus with his humor altred I my mood,
That firſt by Armes his vigor he might loſe,
Which then laid downe, gaue ſtrength vnto his foes.

That by concluding this vntimely peace,
I might thereby a lingring warre begin,
That whil'ſt theſe tumults did a little ceaſe,
Craft more aduantage cunningly might win:
Thus let I treaſon ſecretly in,
Giuing deceitfull Policie the key,
To the faire cloſet where his counſels lay.

Thus

Thus reconciling outwardly a friend,
I drew an inward and a dangerous foe,
That all his wit ambitiously did bend,
To cloath his treasons in a vertuous show;
Which were contriu'd, so currently to goe,
That secret malice strengthned more and more,
Lastly, should proue more dangerous then before.

And now, poore Fame, my power to thee addrest,
And thee mine onely instrument I made,
That whil'st these brothers at this passe doe rest,
Him to the warres I wonne thee to perswade,
With those that now were going to inuade,
With great Duke *Godfrey* pressing forth his bands,
From Pagans power t' regaine the Holy lands.

His youthfull humor finely thus I feed,
The meane most fit to draw him forth abroad,
When now at home his presence most should neede,
In forraine lands to fasten his aboad,
Him in this order onely I bestow'd;
That *William* dying, *Robert* being gone,
Henry might seate him on his brothers throne.

So sweet the sounds of these aduent'rous armes,
And euery sense so strongly they did binde,
That he had then no feeling of his harmes,
So farre away transported is his minde,
Declaring well the greatnesse of his kinde;
That him so high and forcibly did beare,
As when most cause, he least his ill did feare.

Him hauing throwne into eternall thrall,
Wiſely fore-caſting how the ſame ſhould bee,
When euery thing made fit vnto his fall,
Which none could hinder, though the moſt fore-ſee,
For which I made an inſtrument of thee:
For where deſtruction ſadly I pretend,
Miſchiefe like lines, all to their center bend.

He gone, and *William* yeelded vp the breath,
The yonger *Henry* couetous of raigne,
Offred ſo fairely by his brothers death,
Whilſt *Robert* doth in *Paleſtine* remaine,
And now a Kingdome eaſily might gaine;
What by his power and ſcience to perſwade,
Himſelfe a Monarch abſolutely made.

Whilſt this great Duke imbraced is by thee,
Which thou as thine do'ſt abſolutely claime,
Finding meere ſhadowes onely miſſing mee,
And idle Caſtles in the ayre doth frame;
Loe, ſuch a mightie Monarcheſſe is Fame,
That what ſhe giues, ſo eaſie is to beare,
As none therefore needs violence to feare.

Vntill returning from thoſe holy warres,
So highly honor'd with the Pagans flight,
From forraine battels vnto ciuill iarres,
And getting others for his owne to fight,
Inforc'd to vſe the vtmoſt of his might;
VVith that rich ſword in Pagan bloud imbru'd,
Himſelfe to ſaue by his owne friends purſu'd.

VVhen

VVhen wanting ſummes, the ſinewes of his force,
Which his great courage quickly comes to find,
Euen in the high ſpeed of his forward courſe,
So skilfully I mannaged his mind,
That I a way out readily did find;
To his deſtruction, *Henry* to ſupply,
His future ſafetie happily to buy.

Him by all wayes to amitie to winne,
Not fully yet eſtabliſh'd as he would,
Hauing thus farre already gotten in,
Setting himſelfe ſubſtantially to hold,
By the franke offers of bewitching Gold;
The yeerely tribute from his Crowne to riſe,
Which might all former iniuries ſuffice.

Which entertain'd by confident beliefe,
By which to paſſe his purpoſes were brought,
Not yet ſuſpicious of this ſecret Thiefe,
By which he ſoone and cunningly was caught;
Of which the leaſt when Princely *Robert* thought,
Euen in a moment did annoy him more,
Then all their power could euer doe before.

Which to this great Lord vtterly vnknowne,
Not vnderſtanding, eaſly could not flye,
Into his way that ſubtilly was throwne,
VVhich to auoide, Duke *Robert* look'd too high:
Into good minds fraud doth the ſooneſt prie;
VVhoſe pliant nature I ſecurely choſe,
To worke what forme it pleas'd me to diſpoſe.

This fatall Tribute cutting off the claime,
A lawfull Prince to *Englands* Empire laid,
His former right doth altogether maime,
As they agreed yeerely to be paid;
Thereon relying after being ſtaid,
As from a Fountaine, plenteouſly did ſpring
The efficient cauſe of *Roberts* ruining.

When as his friends ſo well to him that meant,
And for this day did wholly them prepare,
Seeing him thus their purpoſe to preuent,
And how thereby 't was like with him to fare;
How vpon *Henry* bended all their care,
Giuing their power, their peace with him to make,
Gath'red at firſt the *Norman* part to take.

And I by whom yet euery thing had beene,
Since Norman *William* Conqueſt heere begunne,
To ſhew my ſelfe the Worlds Imperious Queene,
Direct my courſe againſt his eldeſt Sonne,
Things falling out diſaſtrouſly to runne,
On *Englands* part 'gainſt *Normandy* to ſtand,
Conquer'd but lately by the *Norman* hand.

The Conqueſt *William* made vpon this Ile,
When *Norman* bloud the *Engliſhmen* did tame,
That natiue now enriched with her ſtile,
Turn'd with reuenge to captiuate the ſame,
As backe deſcending whence it lately came,
As *Norman* power did *Engliſh* thrall prouoke,
That *Norman* neckes ſhould beare the *Engliſh* yoke.

For

For which, being vp, and faine to open Armes:
Such mortall hate betweene them daily growes,
And preſſing in where deadly perill ſwarmes,
The angry Brothers dealing furious blowes,
Backe to regaine what they before did loſe,
Either to quit him of the others thrall,
Either to riſe, or euermore to fall.

Him on whom late in *Paleſtine* I ſmil'd,
Return'd from *France* now dreadfully I frowne,
Being call'd home that chiefly is exil'd,
And in his Kingdome onely leaues his Crowne,
Him in the Deluge of miſchance to drowne:
Laſtly, himſelfe contemptfully doth loſe,
Leauing his Realme to his iniurious foes.

Which home to *England* Priſ'ner doe him bring,
Left as a ſpoyle and prey vnto his owne,
Become her Captiue ſhould haue beene her King;
Such was the lot vpon his life was throwne,
Where he remaining in continuall mone,
Preſcrib'd to one poore ſolitary place,
Whoſe lawfull bounds the Ocean did embrace.

Could humane knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or reaſon ſound the depth of things Diuine,
The World amazed at Duke *Roberts* State,
Might thinke no might to be compar'd with mine,
And all the chances vnto me reſigne,
In *Roberts* fall apparently to ſee,
Amongſt the ſtarres the ſtrength that reſts in mee.

That

That Sword vpon him which resumes such pow'r,
Yet is too weake to consummate his dayes,
Time, whose swift course doth euery thing deuoure,
In his most need prolongs him with delayes,
Whilst he his Brothers tyranny obeyes,
That he in life a thousand deaths might die,
In euery course so forcible am I.

And whilst in such extremity hee lyes,
Depriu'd all comfort but the blessed Light,
Yet 't was not this that could my rage suffice,
But to abridge that, rob'd him of his sight,
To sute his dayes directly with the night;
That vnto all men lastly which should be,
Due to the wretched'st him deny'd by me.

That *Robert* so vnfortunately blinde,
No outward Obiect might dispersse his care,
The better to illuminate his minde,
To see his sorrowes throughly what they are,
To doe so much vnto this Prince I dare,
That being depriu'd of that which was the chiefe,
Might of the other amplifie the griefe.

And when bereaued of his nightly rest,
With the remembrance of so hainous wrong,
Fastning so deeply on his pensiue brest,
His heart the while that violently stung,
Nature in him doth shew her selfe so strong;
That griefe, which many doth of life depriue,
Seemes to preserue and keepe him still aliue.

Him

Him I deni'd his Enemy to kill,
Nor by his owne hand wretchedly to dye,
That life vnto him ſhould be lothſome ſtill,
And that death from him euermore ſhould flye,
Making them both to him an Enemy;
Willing to dye by life, him double killing,
Vrged to liue, twice dying he vnwilling.

So many yeeres as he hath worne a Crowne,
So many yeeres as he hath hop'd to riſe,
So many yeeres vpon him did I frowne,
So many yeeres he liues without his eyes,
So many yeeres in dying e're he dyes,
So many yeeres ſhut vp in Priſon ſtrong,
Though ſorrow make the ſhorteſt time ſeeme long.

Thus ſway I in the courſe of earthly things,
That time might worke him euerlaſting ſpight,
To ſhew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
And in the fall of great Ones doe delight,
In finite things my working infinite:
All worldly changes at my will diſpoſde,
For that in me all wonder is incloſde.

At fortunes ſpeech amazed whilſt they ſtand,
And Fame her ſelfe yet wondreth at his woe,
When from Duke *Robert* Fortune takes her hand,
Whoſe miſery ſhe thus had let them know;
When now to anſwere her deſpightfull foe,
Fame from deepe ſilence ſeeming to awake,
Thus for her Client modeſtly beſpake.

Him

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, Returning from Renowned *Rome*,
Seeing my ſelfe in *Europe* to aduance,
To winne her Princes to regaine the Tombe,
Which had beene loſt by her miſgouernance,
Calling to *England*, *Germany* and *France*,
(At length) perſwaded happily by mee,
From *Pagan* hands faire *Paleſtine* to free.

That holy Hermit, long that did bemone
This their ſo great and euident a loſſe,
With famous *Godfrey*, forwards that was gone,
Bearing the Banner of the bloudy Croſſe,
Now whilſt in ſo faire forwardneſſe it was,
And euery eare attentiue now did ſtand,
To this great bus'neſſe onely then in hand.

Thither did all the Nobleſt Spirits reſort,
Which I that time ſucceſſefully did bring,
Allured by the confident report,
(That from ſo great an Enterprize did ſpring)
T' aduenture in ſo popular a thing;
And no man deemed worthy to be mine,
That was not forward in this great Deſigne.

Where now this Duke the Conqu'rors eldeſt Sonne,
Which with his Birth-right *Normandy* did reſt,
When of what elſe his Noble Father wonne,
His Brother *Rufus* ſtrongly was poſſeſt;
Which whilſt he ſtriueth from his hands to wreſt,
This great attempt now gloriouſly broke forth,
Which was by me diuulged through the *North*.

Which

Which hauing got free entrance to his eare
Such entertainment happily did find,
As no perſwaſion ſuffreth to be there,
From his high purpoſe to diuert his mind,
And being ſo religiouſly inclin'd,
Woo'd with this offer fitly doth prepare
Himſelfe to furniſh to this great affaire.

That Kingdome he doth careleſly neglect,
His Brother *Rufus* wrongfully doth keepe,
And onely that doth conſtantly reſpect,
Where he once in his Sepulchre did ſleepe,
At whoſe deare death the very Rockes did weepe,
His Crowne of gold this Chriſtian Prince doth ſcorn,
So much he lou'd Him that was crown'd with Thorne.

The want that him did grieuouſly oppreſſe,
Of thoſe great ſummes in leuying power were ſpent,
Himſelfe againe of *England* to poſſeſſe
Much hindreth his religious intent;
Yet could not this his purpoſe ſo preuent
Although awhile it ſeem'd delay to make,
Of that which he did brauely vndertake.

Wherefore this Noble and High-ſpirited Lord:
Whilſt now his buſ'neſſe ſtandeth at this ſtay,
And ſince his State no better could afford,
In gage to *Henry*, *Normandy* doth lay,
Prouiding firſt his Souldiers how to pay,
Rather himſelfe choſe Kingdomeleſſe to leaue,
His Countries hopes then baſely to deceiue.

To

To his victorious Enſigne came from farre,
Th'in-Iled *Red-ſhankes* toucht with no remorſe,
The light-foot *Iriſh* that with Darts doe warre,
The *Scot* ſo much delighting in his Horſe,
The *Engliſh* Archer of a Lions force,
The valiant *Norman* moſt his troops among,
With the braue *Britton* wonderfully ſtrong.

Thoſe void of comfort in this colder Clime,
To other Countries kindly he doth bring,
(And wiſely teach them to redeeme the time,
Whence their eternall memory might ſpring)
Vnto that place, whereas the heauenly King
Their deare redemption happily began,
Liuing on Earth, which was both God and Man.

Poore Ilanders which in the Oceans chaine,
Too long impriſond from the cheerefull day,
Your Warlike Leader brings you to the maine,
Which to my Court doth ſhew the open way,
And his Victorious hand becomes the key,
Vnto ſo high Aduentures that you beares,
Glory to you, and honour to your Heires.

And doth thereto ſo zealouſly proceed,
As thoſe faire lockes his temples that adorne,
Vntill the great *Ieruſalem* were freed,
He made a Vow ſhould neuer more be ſhorne;
Which ſince they ſo religiouſly were worne,
In euery eye did beautifie him more,
Then did the Crowne of *Normandy* before.

Whilſt

Whilſt he ſtill on his vpright courſe doth hold,
As we the ſequell briefly ſhall relate,
Bearing himſelfe (as worthily he could)
And beſt became his Dignitie and State,
Teaching how his themſelues ſhould moderate,
Not following life, ſo with his chance content,
Nor flying Death: ſo truly Valiant.

So did he all his faculties beſtow,
That euery thing exactly might be done,
That due fore-ſight before the Act might goe,
Others groſſe errours happily to ſhunne,
Wiſely to finiſh well that was begunne;
Iuſtly directed in the courſe of things,
By the ſtraight rule from ſound experience ſprings.

Idle regards of greatneſſe that did ſcorne,
Careleſſe of pompe, magnificent to bee,
That man reputing to be Noble borne,
That was the moſt magnanimous and free,
In honour ſo impartiall was hee,
Eſteeming Titles meritleſſe and nought,
Vnleſſe with danger abſolutely bought.

Giuing the Souldier comfortable words,
And oft imbalmes his well-receiued wound,
To him that needed maintenance affords,
To braue attempts encouraging the ſound,
Neuer diſmaide in any perill found;
His Tent a Seate of Iudgement to the grieu'd,
And as a Court to thoſe ſhould be relieu'd.

Whilſt

So

So perfect was that rarifying fire,
That did compoſe and rectifie his mind,
Vnto that place that raiſed his deſire,
Aboue the vſuall compaſſe of his kind,
And from the world ſo cleerely him refin'd,
As him did wholly conſecrate to glory:
A ſubiect fit whereon to build a Story.

Who in Ambaſſage to the Emperour ſent,
Paſſing along through *Macedon* and *Thrace*,
Neuer did ſleepe but onely in his Tent,
Till he reuiew'd that famous *Godfreys* face,
Nor till he came vnto that hallow'd place,
Ne're did repoſe his body in a Bed,
Such were the cares poſſeſt his troubled head.

O wherefore then, great Singer of thy dayes,
Renowned *Taſſo* in thy Noble Story,
Shouldſt thou be tax'd as partiall in his prayſe,
And yet ſo much ſhould'ſt ſet forth others glory?
Me thinkes for this thou ſhould'ſt be onely ſorry,
That thou ſhoul'dſt leaue another to recite
That which ſo much thou did'ſt neglect to write.

There was not found in all the Chriſtian Hoaſt,
Any then he more forward to the Field,
Nor their Battalions could another boaſt
To beare himſelfe more brauely with his Shield,
So well his Armes this Noble Duke could weild,
As ſuch a one hee properly ſhould bee,
That I did meane to conſecrate to mee.

Of ſo approued and delib'rate force,
Charging his Launce, or brandiſhing his blade,
Whether on foote, or managing his horſe,
That open paſſage through the rankes he made,
At all aſſayes ſo happy to inuade,
That were he abſent in the charge or chaſe,
It was ſuppos'd the day did loſe the grace.

In doubtfull fights where danger ſoon'ſt did fall,
He would be preſent euer by his will,
And where the Chriſtians for ſupplies did call,
Thither through perill *Robert* preſſed ſtill,
To helpe by valour, or relieue by skill;
To euery place ſo prouidently ſeeing,
As power in him had abſolutely being.

VVhen in the morne his Courſer he beſtrid,
He ſeem'd compos'd eſſentially of fire,
But from the field he euer drouping rid,
As he were vanquiſh'd onely to retire,
Neereſt his reſt, the furth'ſt from his deſire;
And in the ſpoiles his Souldiers ſhare the crownes,
They rich in gold, he onely rich in wounds.

And when the faire Ieruſalem was wonne,
And King thereof they gladly him would make,
All ſoueraigne titles he ſo much doth ſhunne,
As he refus'd the charge on him to take,
One, the vaine world that clearely did forſake.
So farre it was from his religious minde,
To mixe things vile with thoſe of heauenly kinde.

No triumph did his victories adorne,
But his high praiſe for ſinfull man that dy'd,
Nor other marke of victorie is worne,
But that red Croſſe to tell him crucifi'd,
All other glories that himſelfe deni'd:
A holy life ſo willingly he leades,
In dealing almes, and bidding of his beades.

Thus a poore Pilgrime he returnes againe,
For glitt'ring armes in Palmers homely gray,
Leauing his Lords to leade his warlike traine,
Whilſt he alone comes ſadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd pray;
A Hermits ſtaffe his carefull hand doth hold,
That with a Launce his heathen foe controld.

But now to end this long continued ſtrife,
Henceforth thy malice takes no further place,
The hate thou bar'ſt him ended with his life,
By thee his ſpirit can ſuffer no diſgrace;
Now in mine armes his vertues I embrace:
His bodie thine, his croſſes witneſſe bee,
But mine his minde, that from thy power is free.

Thou gau'ſt vp rule when he gaue vp his breath,
And where thou end'ſt, euen there did I begin,
Thy ſtrength was buried in his timeleſſe death,
When as thy Conquerour laſtly came I in,
That all thou got'ſt from thee againe did win;
To whom thy right thou wholly did'ſt reſigne,
And made thy glory abſolutely mine.

To

To the baſe world, then Fortune, get thee backe,
The ſame with drerie Tragedies to fill,
There by thy power bring all things vnto wracke,
And on weake mortals only worke thy will;
And ſince ſo much thou do'ſt delight in ill,
Heare his complaint, who wanting eyes to ſee,
May giue thee ſight, which art as blinde as hee.

At her great words amazed whilſt they ſtand,
The Prince which look'd moſt fearefully and grim,
Bearing his eyes in his diſtreſſefull hand,
Whoſe places ſtood with blood vnto the brim,
As in great anguiſh ſhaking euery lim;
After deepe ſighes and lamentable throwes,
Thus to the world disburthened his woes.

Saith he, Farewell lights, that are now put out,
And where they were, is buried all my ioy,
With endleſſe darkeneſſe compaſſed about,
Which tyranny did wilfully deſtroy,
To breed my more perpetuall annoy,
That euen that ſenſe I onely might forgoe,
That could alone giue comfort to my woe.

You which beheld faire *Paleſtine* reſtor'd,
And from prophane hands of the Pagans freed,
The Sepulchre of that moſt gracious Lord,
And ſeen the Mount where his deare wounds did bleed,
That with the ſights my zealous ſoule did feed;
Sith from your functions night doth you diſſeuer,
Seclude me now from worldly ioyes for euer.

They ſaw no Sunne, nor did they view the day,
Except a candle, they beheld no light,
Strong walles before thoſe bleſſings kept away,
What could be fear'd? they could not hurt the night,
For then teares wholly hindred them of ſight.
O then from whence ſhould *Henries* hate ariſe,
Though I ſaw nothing that I ſhould haue eies?

The wretched'ſt thing, the moſt deſpiſed'ſt beaſt,
Enioyes that ſenſe as generally as wee,
The very Gnat, or what than that is leaſt,
Of ſight by nature kindly is made free,
What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to ſee?
O that a tyrant then ſhould me depraue
Of that which elſe all liuing creatures haue!

VVhilſt yet the light did mitigate my mone,
Teares found a meane to ſound my ſorrowes deepe,
But now ay me, that comfort being gone,
By wanting eyes wherewith I erſt did weepe,
My cares alone concealed I muſt keepe.
O God, that blindneſſe darkning all delight,
Should aboue all things giue my ſorrow ſight.

VVhere ſometime ſtood the beauties of this face,
Thoſe lampes once lighted as the Veſtall flame,
Is now a dungeon, a diſtreſſed place,
A harbour fit for infamie and ſhame,
Which but with horrour none can ſcarſely name;
Out of whoſe darke grates miſerie and griefe,
Starued for vengeance, daily beg reliefe.

The day abhorres me, and me ſtill doth flie,
Night ſtill me followes, yet too long doth ſtay,
This neuer comes, though it be euer nie,
And this in comming vaniſheth away.
What now me booteth eyther night or day;
All's one, ſtill day, or be it euer night,
Sith one to me the darkeneſſe and the light.

You wherewith once my comforts I did view,
Th' all-couering heauen and glorie that it beares,
No more that ſight ſhall e're be ſeene of you,
That bleſſed Sunne that euery mortall cheares,
No more to me for euer now appeares;
Betake your ſelues vnto your darkſome Cell,
And bid the world eternally farewell.

His ſpeech thus ending, Fortune diſcontent,
Turning her ſelfe as ſhe away would flie,
Playing with babes and fooles incontinent,
As neuer touch'd with humane miſerie,
As what ſhe was her ſelfe to verifie;
And ſtraight forgetting what ſhe had to tell,
To other ſpeech and girliſh laughter fell.

When gracefull Fame conueying thence her charge,
With all thoſe troupes that did to her reſort,
Gaue me this booke, wherein was writ at large,
His life ſet out in admirable ſort,
To amaze the world with this ſo true report:
But Fortune angry with her foe therefore,
Gaue me this gift, that I ſhould ſtill be poore.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF MATILDA.

IF yet a Muſe there happily remaine,
That is by truth ſo diligently taught,
As euer hating wantonly to faine,
Declareth but what modeſtie ſhe ought,
If this be ſuch which I ſo long haue ſought,
I craue by her my life may be reueal'd,
By blacke obliuion enuiouſly conceal'd.

Oh if ſuch fauour I might hope to finde,
Here in this world yet once to liue agen,
As I yet laſtly might expreſſe my minde,
By the endeuour of a powerfull pen,
In all my ſorrowes happy were I then;
Three hundreth yeeres by all men ouer-paſt,
Finding one friend to pittie me at laſt.

O you of him ſo happily elect,
Whom I intreate to proſecute my ſtorie,
Ladie moſt deare, moſt worthie all reſpect,
The worlds beſt iewell, and your ſexes glorie,
It ſhall ſuffice me, be *Idea* ſorrie,
Reading my Legend ſadly in his verſe,
Which now alone muſt ſerue me for a herſe.

Be

Be you the patterne by whoſe perfect view,
Like your faire ſelfe he wiſely may me make,
For ſure aliue none fitter is then you,
Whoſe forme vnſpotted Chaſtitie may take,
Be you propitious, for whoſe onely ſake,
For me I know hee'le gladly doe his beſt,
So you and I may equally be bleſt.

Bright *Roſamond*, ſo highly that is grac'd,
Inrolled in the Regiſter of Fame,
That in our Sainted Kalender is plac'd,
By him who ſtriues to ſtellifie her name;
Yet will the modeſt ſay ſhe was to blame,
Though full of ſtate, and pleaſing be his rime,
Yet can his skill not expiate her crime.

The wife of *Shore* winnes generall applauſe,
Finding a Pen laborious in her prayſe,
Elſtred reuiu'd to plead her pittied cauſe,
After the enuie of ſo many dayes,
Happy 's the man their glories high'ſt can rayſe;
Thus the looſe Wanton liked is of many,
Vice ſhall find friends, but Vertue ſeldome any.

To vaunt of my Nobilitie were vaine,
Which were, I know, not bett'red by the beſt,
Nor ſhould beſeeme an honourable ſtraine,
And me a Mayden fits not of the reſt,
Nor worldly Titles fondly will ſuggeſt;
A vertuous life I meane to boaſt alone,
Our Birth, our Syres, our Vertues be our owne.

'Tis ſhame to fetch our long deſcent from Kings,
If from the gods deriued thou ſhould'ſt bee:
The olde Atchieuements of thoſe wondrous things,
Which thou thy ſelfe then liuedſt not to ſee,
What be their Acts materiall vnto thee?
Stayning that bloud, and honour that was theirs,
Which could not leaue their vertues to their Heires.

Heau'n powr'd downe more abundance on my Birth,
Then it before had vſually beſtow'd,
And was in me ſo bountifull to Earth,
As though the fulneſſe meaning to haue ſhow'd,
On me it ſo immeaſurably flow'd,
That ſuch a ſhape with ſuch a ſpirit inſpir'd,
Did of the wiſeſt make me moſt deſir'd.

Vpon my brow ſate beauty in her pride,
Vnto the World as miniſtring her Law,
And vnto all ſuch riches did diuide,
As vnto her all generally did draw;
And yet mine eye did keepe them ſo in awe,
As that which onely could true vertues meaſure,
Ordain'd by Nature to preſerue her treaſure.

My carri'ge ſuch as might content the wiſe,
My ſpeech ſuch comely decencie retaine,
As of the yonger was not deem'd preciſe,
Nor of the aged was accounted vaine;
So well inſtructed to obſerue the meane,
So well compact, and natiue was each good,
That did co-here with temper of my bloud.

Nature

Nature in me did ſuch perfections vary,
As that the leaſt allow'd not of compare,
And yet ſo well did teach me them to carry,
That then themſelues did make them ſeeme more rare,
As in my portion ſuffring none to ſhare,
In her faire grace by placing me ſo high,
That there ſhould ſit the Darling of the Skie.

When Fame began by beauty firſt to blaze,
That ſoone became too lauiſh of the ſame,
Hauing her Trumpet laden with my praiſe,
That euery place was filled with my name,
For which report thou too much wert to blame;
But vnto thee is beauty ſubiect ſtill,
Which I may ſay is cauſer of our ill.

This iealous Monſter had a thouſand eyes,
Her ayry body hath as many wings,
Now about Earth, now vp to Heauen ſhe flyes,
And here and there with euery breath ſhe flings,
Eu'n from the deepe her meſſages ſhe brings,
Nothing ſo ſecret but to her appeareth,
As apt to credit euery thing ſhe heareth.

And Princes eares as open to report,
As skill in blazing beauty to a King,
Subiect vnto the Cenſor of the Court,
From whence Fame carries, thither ſhe doth bring,
And which ſoeuer, ſhe doth loudly ring,
Thither, ah me, vnhappily ſhe brought,
Where I my bane vnfortunately caught.

There ſtood my beautie boldly for the prize,
Where the moſt cleere and perfect'ſt iudgements bee,
And of the ſame the moſt iudiciall eyes,
Did giue the goale impartially to mee;
So did I ſtand vnparaleld and free,
And like a Comet in the Eucning Skie,
Strooke with amazement euery wondring eye.

This't was poſſeſt the breſt of Princely *Iohn*,
This on his heart-ſtrings endleſſe Muſicke made,
This wholly wonne him vnto it alone,
And fully did his faculties inuade,
From which not reaſon euer could diſſwade;
This taught his eyes their due attendance ſtill,
Holding the reynes which rul'd his Princely will.

When yet my Father fortunate in Court,
And by his Bloud rank'd equall with the beſt,
Hauing his quicke eare toucht with this report,
Which yet the newes but hardly could diſgeſt,
And on my youth his onely care did reſt;
Straightly purſues it by thoſe ſecret Spyes,
As ſtill in Courts attend on Princes eyes.

And he this while who ſeemed but to ſleepe,
Till he the Princes purpoſes could ſound,
And to himſelfe yet ſecretly did keepe,
What he but late had prouidently found;
So well that wiſe Lord could conceale his wound,
That well fore-ſaw how dang'rous it would proue,
To croſſe the courſe of his impatient loue.

Till

Till being resolu'd how violent a flame,
Vnbrideled will had kindly in the King,
That on the sudden should he stop the same,
A greater inconuenience might spring,
Which knowne to him so dangerous a thing,
Me doth bethinke him fitteſt to perſwade,
Ere for my safety further meanes he made.

Deare Girle, quoth he, thou seeſt who doth await,
T' intrap that beauty bred to be thy foe,
Being so faire and delicate a bait,
Tempting all eyes themselues there to beſtow,
Whose power the King is taught too soone to know;
Of his desire that what the end may bee,
Thy youth may feare my knowledge doth fore-see.

And for thou liueſt publikely in Court,
Who priuiledge doth euery meane protect,
Where the enſample of the greateſt ſort,
Doth more then oportunity effect,
None thriuing there that dwell vpon reſpect,
Being a Lottery where but few doe winne,
Falſhood t' aduenture, and the prize but sinne.

Subt'ly oppoſing to thy longing sight,
What may to pleaſure poſſibly prouoke,
And fitly faſhion'd vnto thy delight,
That with the graueſt ſtrikes too great a ſtroke,
Hauing withall Imperious power thy cloke,
With ſuch ſtrong reaſons on her part propounded,
As may leaue Vertue seemingly confounded.

Many

Many the wayes inducing to thy fall,
And to thy ſafetie none is left to guide thee,
And when thy danger greateſt is of all,
Euen then thy ſuccour ſooneſt is deny'd thee:
So ſundry meanes from vertue to diuide thee,
Hauing withall mortalitie about thee,
Frailty within, temptation ſet without thee.

The Leachers tongue is neuer void of guile,
Nor wants he teares when he would winne his pray,
The ſubtil'ſt temper hath the ſmootheſt ſtile,
Syrens ſing ſweetly when they would betray,
Luſt of it ſelfe had neuer any ſtay,
Nor to containe it bounds could haue deuiſ'd,
That when moſt fill'd is leaſt of all ſuffic'd.

With euery meane and Maieſtie is fraught,
That all things hath contained in his pow'r,
And who will conquer, leaues no meane vnſought.
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen Towre,
Watching th' aduantage of each paſſing houre,
Time offring ſtill each minute to doe amiſſe,
Thy banefull'ſt poyſon ſpiced with thy bliſſe.

And when this heady and vnſeas'ned rage,
Which in his bloud doth violently raigne,
Time, that the heat ſhall peaceably aſſwage,
Shall ſhew the more apparantly thy ſtaine,
Which vnto Ages euer ſhall remaine;
Sinne in a Chaine leads on her Siſter Shame.
And both in Gyues faſt fetter'd to defame.

Kings

Kings vſe their Loues as Garments they haue worne,
Or as the meate whereon they fully fed,
The Saint once gone, who doth the Shrine adorne,
Or what is *Nectar* carelesly if ſhed?
What Princes wealth redeemes thy Mayden-head,
Which ſhould be held as precious as thy breath,
Whoſe diſſolution conſummates thy death?

The ſtately Eagle on his height doth ſtand,
And from the maine the fearefull fowle doth ſmite,
Yet ſcornes to touch it lying on the Land,
When he hath felt the ſweet of his delight,
But leaues the ſame a prey to euery Kite;
With much we ſurfet, plenty makes vs poore,
The wretched *Indian* ſpurnes the golden Ore.

When now he points the period with a teare,
Which in my boſome made ſo great a breach,
As euery precept firmely fixed there,
And ſtill his counſell vnto me did preach,
(A father ſo effectually ſhould teach,)
So that his words I after euer found,
Written on ſo immaculate a ground.

The youthfull King deluded but the while,
That in his breſt ſtill bare this quenchleſſe fire,
Whil'ſt flatt'ring hope his ſenſes doth beguile,
That with freſh life ſtill quickned his deſire,
(And gone ſo farre now meant not to retire;)
Thinkes if that aptly winning him but place,
By loue or power to purchaſe him my grace.

Which

Which ſtill deferring, found he ſtill did faile,
Nor to his mind ought (kindly) tooke effect,
Couragiouſly reſoluing to aſſaile,
That other meanes doth vtterly neglect,
In ſpight what feare could any way obiect,
And finding time, not booting to be mute,
Thus to me laſtly did preferre his ſuite.

Deare Mayde (quoth he) when Nature hath ordain'd,
Thee to the World her workmanſhip to bring,
All other creatures knowing ſhe had ſtain'd,
By ſo diuine and excellent a thing,
Onely therefore to gratifie a King,
Seal'd thee the Charter dated at thy Birth,
Mirrour of Heauen, the wonder of the Earth.

Hoord not thy beauty, Heauen doth giue thee ſtore,
Pittie ſuch treaſure ſhould lye idely dead,
Which being imparted ſhall increaſe the more,
And by the int'reſt euermore be fed,
To be mans comfort that was onely bred,
Which of it ſelfe is of ſuch power and might,
As like the Sunne ioyes all things with the ſight.

From thoſe bright ſtars ſuch ſtreames of lightning glide,
As through the eyes doe wound the very heart,
Whoſe Vertues may be ſundry wayes applide,
Hurting and healing like *Achilles* Dart;
Such bounty Nature did to them impart,
Thoſe Lampes, two Planets, cleerer then the ſeuen,
That with their ſplendor light the world to Heauen.

Had

Had Art ſuch colour as could truly ſhow,
Each rare perfection rightly in his kind,
And on each one ſufficiently beſtow,
Vnto the glory properly aſſign'd,
Painting the beauties aptly to the mind;
But, O alone, thy excellence is ſuch,
As words though many leſſen worth ſo much.

He is thy King, who is become thy ſubiect,
Sometimes thy Lord, now ſeruant to thy Loue,
Thy gracefull features be his onely obiect,
Who for thy ſake a thouſand deaths durſt proue,
A Princes Prayer ſhould ſome compaſſions moue;
Let Wolues and Beares be cruell in their kinds,
But women meeke, and haue relenting minds.

Daine (Deare) to looke vpon theſe brimfull eyes,
With tydes of teares continually frequented,
Where hope without food, hunger-ſtaruen lyes,
Which to betray me trech'rouſly conſented,
That for the fact being lawfully conuented,
Iudg'd in theſe waters ſtill to haue their being,
For their preſumptions thy perfections ſeeing.

Sit thou commanding vnder mine eſtate,
Hauing thy treſſes honor'd with my Crowne,
As not vnworthy of a meaner fate,
And make the proud'ſt to tremble with a frowne.
Rayſe whom thou wilt, caſt whom it pleaſe thee downe,
And bee my Loue renowned through this Ile,
With all the Titles, Fame may thee inſtile.

VVhat

What if my Queene repining at our bliſſe,
Thee as did *Iuno*, *Iones* faire Darling keepe,
Mine I'le preſerue, as that great god did his,
Wiſe *Mercury* lull'd *Argus* eyes to ſleepe,
Loue euer laughes when iealouſie doth weepe,
When moſt ſhe ſtirs, our power ſhall keepe her vnder,
She may rayſe ſtormes, but we doe rule the Thunder.

Thus hauing made the entrance to his loue,
Which he ſuppos'd aſſuredly in time,
Of better tydings Meſſenger might proue,
By which he after to his ioyes might clime,
And of my youth now being in the prime,
Leaues me, not knowing well which way to turne me,
Warm'd with the fire which vnawares might burn me.

Vpon my weakneſſe that ſo ſtrongly wrought,
Whil'ſt in my breſt a mutinie aroſe,
Feare and Deſire a doubtfull Combate fought,
As like two eager and ambitious foes,
This ſtriues to winne, the other feares to loſe;
By this oft cleered, and by that accuſed,
Flatt'red by that moſt, moſt which me abuſed.

And in my ſelfe, that well ſuſpected Treaſon,
Knowing who watcht to haue me for his pray,
And in ſo apt and dang'rous a ſeaſon,
When youth and beauty bare ſo great a ſway,
And where he batt'ry ſtill to me might lay,
Who girt ſo ſtrongly euery way about,
Well might expect I could not long hold out.

All doubts and feares cast vtterly aside,
Resolu'd at last away from Court to goe,
Whither it pleas'd my happie starres to guide,
There I my selfe determin'd to bestow,
Vntill time might this passion ouer-blow;
Or if at least it wrought not the extrusion,
Might lend me power to help my resolution.

VVhen he whose care this while me not forsooke,
That many a sweet sleepe for my safetie brake,
Much that was pleased with the course I tooke,
As one that truely suffered for my sake,
Did his aboade at *Baynards* Castle make,
Which since the Court so happily did leaue mee,
To his protection kindly did receiue mee.

VVhence sorrow seemed vtterly exil'd,
VVherein my life I long before did waste,
The present time that happily beguil'd,
VVith thought of that which was already past,
VVhere I was now so fortunately plac'd;
Euen as a bird escap'd the Fowlers snare,
VVhom former danger warneth to beware.

VVhen now the King, whose purposes were croste,
Which this euasion subt'ly did preuent,
And that the meane to which he trusted most,
Was that which most did frustrate his intent,
Seeing his suit prepostrously went;
Another course bethinkes himselfe to runne,
Else now as farre off, as when first begun.

Thenceforth deuising to dissolue the masse,
That lay so full betwixt him and the light,
That in his sute so great a hindrance was,
And (least expected) wrought him most despite,
Finding the cause that all things went not right,
Casteth forthwith my father to remoue,
To make the way more cleerer to his loue.

VVhen scarcely cured of that sickly qualme,
And that my heart was happily at ease,
But as a ship that in a gentle calme,
Floates vp and downe vpon the quiet seas,
By some rough gust some aduerse starre doth raise,
Driuen againe into the troubled Maine,
Which well had hop'd securely to haue laine:

The powrefull Prince whom I did thus reiect,
Hereon, in Court doth first this Peere disgrace,
Thereby to giue the people to suspect,
T'offend in some thing sitting neere his place,
Them it (by all meanes) vrging to imbrace;
Which if he cleerely modeld out, that path
Should giue a passage freely to his wrath,

And giuing colour to his ranck'rous hate,
By such false counsell as to him he drew,
Cunning in all the stratagems of State,
My guiltlesse father ceaselesly pursue,
VVhose kingly power too quickly ouerthrew
Him which I hop'd me succour should haue giuen,
Till from all refuge absolutely driuen.

And

And not their cleere and intellectuall sight,
Into the quarell that did throughly looke,
Nor our allies that to their vtmost might,
Gainst his proceeding that our partie tooke,
Vnto the end that neuer me forsooke,
Could the effect of his great power preuent,
To stay from *France* my banish'd father sent.

Not all his seruice to his Soueraigne done,
In warre as valiant, as in counsell sound,
Which from this Prince compassion might haue won,
To him that faithfull euermore was found;
How deeply thou ingratitude dooſt wound!
Sure first deuised to no other end,
But to grieue those whom nothing could offend.

Ay me, forsaken, left vnto my foe,
Thus by my fortune frowardly betrai'd,
Neuer poore maiden was besieged so,
And all depressed that should lend me aid,
Such weight the heauens vpon my birth had laid;
Yet her due merit vertue neuer loseth,
Gainst her faire course though heauen it selfe opposeth.

Embark'd for *France* his sad deiected eies
Filled with teares in plentifullest store,
His parting threatned by the lowring skies,
Then vnder saile from sight of any shore,
Feare him behinde, and sorrow him before;
Wasting withall his sad laments in vaine,
To the rude waters onely to complaine.

VVhen like a Deere before the hounds imboſt,
VVhen him his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,
Leaues the ſmooth lawnes to which he truſted moſt,
And to the couert doth himſelfe betake,
Doubling that creeps from brake againe to brake;
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the Princes face,
Which hath me now continually in chaſe.

The Coaſt now cleere, ſuſpition laid to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
VVhich with much pleaſure quieted his breſt,
That euery thing ſo proſperouſly went,
And if the reſt ſucceſſefully conſent,
Of former ayd that being quite forſaken,
He hopes the fort may eaſily be taken.

A Princes armes are ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Kings ſleeping, ſee with eies of other men,
Craft findes a key to open euery doore,
Little it bootes in walles my ſelfe to pen,
The Lambe incloſed in the Lyons den;
Whoſe watchfull eyes too eaſily deſcri'd me,
And foūd me ſoon'ſt, where ſur'ſt I thought to hide me.

My paths by ſpies are diligently noted,
O're me he holds ſo vigilant a watch,
And on my beauty he ſo fondly doted,
That at my lookes he enuiouſly did catch,
Ready that ſtood attending at my latch,
Where iealous loue continually did ward,
Treaſon my handmaid, Falſhood on my guard.

VVhere

VVherefore ſince this ſo badly ſorted out,
He to my ſhifts ſo narrowly me draue,
Another courſe that I muſt caſt about,
VVhere ſafer harbour happily to haue,
Since inſufficient this was me to ſaue;
His power ſo ſpacious euery way did lie,
That ſtill I ſtood in his ambitious eye.

And feare which taught me euery way to proue,
VVhen I of many long time did debate,
Me at the laſt it pleas'd the powers to moue,
To take vpon me a religious ſtate,
The holy Cloiſter none might violate,
Where after all theſe ſtormes I did endure,
There yet at laſt might hope to liue ſecure.

VVherefore to *Dunmow* ſecretly conuai'd,
Vnto a houſe that ſometime was begunne
By *Iuga*, of our anceſtry a maid,
At whoſe great charge this Monaſt'ry was done,
In which ſhe after did become a Nunne;
And kept her order ſtrictly with the reſt,
Which in that place virginitie profeſt.

VVhere I my ſelfe did ſecretly beſtow,
From the vaine world which I too long had tri'd,
One, whom affliction taught my ſelfe to know,
My youth and beautie gently that did chide,
And me inſtructing as a skilfull guide;
Printed withall ſuch coldneſſe in my blood,
That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

The King who with an enuious eye did see
Himselfe deluded, strongly discontent,
VVho thence his power not possibly could free,
VVhich his sad brest doth grieuously torment,
VVnich, since that I so wilfully was bent,
And he past hope now euer to enioy me,
Resolues by some meanes lastly to destroy me.

And he that knew one fit for such a fact,
To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
One that for him would any thing enact,
And in performance wanted not his Art,
That had a strong hand, a relentlesse hart;
On him the King (in madnesse so enrag'd)
Impos'd my death, himselfe thereto that gag'd.

VVho making haste the fatall deede to do,
Thither repaires, but not as from the King,
One, that did well know what belong'd thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring,
But as one sent vpon some needfull thing,
With a smpoth count'nance and with settled brows,
Obtaines to get in where I paid my vowes.

VVhere I alone, and to his tale expos'd,
As one to him a willing eare that lent,
Ay me, too soone himselfe to me disclos'd,
And who it was that him vnto me sent,
From point to point, relating his intent;
Which whil'st I stood strook dumb with this inuasion,
He thus pursues me strongly with perswasion.

Saith

Saith hee, But heare how greatly thou dooſt erre,
Fondly to dote vpon thine owne perfection,
When as the King thee highly will preferre,
And that his power deſireth thy protection;
So indiſcreetly ſort not thy election,
To ſhut vp in a melancholy Cell,
That in a Court ordained was to dwell.

How dang'rous is ſo bountifull an offer,
If thy neglect doe wretchleſly abuſe it,
Who was it euer that did ſee a Coffer,
Filled with Gold, and proffred did refuſe it,
Greater thy fault the more thou dooſt excuſe it,
Thy ſelfe condemning in thine owne good hap,
Refuſing Treaſure caſt into thy lap.

Wrong not thy faire youth, nor the World depriue
Of that great riches Nature freely lent,
Pitie 't were they by niggardize ſhould thriue,
Whoſe wealth by waxing craueth to be ſpent,
For which thou after iuſtly ſhalt be ſhent;
Like to ſome rich Churle burying his pelfe,
Both to wrong others, and to ſtarue himſelfe.

What is this vaine, this idle reputation,
Which to the ſhew you ſeemingly reſpect,
Onely the weakneſſe of imagination,
Which in concluſion, worketh no effect?
Leſſe then that, can the worſhippers protect,
That onely ſtandeth vpon fading breath,
And hath at once the being, and the death.

A feare that grew from doting superstition,
To which still weake credulitie is prone,
And onely since maintained by tradition,
Into our eares impertinently blowne,
By folly gath'red, as by error sowne;
Which vs still threatning hindreth our desires,
Yet all it shewes vs be but painted fires.

Then let it like this Monast'ry to leaue,
Which youth and beautie iustly may forsake,
Doe not thy Prince of those high ioyes bereaue,
Which happy him eternally may make,
Which sends me else thy life away to take;
For dead to him if needsly thou wilt proue,
Dye to thy selfe, and buried with his loue.

Rage that resum'd the colour of his face,
Whose eye seem'd as the Basiliskes to kill,
The horror of the solitary place,
Being so fit wherein to worke his will,
Each good omitted, euery present ill;
Which all doe seeme my ouerthrow to further,
By feare dissuaded, menaced by Murther,

In this so great and peremptory tryall,
With strong temptations grieuously afflicted,
With many a yeelding, many a deniall,
Oft-times acquitted, oftentimes conuicted,
Whil'st feare before me liuely stands depicted,
And at the instant by a little breath,
Giues me my life, or sends me vnto death.

When

When now my ſoule that gath'red all her pow'rs,
Which in this need might friendly giue her aide,
The reſolution of ſo many howres,
Whereon her ſelfe ſhe confidently ſtaid;
(In this diſtreſſe their helpes together laid,)
Making the ſtate which ſhe maintained good,
Expell'd the feare, vſurping on my bloud.

The which my tongue did modeſtly enlarge,
From thoſe ſtrict limits terror it confin'd,
My grieued boſome ſadly to diſcharge,
And my loſt ſpirits did liberally vnbind;
To my cleere eyes their reſidence reſign'd,
And ſtrongly there mine honour to maintaine,
Check'd his preſumption with a chaſte diſdaine.

Finding me thus inuiolably bent,
He for my death that onely did abide,
Hauing a Poyſon murd'ring by the ſent,
Vnto the Organ of that ſenſe appli'd;
Which for the ſame when fitteſt time he ſpi'd,
Vnto my noſtrils forcibly did ſtraine,
Which at an inſtant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch (my vaile diſord'red then)
My face diſcouering, whoſe delicious cheeke,
Tincted with Crimſon, fading ſoone agen,
With ſuch a ſweetneſſe, as made Death eu'n meeke,
Seeming to him, beholding it eu'n like
Vnto a ſparke extinguiſh'd to the eye,
Breakes forth in fire e're ſuddenly it dye.

And whilſt thereat amazed he doth ſtand,
Wherein he ſuch an excellencie ſaw,
Ruing the ſpoyle done by his fatall hand,
Whom nothing elſe, my beautie now doth awe,
And from his eyes would force him teares to draw;
Of which depriu'd and ſettled eu'n as dead,
Grieuing for me that it had none to ſhead.

When life retreating gently towards the heart,
(On whom cold death inuaſion now did make,
VVinning by little euery outward part)
As more and more her ſuccours her forſake,
To this laſt Fort enforc'd her to betake,
To him who ſadly yet did me behold,
Thus with milde ſpeech my griefe I did vnfold.

Is this the gift the King on me beſtowes,
VVhich in this ſort he ſends thee to preſent mee?
I am his friend, what giues he to his foes,
If this in token of his loue be ſent mee?
His pleaſure thus, it muſt not diſcontent mee;
Yet after ſure a Prouerbe this ſhall proue,
The gift King *Iohn* beſtow'd vpon his Loue.

VVhen all that race to memory are ſet,
And by their Statues their atchieuements done,
VVhich wonne abroad, and which at home did get,
From Sonne to Syre, from Syre vnto the Sonne,
Grac'd with the ſpoyles that glorioufly they wonne;
O that of him it onely ſhould be ſayd,
This was that King, the Murth'rer of a Mayd!

O keepe it safely from the eares of Fame,
That none doe heare of this vnhallowed deed,
To him be secret and conceale his shame,
Least after-ages hap the same to reade,
And in their eyes the very Letters bleed;
O let the Graue my innocency hold,
E're of a King so hainous sinne be told.

Vtt'ring my mind, my sorrow to asswage
The heauy burthen of my pensiue brest,
The poyson now that inwardly did rage,
The present vigor forcibly exprest,
Me no way suffring to declare the rest;
Longer for him it was no time to stay,
And death call'd on to hasten me away.

Thus in my Closet being left alone,
Vpon the floore vncomfortably lying,
The deed committed, and the Murth'rer gone,
Almost arriued at the point of dying,
Some of the Sisters me by chance espying,
Call all the rest, that in most wofull plight
Came to behold this miserable sight.

Where like a Rose by an vnkindly blast,
Mongst many buds that round about it grow,
The withered leaues improsp'rously doth cast,
Yet all the rest their soueraigne beauties show;
Amidst this goodly Sisterhood euen so,
Nip'd with cold death vntimely did I fade,
Whil'st they about me pitt'ous wayling made.

O When

When as my poore ſoule in her ſuddaine flight,
Neglects the Organ of each ſeu'rall ſenſe,
With all that horror could the ſame affright,
Being diſturbed in her parting hence,
Onely conſtrained for her beſt defence,
Vnto her ſpotleſſe innocence to take her,
Which her not leaues when all the reſt forſake her.

When all our pleaſures are but childrens toyes,
And as meere ſhaddowes preſently doe paſſe,
As yeeres encreaſing, waning are our ioyes,
As we forget our fauours in a Glaſſe,
Euen as a Tale of that which neuer was:
Death our delights continually doth ſeuer,
Vertue alone abandoneth vs neuer.

And now my ſpirit thus liberally enlarg'd,
By gently flitting from this earthly roome,
The debt to Nature faithfully diſcharg'd,
And at the houre condition'd on my tombe;
Such is the Heauens ineuitable doome,
Me *Baynards* Caſtle to the World did bring,
Dunmow againe my place of burying.

Now ſcarſly was my breathleſſe body cold,
But euery where my Tragedie was ſpred,
For tatteling Fame in euery place had told,
My reſolution being lately dead,
Ruing my bloud ſo prodigally ſhed,
And to my Father flyes with this miſchance,
Which then remained in the Court of *France*.

His losse too great to be bewail'd with teares,
Nor were there found words to expresse his woe,
Terrour it selfe so settled in his eares,
No more might enter, nothing out might goe,
O, why againe should griefe distract me so?
Enough of sorrow is already showne,
And telling his renewing of mine owne.

Me 't shall suffice my fortunes to relate,
And beare the burthen of my proper ill.
If I expresse my pittifull estate,
'T is all I aske, and I obtaine my will,
For why, true sorrow needs not others skill,
It is too much the bitternesse we taste,
Without remembrance when the same is past.

Some say, the King repentant for this deed,
When his remorse to thoughts thereof him draue,
Poorely disguised in a Pilgrims Weed,
Offred his teares on my vntimely Graue.
For which, no doubt, but Heauen his sinne forgaue;
And did thereby my grieued spirit appease,
He being contrite, I happily at ease.

Thus told my Story, I my state deuise
To you sweet Madam, fitt'st with you to rest,
Which doe my vertues daily exercise,
That be impressed in your patient brest,
By whom alone I rightliest am exprest;
For whom my prayse (it grieues me) is too scant,
Whose happy name an Epethite shall want.

Then

Then, most deare Lady, for a Maydens sake,
To shead one teare, if gently you but daine,
For all my wrongs it full amends may make,
And be my passe to the *Elizian* Plaine,
In your chaste eyes such power there doth remaine,
As can th' afflicted prosp'rously deliuer,
Happy be they may looke vpon them euer.

THE

THE LEGEND OF PIERCE GAVESTON.

FRom gloomy ſhadowes of eternall night,
Shut vp in darkneſſe where I long did dwell,
O here behold me miſerable wight,
Laſtly, inuok'd my Tragedie to tell;
Giue me then leaue my ſorowes to impart,
Somewhat to eaſe my poore afflicted heart.

Goddeſſe of Arts and Armes, *Pallas* Diuine,
Let thy bright Fawchion lend me *Cypreſſe* boughes,
Be thou aſſiſting to this Poet of mine,
With funerall wreathes incompaſſing his browes,
Pittying my caſe, when none would heare mee weepe,
To tell my ſorrowes, layes his owne to ſleepe.

And mournfull'ſt Mayden of the ſacred Nine,
That balefull ſounds immouably dooſt breathe,
With thy ſwolne viſage and thy blubbered eyne,
I vnto thee my ſad complaints bequeathe;
Matter that yeelds ſufficient for thy glory,
If thou exactly proſecute my Story.

Tell how the Stars my wand'ring ſtate did guide,
Th' vnconſtant turnes of euery changing houre,
Of many a low ebbe, many as high a tide,
Many a ſmooth calme, many a ſtormy ſhowre,
The height whereto I laſtly did aſcend,
My ſtrange beginning, and my fatall end.

When

When *Edward* late vpon the *English* Throne,
Long-shanks that so victoriously did raigne,
First of that name, and second vnto none,
In all to Knighthood euer did pertaine,
My life begun, and then begun my blisse,
Euen in those dayes, those happy dayes of his.

So much did vertue gracious hearts enflame,
Promotion then not purchased with Gold,
And in those times he that desired Fame,
Bought it of them that it full dearely sold,
Hatefull excesse so much did not deuoure,
Lawes had lesse force, and honesty more pow'r.

And since that time so violently preyes
Vpon those Ages that euen holiest bee,
Let me remember those more happy dayes,
In these sad houres my grieued eyes doe see,
With greater griefe that makes me these deplore,
When I doe thinke of those that were before.

And Muse, to thee I sadly then appeale,
Since thou my life wilt needfully haue me know,
That I by thee may faithfully reueale,
Euen what the most inquisitiue would know,
Whil'st that my soule heere bodied did abide,
In the vaine World that pampred me in pride.

From *Gascoyne* our Name and our Descent,
Of which my Father nat'rally was borne,
In all his Warres that with King *Edward* went,
To him a Liege man and a Souldier sworne,
And in his Country ventred his estate,
To follow him that seem'd to gouerne fate.

Who

Whoſe truſt that great King highly did employ,
And neere his perſon tooke him for the ſame,
VVho with my ſelfe but then a little boy,
Vnto the Court of famous England came;
VVhereas the King for ſeruice he had done,
Made me a Page vnto the Prince his ſonne.

In me what ſhape, that man's did not excell,
VVhere euery part ſuch harmony did beare,
As in this modell Nature ſeem'd to tell,
'Twas not perfection if it were not there,
As euery age reſeru'd his rareſt feature,
Thereof to make ſo excellent a creature.

My lookes the powerfull Adamants doe loue,
Which vnto them attracted euery ſight,
With which the ſame was fixed or did moue,
As ſympathizing naturally delight,
That where my thoughts intended to ſurpriſe,
I at my pleaſure conqu'red with mine eyes.

If euen the beſt in Paintings curious Art,
In ſome rare piece his workmanſhip would ſhow,
Imagination helping with her part,
When th'hand had done the vtmoſt it could doe,
Vnto that bodie modelling a minde,
Such a one was I the mirrour of my kinde.

This was the bait was laid for *Edwards* loue,
Breeding that league of amitie thereby,
That no misfortune after could remoue,
When ſhe the vtmoſt of her force did trie;
Nor death it ſelfe retained power to ſunder,
Friendſhip ſeld ſeene, and in the world a wonder.

Heere on this earth the onely meane thou art,
VVhereby we hold intelligence with heauen,
And it is thou that onely doſt impart
All good can to mortalitie be giuen;
That ſacred bond that neuer canſt be broken,
O word diuine to be with reu'rence ſpoken!

VVith this ſweet Prince in height of worldly bliſſe,
VVhilſt Tutors care his wondring yeeres did guide,
I liu'd enioying whatſoe're was his:
VVho ne're my pleaſures any thing deny'd:
Whoſe deare affection ſtill me ſo attended,
As on my ioyes his happineſſe depended.

VVhether that it my rare perfections were,
That wonne my youth ſuch fauour in his eye,
Or that the heauens, to whom I ſeem'd ſo deare,
On me downe ſhowr'd this bleſſing from the skie;
I cannot tell, but well it did direct,
That could produce ſuch wonderfull effect.

Thou Arke of heauen, where wonders are enroled,
O depth of Nature, who can looke vnto thee?
What might he be that hath thy doome controled?
Or hath the key of reaſon to vndoe thee?
Thy works diuine, which thine alone doe know,
Shallow mans wit, too ſhort for things below.

The ſoule her liking, ſubt'ly doth eſpie,
In the high power that is to her aſſign'd,
By the cleere ſight diſcouering through the eye,
The thing agreeing aptlieſt with her kind;
And by each motion quickly apprehendeth
That, which it ſelfe paſt humane ſenſe extendeth.

This *Edward* in the Aprill of his age,
Whilſt yet the Crowne ſate on his fathers head,
Like that great *Ioue* with his rap'd *Phrygian* page,
Me with Ambroſiall delicacies fed;
He might command that was the Soueraigns ſonne,
And what I ſaid, that onely muſt be done.

My will a law authentically paſt,
My yea by him was neuer croſs'd with no,
VVho in affection chained was ſo faſt,
He as my ſhadow ſtill with me did go;
To me this Prince ſo pliant was in all,
Still as an Eccho anſw'ring to my call.

My ſmiles his life, his heauen was in my ſight,
And his delight confin'd by my deſire,
VVho from my cleere eyes borrowed all his light,
As pale-eyd *Cynthia* from her brothers fire;
My cheeke the pillow where he laid his head,
My brow his booke, my boſome was his bed.

Like faire *Idalia* bent to amorous ſports,
VVith yong *Adonis* in the wanton ſhade,
Fig'ring her paſſions in as ſundry ſorts,
As he to her indeerements to perſwade,
Eithers affections happily to moue,
VVith all the tender daliances of loue.

The table (thus) of our delight was laid,
Seru'd with what dainties pleaſure could deuiſe,
And many a Syren muſike ſweetly plaid,
(O that youth had vs wherewith to ſuffice!)
Whilſt we on that vnſatiately doe feed,
Which our confuſion afterwards did breed.

For ſtill I ſpur'd his violent deſire,
Holding the reines wherewith he rul'd the Sunne,
My blandiſhment the fuell to the fire,
In which to frie alreadie he begunne;
Waxing his wings I taught him Art to flie,
Who on his back might beare me through the skie.

Whilſt the vaine world vpon vs ſtill did win,
Intic'd his flatteries ſtedfaſtly to truſt,
Looſing the clew which led vs ſafely in,
Are loſt within this Labyrinth of luſt;
For when the fleſh is nuſled once in vice,
The ſweet of ſinne makes hell a paradiſe.

VVho thy deceits, vile world, yet euer told?
In thee what is that's not extremely ill?
A ſhop where poyſon's onely to be ſold,
VVhoſe very entrance inſtantly doth kill,
Where all deformed wickedneſſe doth dwell,
And all thy wayes guide head-long into hell.

The King that ſaw his hopefull ſonne betrai'd,
That like yong *Phaeton* ventred on the skies,
Perceiu'd his courſe with danger hardly ſtai'd,
(For he was graue and prouidently wiſe;
That wanting skill to maſter youths deſire,
Might by miſguidance ſet his throne on fire.

This was a corſiue to King *Edwards* dayes,
That without ceaſing fed vpon his bones,
That in the day bereau'd him of his eaſe,
Breaking his nights-ſleepe with vnquiet grones;
That did depreſſe and burthened him downe,
More then the weight that ſate vpon his Crowne.

VVhen now their iudgement that ſeuerely tri'd
The matter whence this maladie firſt grew,
Likewiſe muſt now a remedie prouide,
To preuent perill likely to enſue;
The cauſe muſt end e're the effect could ceaſe,
Elſe (well) of one, there many might encreaſe.

VVhen ſuch in Court my oppoſites as were,
On all aduantage that could wiſely play,
Who did to me inuet'rate malice beare,
That for their purpoſe found ſo faire a way;
On this their forces inſtantly did ground,
My Name and Fame perpetually to wound.

And the time fit for venting their vntruth,
Me into hate more forcibly to bring,
Sticke not to charge the looſeneſſe of my youth,
T'offend euen in th'vnnaturalleſt thing;
And old fore-paſſed outrages awake,
With all that me contemptible might make.

Wherefore the Prince to priuacie beſtow'd,
In Realmes remote I baniſhed to rôme,
Cenſured of all men fit'ſt to be abroad,
That had betrai'd my honeſt truſt at home,
Adiudg'd to die, if after I were found,
The day preſcrib'd vpon the Engliſh ground.

So much aſtoniſh'd with the ſudden blow,
That I became inſenſible of paine,
Vntill awak'd with ſharpneſſe of my woe,
I ſaw the wound which open did remaine;
By which my ioyes ſtill fainted more and more,
No hope at all me euer to reſtore.

Euen as a Turtle for her faithfull Make,
VVhose youth her deare virginitie enioy'd,
Sits shrowded in some solitarie brake,
With melancholy pensiueness annoi'd;
Thus without comfort sit I all alone,
From the sweet Prince infortunately gone.

My beautie once which 'sdain'd the summers sight,
Beaten with blacke and chilly winter stormes,
Those tender limmes must trauell day and night,
So often hug'd in *Edwards* Princely Armes;
Those eyes oft viewing pleasure in her pride,
With fearefull obiects euery way suppli'd.

And whilst these stormes me strangely thus did tosse,
VVhere I my selfe confined yet in *France*,
Thwarted the while with many a grieuous crosse,
Inseparables to my sad mischance;
Others that stem'd the current of the time,
By which I fell, prou'd afterwards to clime.

Camelion-like the world doth alter hue,
And as false *Protheus* puts on sundry shapes,
One change scarce gone, another doth ensue,
This fill'd, that likewise for promotion gapes;
Thus did they swarme like Bees about the brim,
Some drown'd, and some as dangerously swim.

And some on whom the higher Powers look'd faire,
Yet of the season little seem'd to vaunt:
For there were clouds hung in the troubled ayre,
Which shew'd something to their desire did want,
That forc'd them stoop which otherwise would flie,
Whilst with much care they fading honour buy.

VVhen

When reſtleſſe Time that neuer turnes againe,
Whoſe winged feet are ſliding with the Sunne,
By the fleet houres attending on his traine,
His reſolution fatally begunne;
In a iuſt courſe eft-ſoone to bring about,
That which long ſince the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For whil'ſt the King did ſeriouſly attend
His long-hop'd Voyage to the *Holy Land*,
For which his ſubiects mightie ſummes did lend,
Euen whil'ſt this bus'neſſe onely was in hand,
All on the ſudden happily doth fall,
The death of *Edward* quickly altred all.

Should I aſſay his vertues to report,
To doe the honour due vnto his name,
My meane endeuours ſhould come farre too ſhort,
And I thereby ſhould greatly wrong the ſame;
But leaue it to ſome ſacred *Muſe* to tell,
Vpon whoſe life a Poets Pen might dwell.

His Princely body ſcarcely wrapt in Lead,
(Before his mournfull Obſequies were done)
But that the Crowne was ſet on *Edwards* head,
With whom too ſoone my happy houres begunne;
After blacke night like brightneſſe of the day,
All former ſorrowes vaniſhed away.

When now *Carnaruan* cals within a while,
Whom *Edward Long-ſhankes* hated to the death,
He whom the Father lately did exile,
Is to the Sonne as precious as his breath,
What th' Olde inſcrib'd, the Yonger forth did blot,
Kings Wils perform'd, and dead mens words forgot.

When the wind wafts me to that happy place,
And ſoone did ſet me ſafely on that ſhore,
From whence I ſeem'd but baniſh'd for a ſpace,
That my returne might honor'd be the more:
Vnto this new King happily to leaue mee,
Whoſe Princely Armes were ready to receiue mee.

Who would haue ſeene how that kind *Romane* Dame,
Ore-come with ioy did yeeld her lateſt breath,
Her Sonne returning laden with ſuch Fame,
When thankefull *Rome* had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her perſonated right,
When I approched to the Princes ſight.

My *Ioue*, now Lord of the Aſcendant is,
In an aſpect that promis'd happy ſpeed,
Whil'ſt in that lucky influence of his,
Some prays'd the courſe wherein I did proceed;
Yet it to ſome prodigiouſly appeares,
Telling the troubles of enſuing yeares.

When like to *Midas*, all I toucht was Gold,
Powr'd as 't was once downe into *Danaes* lap,
For I obtained any thing I would,
Fortune had yet ſo lotted out my hap;
The Cheſts of great men like to Oceans are,
To whom all flouds by courſe doe ſtill repaire.

The Ile of *Man* he firſt vnto me gaue,
To ſhew how high I in his grace did ſtand,
But fearing me ſufficient not to haue,
I next receiued from his bounteous hand,
Faire *Wallingford*, that anciently had beene
The wealthy Dowre of many an *Engliſh* Queene.

The

The ſummes his Father had, being leuying long,
By Impoſitions for the Warre abroad,
Other his Princely benefits among,
At once on mee he bounteouſly beſtow'd;
When thoſe that ſaw how much on me he caſt,
Soone found his wealth ſufficed not his waſte.

He giues me then chiefe Secretaries place,
Thereby to traine me in affaires of State,
And thoſe high roomes that I did hold to grace,
Me Earle of *Cornwall* frankely did create;
And that in Court he freely might partake mee,
Of *England*, Lord High Chamberlaine did make mee.

And that he would more ſtrongly me allie,
To backe me 'gainſt their inſolent ambition,
Doth his faire Couſin vnto me affie,
A Lady of right vertuous condition,
Which his deare Siſter proſperouſly bare,
To the Earle of *Gloſter*, Bloud-ennobled *Clare*.

O ſacred bountie, Mother of content,
Fautreſſe and happy nouriſher of Arts,
That giu'ſt ſucceſſe to euery high intent,
The Conqueror of the moſt nobleſt hearts;
High grace into mortalitie infus'd,
Pittie it is that e're thou waſt abus'd.

When thoſe that did my baniſhment procure,
Still in my boſome hated did abide,
And they before that could me not endure,
Are now much more impatient of my pride,
For emulation euer did attend
Vpon the Great, and ſhall vnto the end.

And

And into fauour clofely working thofe,
That from meane places lifted vp by me,
And factious fpirits being fitteft to oppofe
Them that perhaps too powerfull elfe might be,
That euen 'gainft Enuy raifed by my hand,
Me muft vphold, to make themfelues to ftand.

And fince the frame by Fortune fo contriu'd,
To giue protect to my ambitious wayes,
Vrging thereby their hate to me deriu'd,
From thofe high honours he vpon me layes,
Drawing the King my courfes to partake,
Still to maintaine what he himfelfe did make.

Thus doth my youth ftill exercife extremes,
My heed fond raſhneſſe to fore-runne my fall,
My wit meere folly, and my hopes but dreames,
My counſaile ſerues my ſelfe but to inthrall,
That me abuſed with a vaine illuſion,
When all I did intending my confuſion.

And now the King, to haften his repaire,
Himſelfe by Marriage highly to aduance,
With *Iſabel* a Princeſſe, yong and faire,
As was her Father *Philip* King of *France*,
When now the more to perfect my command,
Leaues vnto me protection of the Land.

My power confirm'd ſo abſolute withall,
That I dranke pleaſure in a plenteous cup,
When there was none mee to account to call,
All to my hands ſo freely rendred vp,
That earth to me no greater bliſſe could bring,
Except to make me greater then a King.

When

When being now got as high as I could clime,
That the vaine World thus bountifully bleſt,
Frankely embrace the benefit of time,
Fully t' enioy that freely I poſſeſt;
Strongly maintaining he was worſe then mad,
Fondly to ſpare a Princes wealth that had.

Their counſels when continually I croſt,
As ſcorning their authoritie and bloud;
And in thoſe things concern'd their honours moſt,
In thoſe againſt them euer moſt I ſtood:
And things moſt publike priuately extend,
To feed my ryot that had neuer end.

When laſtly Fortune like a trech'rous foe,
That had ſo long attended on my fall,
In the plaine path wherein I was to goe,
Layes many a bait, to traine me on withall;
Till by her skill ſhe cunningly had brought me
Vnto the place where at her will ſhe caught me.

The mighty bus'neſſe falling then in hand,
Triumphs ordain'd to welcome his returne
(Before the *French* in honour of the Land)
With all my power I labour'd to adiourne;
Till all their charge was laſtly ouerthrowne,
Who lik'd t' haue ſeene no glory but mine owne.

Thus euery thing me forward ſtill doth ſet,
Euen as an Engine forced by the ſlight,
One miſchiefe thus a ſecond doth beget,
And that doth lead the other but to right;
Yet euery one himſelfe imploying wholly,
In their iuſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

Which

Which when they found how ſtill I did retaine
Th' ambitious courſe wherein I firſt beganne,
And laſtly felt, that vnder my diſdaine
Into contempt continually they ranne;
Take Armes at once to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold ſpirits had ſuffred but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuſe the King,
A waſtfull ſpender of his needfull treaſure,
A ſecret Thiefe of many a ſacred thing,
And that I led him to vnlawfull pleaſure,
That neuer did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my ſenſuall appetite,

That as a ſcourge vpon the Land was ſent,
Whoſe hatefull life the cauſe had onely beene,
The State ſo vniuerſally was rent,
Whoſe ill increaſing euery day was ſeene;
I was reproched openly of many,
Who pitti'd none, not pitti'd now of any.

And for oppos'd by men of greateſt might,
(The King my danger that had wiſely way'd)
That did purſue me with ſuch deadly ſpight,
Me into *Ireland* ſecretly conuay'd,
Vntill he might my peace againe procure,
And his owne ſafetie better might aſſure.

As one whoſe houſe remedileſly burning,
Seeing his goods now heap'd together loſt,
His griefe no whit disburthen'd by his mourning,
Taking ſome one thing that he loueth moſt,
To ſome remote place doth with that retire,
Leauing the reſt to th' mercy of the fire.

Yet

Yet he ſo much that ſtill did me eſteeme,
That euer ſtroue to couer my diſgrace,
To make my abſence otherwiſe to ſeeme,
And to the World to beare a fairer face,
Leſt my Exile ſuggeſted by their hate,
Might ouerthrow my liuelihood and eſtate,

By their neere counſell that were him about,
His Deputie of *Ireland* doth me make,
And caus'd it each-where to be giuen out,
My iournie thither inſtantly to take,
To ſtop their mouthes that gladly would embrace
Any report might tend to my diſgrace.

There liu'd I in that Honourable ſort,
As to my high place purchaſed renowne;
With no leſſe bountie managing a Court,
Then hourely crau'd th' Reuenewes of a Crowne,
To me his loue ſuch Soueraigntie did bring,
That though he raign'd, I abſolutely King.

Few weekes there went, but ſome the channell croſs'd,
With ſome ſuch Preſent Princes hold in price,
Some Iewell that him infinitely coſt,
Or ſumptuous Robe of excellent deuice;
When they that ſaw what he vpon me caſt,
Found that his pleaſure long time could not laſt.

And ſince the floud me followed in this wiſe,
His fulneſſe I as amply entertaine,
It might ſhew folly to be found preciſe,
That to refuſe which fell as did the raine,
Such as no Age before did euer winne,
And ſince his being, yet hath neuer bin.

When

When now th' abated Barony, that found
The cunning vs'd for couering of my flight,
That me but ſhifted to a ſurer ground,
On which ſo vainly they beſtow'd their might;
Perceiu'd (farre off) where greater perill roſe,
Then they could find how rightly to diſpoſe.

Like thoſe that ſtriue to ſtop ſome violent ſourſe,
Whoſe plentie Nature planted not for bounds,
Climes aboue all th' Oppoſers of his courſe,
Or let at large the neighbouring plaine ſurrounds,
That in it ſelfe ſo enated is bleſs'd,
That will the more be, th' more it is depreſs'd.

And fearing now the force I had abroad,
Who knew the way the *Iriſh* hearts to winne,
Fitter by farre at home to be beſtow'd,
(And to the State more ſafetie found therein)
Where though my Ryots they could not preuent,
Yet might ſuruay the giddie courſe I went.

Whereof they ſcarcely entertain'd the thought,
And did thereto but ſeemingly deſcend,
But that his loue immediately it caught,
Nor cares he by it what they doe intend;
Plot what they could, ſo he thereby might gaine him,
That with delight did onely entertaine him.

O, how thy preſence Maieſtie commands!
That ſo ſeuerely humbleth euery eye,
Whoſe onely ſelfe acts more then many hands,
In thee ſuch vertue ſecretly doth lie,
Hauing about thee the high power of Fate,
Art both imperious ouer loue and hate.

Hee

Hee that occaſion neuer did neglect,
That ought vnto my happineſſe might winne,
My buſineſſe did ſo carefull effect,
That euer was ſo fortunate therein,
As he to paſſe doth prouidently bring,
Before deem'd ſo impoſſible a thing.

And Meſſengers immediately are ſent,
Mee into *England* inſtantly to call,
Authoriz'd by the generall conſent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;
Yet, 't was ſufficient that it freedome gaue mee,
But to be there where hee deſir'd to haue mee.

My Sayles now ſwelling with a proſprous wind,
The boyſtrous Seas doe homage to mine eies,
That much aboue their vſuall courſe are kind,
All lowring Cloudes abandoning the Skies,
Nothing diſcern'd that any whit might feare mee,
Fortune her ſelfe ſits at the Helme to ſteere mee.

What time the King his Progreſſe then did take,
That part of *Wales* pretending as to ſee,
For which he forward inſtantly did make,
Which was (indeed) there but to meete with mee,
With all the fauour that he could deuiſe,
To giue me honour in the publike eies.

Where for my landing long he did prouide,
That nought might want intending my delight,
And at each place as leaſurely we ride,
Did entertaine me with ſome pleaſing ſight,
And vnto *London* to the pompous Court,
Brings me in the magnificenteſt ſort,

Which

Which prou'd but ſpurres to my vntam'd deſire,
Giuing the reines to my laſciuious will,
Who let me forth vnto my full careire,
On places ſlipp'rie, and my manage ill,
Small my fore-ſight, and ouer-much my haſte,
That me (alas) vnfortunately caſt.

The Princes eare, that hauing at command,
That who would ought haue, me muſt entertaine,
And yet before it paſt my gripple hand,
Got the great'ſt ſhare vnto my priuate gaine;
Nor car'd I what from any I did wring,
Many thereby too much impou'riſhing,

And daily begging of Monopolies,
Taking the Lands belonging to the Crowne,
And hence tranſporting thoſe commodities,
To *England* vſefull comming of her owne,
And baſely ſelling Offices (e're then)
The due reward of beſt deſeruing men.

And being irrecouerably proud,
Held all things vile that ſuted not my vaine,
Nothing might paſſe, my iudgement not allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gaine,
Giuing vile termes and nick-names of diſgrace,
To men that ſate in honourable place.

By which brake out that execrable rage,
That long before had boyled in their bloud,
And for reuenge they boldly them ingage,
When laſtly for their libertie they ſtood;
And in this quarrell open Armes they take,
Or to marre all, or better it to make.

They

They durſt affirme my Mother was a Witch,
And for that fact condemned burnt to be,
And I her ſonne, and rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her damned Arte to me;
Vrging it an inſeparable thing,
That I by Magicke wrought vpon the King,

And into *France* did charge me to conuay
A goodly Table, that was maſſie gold,
A Relique kept at *Windſor* many a day,
That to King *Arthur* did belong of old;
Vpon whoſe margent, as they did ſurmiſe,
Merlin ingraued many Prophecies:

And by appealing to the Sea of *Rome*,
A Legat thence procuring to the Land,
With malediction by the Churches doome,
On any one that on my part ſhould ſtand:
The King ſuſpending, ſhould he not conſent,
And ratifie the generall intent.

VVhich they did but too proſperouſly effect,
Being ſo ſtrong to counterpoize his force,
The Clergie full being readie to direct
Them the beſt way, in all their reſtleſſe courſe,
That at the laſt they ſtrongly him procure,
By ſolemne oath me euer to abiure.

Th'vncertaine biding of each earthly thing,
(Set out moſt liuely in my ſtarre-cros'd ſtate)
That doth remaine in Fortunes managing,
Appearing in my variable Fate,
On me that frown'd, and flatt'red me ſo oft,
Caſting me downe, and ſetting me aloft.

To *Flanders* then my preſent courſe I caſt,
Which being the neer'ſt, lay fitteſt for my eaſe,
Safeſt the way, the ſooner it was paſt,
All not my friends that were abroad at Seas;
Such meanes in *France* they daily doe procure,
That there my ſelfe I doubted to ſecure.

And though I chang'd my habit and my name,
Becauſe I meant to liue vnknowne to any,
Yet ſwift report hath ſo diuulg'd my ſhame,
My hated life was publiſh'd to too many;
In euery ſtreet that as I paſs'd along,
I was the talke of euery common tong.

And finding that which onely I did craue,
A ſecret meanes to ſend vnto the King,
Each day to me intelligence that gaue,
Of the eſtate and courſe of euery thing;
Who lab'red now (more euen then before)
Me into *England* ſafely to reſtore.

For which relying on my Soueraignes loue,
(To whom my life had euer beene ſo deare)
Which I then now had ne're more cauſe to proue,
Striuing t' obtaine (if any meane there were;)
A diſpenſation for his former oath,
In their deſpite that thereto ſeem'd moſt loth.

VVhere caſting many a ſundrie courſe at length,
(Being by marriage mightily alli'd,
And but too much preſuming of my ſtrength)
Reſolu'd for *England*, come what could betide;
And in a Ship that for the iourney lay,
Thither my ſelfe did ſuddenly conuay.

And ſafely landed on the wiſhed ſhore,
Vnto the Court me ſecretly betooke,
Of which the King had notice long before,
And for my comming euery day did looke;
Wiſely that plotted when I ſhould arriue,
All helpfull meanes my ſafetie to contriue.

Which ſoone being knowne, whilſt yet their bloud was hote,
That to their ſtrength now onely were to truſt,
For what before was done preuailed not,
And for my ſake the King did proue vniuſt;
Bringing thereby, whilſt trifling they did ſtand,
Wrong to themſelues, and danger to the Land.

Now when the time did generally diſtaſte
Our lewd and inconſiderate neglect,
When thoſe in Court that our high fauours plac'd,
Giue vs iuſt cauſe their dealings to ſuſpect;
And they that view'd vs with the pleaſed'ſt eye,
Yet at our actions ſometimes lookt awry.

VVherefore the King enforced to prouide
A preſent armie, truſting to his friends,
Repair' to *Yorke*, vntill he were ſuppli'd,
From whence for ayd he into *Scotland* ſends,
To warlike *Baliol*, and to *Wales*, from whence
He might get power to fruſtrate their pretence.

But they his purpoſe wholly intercept,
Not now to ſeeke in any ſecret thing,
The Marches, that ſo vigilantly kept,
And yet renounce all malice to the King;
Onely to chaſtiſe my abhorred ſinne,
Who had the cauſe of all this trouble bin.

Thus like a Ship diſmembred of the ſailes,
Forc'd by the winde againſt the ſtreameſull tide,
From place to place with euery billow hales,
And as it haps from ſhore to ſhore doth ride;
As that poore veſſell reſts my brittle ſtay,
Neerer the land, ſtill neereſt caſt away.

Corſiue of Kingdomes, home-begotten hate,
VVhich in no limits euer yet waſt bounded,
When did'ſt thou ſeize euen on the greateſt State,
By thee that was not vtterly confounded?
How many Kingdomes be there that doe rue thee?
Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of our ſuccour inſtantly bereft,
Hauing but now ſome little force at Sea,
Laſtly, to truſt to, onely to vs left,
On which our hope inſortunately lay;
Which he to haſten, ſpeedily doth make,
His former courſes forced to forſake.

The preſent danger managing it ſo,
That did for ayd importunately call,
Wherefore in *Yorke* as fartheſt from the foe,
Leaues me vnto the ſafe-gard of the wall:
Till his returne me further helpe might giue,
Whom more and more he ſtudied to relieue.

From *Bedford* now the Armie ſetting on,
Th' appointed Randie where they gathered head,
When they had notice that the King was gone,
Vpon the way more haſtily them ſped,
Me to afflict (as purpoſed they were)
Whoſe preſence elſe might force them to forbeare.

To

To *Skarborough* immediately I poſt,
With the ſmall force my fortune then did lend me,
A Fort beſt fitting ſtanding on the coaſt,
And of all other likeſt to defend me;
And came the worſt, reſiſtleſſe were their might,
The Sea ſhould ſafely priuiledge my flight.

But they, the Caſtell lying round about,
Keepe euery paſſage with a watchfull ſpie,
That gaue them notice of my paſſing out,
With their Light-horſe purſue me by and by;
Whereas vpon me ſuddenly they came,
E're I had time to fortifie the ſame.

Along the lands towards *Oxford* they conuay me,
Wondring my ſight as birds doe at the Owle,
And by the way continually they bay me,
As hungrie Wolues at paſſengers doe howle;
Each one exulting that I now was caught,
That in the Land ſuch miſchiefe euer wrought.

And being brought to *Dedington* at laſt,
Where th'Earle of *Pembroke* will'd me to be ſtaid,
To vnderſtand e're further that I paſt,
Things to my charge that ſecretly were laid;
And to the King he ſpeedily had ſent,
T'acquaint him with the generall intent.

But th'Earle of *Warwicke* (lying but too neere)
(*The dogge of Arden*, that I vs'd to call)
That deadly hatred ſtill to me did beare,
And that I euer doubted moſt of all;
Thither repairing with a powerfull band,
Seyzed vpon me with a violent hand.

And vnto *Warwicke* carrying me along,
(Where he had long desired me to get)
With friends and Tenants absolutely strong,
Whom all the puissant Baronrie abet;
Since now occasion offred them such hold,
Hasten my death by all the meanes they could.

North from the Towne, a mile, or very neere,
An easie hill in publique view doth lye,
Blacklow then call'd of those that dwelled there,
Neere to the ancient Hermitage of *Guy*;
Thither with arm'd bands strongly they me led,
Whereas I lastly forfeited my head.

My sundry passions hauing thus expreſt,
In the sad tenor of my Tragicke tale,
Let me returne vnto the fields of rest,
Thither transported by a prosp'rous gale;
And leaue the world my destinie to view,
Bidding it thus for euermore adiew.

FINIS.
